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THE

HIGHLANDS AND WESTERN ISLES

OF

SCOTLAND,

CONTAINING

DESCRIPTIONS OF THEIR SCENERY AND ANTIQUITIES,

WITH AN ACCOUNT OF THE

POLITICAL HISTORY AND ANCIENT MANNERS,

AND OF THE

ORIGIN, LANGUAGE, AGRICULTURE, ECONOMY, MUSIC, PRESENT CONDITION OF THE PEOPLE, &c. &c. &c.

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SERIES OF ANNUAL JOURNEYS BETWEEN THE YEARS 1811 AND 1821,

AND FORMING AN UNIVERSAL GUIDE TO THAT COUNTRY,

IN LETTERS TO

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

BY

JOHN MACCULLOCH, M.D. F.R.S. L.S. G.S.

&c. &c. &c..

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

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All the world knows what Callimachus has said about a book, when it arrives at a fourth volume. The minutest Grecian has those four Greek words, at least, by heart; and the most slender wit can quote what is "omnibus lippis notum et tonsoribus." What could Callimachus have known about big books. Did he ever read the Statutes at large, or eight volumes of the Life of Antar, or the lucubrations of Duns Scotus, or the Works of Pere Macedo, or the seven folios of Count Marsigly on the Danube, or Van Swieten's Commentaries on Boerhaave's Aphorisms, or Sir Charles Grandison, or the 36525 volumes of Trismegistus. Four octavoes! Have I not described two hundred islands, and a thousand mountains and lakes, and heaven knows how many miles of heath, and bog, and salt sea brine, besides forests, and cascades, and rivers innumerable. On Count Marsigly's plan, the very rivers alone are entitled to four hundred folios.

Pliny understood those things better. "Bonus liber," says Pliny, "melior est quisque, quo major." A right sensible remark; as this is certainly becoming a Μεγα Βιβλιον as fast as it can. Such is the consequence of travelling. Yet does not a man travel to enquire "de omni scibili," and must he not fill up his pages with all the "quibus dams" which belong to such matters. Cardan was accused of making digressions that he might eke out his sheet, because he was paid by the foot. It is probable that he was a writer of reviews. The personage who

here steps forth, is much more troubled with taking reefs in his. Does he not feel that he has been close reefed during the whole of his voyage, and that he must now work through the fourth volume under a try-sail and a storm jib. That learned man guided his pen, of course; whereas this present one is very much given to guiding itself, and, like a headstrong horse, to carrying away the rider too. It is a strange tool, that said pen. It bears a great resemblance to the horn of the Swiss shepherd. No sooner is it uplifted, than the ideas come scrambling in from all quarters, over rocks, and through bushes, and down the steep, and up the ravine, "petite e grosse, bianche e nere, Lio ba."

As to travelling, Cowper says that we "Describe and print it, that the world may know, How far we went for what was nothing worth." Whoever thinks thus of himself, is like the dog who runs through the village with his tail between his legs; for so surely will all the curs of the village bark after him. That is as silly as Martial, when he says "Si nimius videar, serâque coronide longus Esse liber, legito pauca; libellus ero." "Contentus paucis lectoribus"—indeed. No, Sir Walter, I intend that you shall read on till you come to the very Finis itself. And I intend that it shall be read from John o'Groat's house to the great wall of China; and that it shall be translated into the languages of the Esquimaux, and of the Abipones, and of the Antipodes. Did not Caramuel propose to write a hundred folios, and did he not propose to get an edict from each of the Sovereigns of the Globe, to compel all their subjects to read them. Those were noble times indeed. I hope the respective Sovereigns will take the hint, that I may say with old Ennius, "Volito vivus per ora virûm."

Besides, if a book is a good thing, as Pliny and Cicero aver, this book must be a good thing. The syl-

logism is indisputable. Every school boy knows what Cicero says of books; "rusticantur, non impediunt domi," and so forth: the quotation is stale. But what is this to the opinion of Lucas de Penna. "A book," saith he, is, "lumen cordis, speculum corporis, comes itineris, domesticus amicus," and many more things of many more things; besides which, "vocatus properat, jussus festinat, semper præsto est, nunquam non morigerus, perplexa resolvit, obscura illustrat," and what not. Who would not write a book: who would not read four volumes of a book.

As to the labour which has been bestowed on it, Isocrates was not the model; and he, all the world knows, employed three Olympiads in composing one panegyric. If you wish to know the age of the author, he is not the rival of Daniel Heinsius, who wrote his notes on Silius Italicus before he was weaned. If Villalpland bestowed forty years upon his Commentary on Ezekiel, so did not he who stands before you, on this book. If Baronius employed thirty years on his Annals, so did not "le personnage qui vous ecrit ces saintes memoires de perfection" on his journals. If Vaugelas spent twenty-five on Quintus Curtius, so has not the author of these four volumes on Donald. If Montesquieu was twenty years engaged in the Esprit des Loix, similarly was he engaged in his own spirit, but not on this book. Neither did he publish, like the Duc de Maine, at seven years of age. But he wrote it in seven months, and it is published. It is your business to read. In other matters he has imitated Beroaldus; and considering that "le texte ne valoit pas mieux que le commentaire, il les a fait aller ensemble." "Doncques soit que vous lisiez ou non, ou que vous commenciez ici ou la, n'importe: ce livre est partout plein de fideles instructions et sens parfait; tellement que c'est tout un par

ou vous lisiez; il y a autant a apprendre dans un lieu qu'en l'autre."

Be not alarmed at the prospect of a dissertation on Natural History. I am not going to give you a catalogue of hard names, which, unluckily, is what is usually comprised under this term. Why this science, as it is called, should be in disgrace, in this country of ours, is another matter. It is a road to honour in Germany: to knighthoods, professorships, and orders, and stars; to the favour of Emperors, and to what not. In France, it does not prevent a man from being a minister of state: it did not disgrace Pliny: neither did it hinder Aristotle from being the tutor and friend of Alexander, nor,—from being Aristotle. Among us, it is supposed to terminate in boiling fleas and impaling butterflies; commencing in frivolity, passing its time in auctions, and ending in a set of glazed mahogany drawers; just as geology is fast settling into a collection of broken shells and rotten bones. The satire has not ended with Peter Pindar; nor perhaps did it begin with Pope. But the classification of the Dunciad lent its aid to prevent from rising, what it could not entirely sink. Cotton says that a splay-footed rhime acts like chain shot, when a fine speech makes no execution. Witness, Don Juan, as well as Whistlecraft and Hudibras: it is more than half the secret; and it is wit, too, that does not cost very dear. But it is the same with the whole "clinquant" race: as we have an unhappy facility in believing, and in remembering also, what glides glibly over the tongue, and jingles smooth on the ear. But to leave Pope, and his weeds and beetles, it can never be disgraceful nor debasing to study the objects that surround us: to learn to understand and admire all the splendour, the beauty, the variety, and the contrivance, of the works of Nature. Nor can we admire and appreciate them without understand-

ing them first: while, without such knowledge, there are myriads that even escape our observation: that are to us as if they had never existed. Though these objects did not conduce to the convenience and happiness of man, that Providence, which, but equally created him, has thought fit to create and place them in the same world; and can the study of His works be degrading. This satire might be pardonable, if it was the remark of the Master Spirits alone of the world. It has been that of the empty and the idle. Even Pope himself would have been as well occupied in dissecting cockchafers, as in propagating Bolingbroke's metaphysics, spite of the dress which he has given them; and the pursuit of the Emperor of Morocco over hedge and ditch, is at least as rational as that of a stinking fox. Doing nothing is not a very good occupation; but there are many popular ones that are much worse: and there are no small number of persons, whose lives would be well exchanged in watching the policy of mites, or in changing the last rebel feather of a pigeon's wing.

I am not so absurd as to imagine that the mind necessary for the weightier business of life, is to be formed or cultivated by this study. So far from this, it is certain, that, in middling minds, it will generate a habit of minute trifling, and a fondness for insignificant pursuits. But those who make it the business of life, are little likely to do any thing better; and the trifling will trifle in every thing. The Butterfly hunter, and the Botanist, with his "lovely science," are what nature made them. It is they, not their pursuits, that are in fault. Natural history contains food for more than one class of intellect; and he who sees nothing in it but classification and catalogue, who values it only as he may display the plant in a sheet, or the butterfly in a box, would have been measuring Æschylus, or replacing a comma in Shakspeare,

when others were studying the poetry; would have been arranging a duty on jalap or tobacco pipes, while the statesman was extending the commerce of his country, or would have returned from a seven years' residence in Greece and Italy, with the measure of an ogee in his pocket.

But let others lift the gauntlet which I have only touched. As I leaned over the taffrel, it seemed as if all the rubies and sapphires and emeralds with which Arabic poetry has decorated the fairies of the ocean, were swimming by in the bright sun. A carkanet of this submarine jewellery was soon caught, and proved to be an unknown animal, no less extraordinary in its mechanism than splendid in its colouring. The catalogue-maker would call it a Beroe: but it is not. We are always most struck by the mechanical contrivances of nature, when they most resemble our own; and not less so, when they are operose, and refined, in proportion to the insignificance, the insensibility, and the brief duration of the animal. Except in the motion of swimming, this creature appeared as insensible as the cucumber which it resembled in shape, and the jelly which formed its body. Without head, or limbs, or heart, or blood, or nerves, its life was probably limited to a very few days, and it was the food, in thousands, of every gurnard or herring that was swimming by. Yet, to enable this otherwise dull and half vegetating animal to move, there was an apparatus provided, which rivalled, as it resembled, the finest metal work that mechanism ever produced. Eight tubes, provided with circular pallets, and resembling chain pumps, performed this office, by transmitting water: nor could the nicest mechanic have constructed the machine in any other manner, nor with more of artificial form and accuracy, had the problem been given to him. With the same materials, it was, of course, inimitable: of that size,

it would have been inimitable even in metal: while, at every movement, each of these pumps resembled, or, properly, excelled, by the succession of prismatic colours, a chain of the gems to which I have just compared them. If the resources of nature for accomplishing any single object are various, no less wonderful is that wanton profusion, if we may use such a term, which she displays. By the simple expedient of a tail and pectoral fins, every fish in the sea moves; and here is an animal scarcely possessed of sensation, provided with an apparatus a thousand times more complicated, and which might equally have moved, like the Medusa which it resembles, without any apparatus, by the mere dilatation and contraction of its gelatinous body. In a similar manner, nature has provided more than fifty ways of moving an animal while entirely immersed in water; while we, to whom such an object is of the first importance, have scarcely yet invented one, or been able to copy one of these contrivances.

This is what is called the simplicity of nature, I suppose. The philosophers tell us that nature attains all her ends by the shortest and simplest expedients, that she does nothing superfluous, never makes use of two causes where one will suffice, and so on. Philosophy has its cant too, like every thing else. A centipede has two hundred and thirty legs, and a worm none at all. A monkey has two or four, as he pleases; and a kangaroo may take his choice between two and five. A flea and a grasshopper hop upon two, and walk upon six; and a maggot runs as fast, and hops as far, as both, without any. An ostrich runs as swiftly on two legs as a horse on four; and has wings, without being able to fly. A greyhound has a long tail, that he may turn the easier in the chase; the hare which outruns and outturns him, has an inch of scut, and the stag, which flies before them and

the wind both, has just as much tail as Mahomet, whose Os coccygis is preserved at Mecca in lavender, as the seed whence the body is to be regenerated hereafter. Nothing was ever so different from itself, as nature is in her plans for accomplishing her ends, and for accomplishing the very same ends. The cod breathes water, through gills; the porpoise, living in the same element, pursuing the same prey, breathes air, and must come to the surface to fetch it. The herring swims, for want of legs to walk; and must open his mouth because he has no hands. The gurnard has legs and fins both. The crab walks, and feeds himself with his own nut-cracking fingers. If he is displeased with the shape of either of his legs, he takes leave of it, and gets a new one. Man, the lord of all, employs a surgeon to saw off his useless limb, and the carpenter makes him a substitute, of which the sole merit is, that it is not subject to the gout. The penguin passes for a bird; but he is probably of opinion himself, that he is a fish. Birds lay eggs, say the philosophers, because it would be inconvenient to carry the weight of their progeny about for nine months. The bat contrives to manage this matter in another way, in spite of them. Why does not a hare or a deer lay eggs? There are more reasons why they should do so, than why a turtle or a crocodile should. Feathers are necessary for flying; so are the breast bone and the pectoral muscles of birds. The bat thinks otherwise. Nature laughs at all our systems.

If we were to make a system on the subject, it should be, that she delights in variety, not in uniformity; in displaying the extent of her resources and means, not their limits; in difficulties overcome, in complexity, not in simplicity. She amuses us with two or three hundred Ericæ; with endless species of a genus, differing so slightly, yet still differing, that she compels us to wonder

how she has produced variations so numerous; so slender, yet so marked. She even makes us wonder why all this. It is the same in the animals before us. There are as many hundreds of Medusæ; of a tribe, the simplicity of which would defeat our attempts to vary them, were the problem given, and which yet do not defeat our labours in distinguishing them. There are twenty forms of the simplest fibre, that swims a Vibrio; all distinguishable. There may be a far greater number, for aught we know. There are hundreds of microscopic genera, and in those, thousands of species, which crowd the waters; when, to our feeling and apprehension, one or two would have answered all the ends of multiplying life and happiness. Nature is all variety, invention, wealth, profusion. She riots and wantons in her own powers, she dazzles us by her fertility, and astonishes us by her resource. She scorns Man and his philosophy, that would bind her down, and measure her by his own narrow powers and conception. This is Nature. These are the wonders of its Almighty Author.

It is from this power, this profusion, this facility, that we may deduce an argument against the necessary population of other spheres. Such a population is probable; but it is not necessary. Many of those may answer other purposes. The Moon does answer another purpose. There are physical reasons why it should not be inhabited; at least on any principle of animal life that we can conceive. It is said that there are moral reasons why it should. Assuredly not. The Moon has a specific task and duty, already assigned, as our satellite. It is not necessary that it should perform the functions of an inhabited world. It is difficult to find language that we ourselves approve of, in speaking on such subjects: but trusting to be pardoned for what is almost inevitable, and for an expression so mean, yet so explicit, we may say

that it was no more trouble to the Almighty Hand to create the great globe of the moon as a mirror and nocturnal lamp to the earth, than to produce the meanest reptile or vegetable that lives on its surface. That purpose alone is a justification: it is a moral justification of an uninhabited sphere. He spake the word; no more: it is enough.

On the same day that I found this animal, the sea appeared filled with glittering sand; which, on examination, was found to consist of minute spirals, resembling the worm of a ramrod, but not the hundredth of an inch in diameter. Naturalists would place this animal in the genus which they term, Vibrio; comprising objects as different from each other as turtle and venison. What concerns us just now, is, that this spiral creature, hitherto undescribed, like half a dozen more of similar form, extended from the Mull of Cantyre to Shetland, rendering all the sea muddy, for miles in breadth and fathoms in depth; and so numerous, that a pint of water contained five thousand, or ten thousand, it is the same thing. The computation must be left to Jedediah Buxton; but if all the men, women, and children, that have been born since the creation, were shaved, and all their separate hairs were lives, these would not amount to one generation of this spiral people, born on Monday morning to die on Wednesday night; and so on, for ever and ever. It is absolutely appalling. But even this is nothing; when, in nine places of ten, all the intervals among these, were filled by forty or fifty other species, of different sizes; and some so small, that they were not equal in bulk to the great toe of their neighbours. But what is even all this: when it is just the same all the way to the North Pole, and worse and worse to the Equator: oceans in breadth and miles in depth, all active, all bustling and busy; every atom of water a life; an universe of self-

will, and desire, and gratification, and disappointment; and the occupation of the whole being to destroy and be destroyed, to eat and be eaten. Thus it has been from the creation, and thus it will be: truly, we feel woefully insignificant in the middle of this crowd. I really cannot think, with Cato, that the world was made for Cæsar. If the majority is to have it, the ocean is something more than the highway of nations; and we of the earth, and the air, men, mites, midges, and all, would scarcely be missed, though the tail of a comet should once more sweep the ocean to the top of Ararat and Cotopaxi.

Six weeks of calm and storm did I amuse myself with such creatures and their vagaries; and if I found two hundred kinds that the world had not then mustered in its catalogues, in sixty weeks, I might probably have found as many thousands. But the naturalists have been so occupied with christening, and dividing, and with transferring their crabs from Cancer to Pagurus, and Portunus, and Cyclops, and Gammarus, and so on, that they have no time to do any thing but make preparations and grammars for a study which is never to be studied. It is scholastic logic under another shape. He who wants to enjoy the honours that flow from the imposition of new names, let him put on his spectacles and search the waters: but I will spare you all the Greek and all the anatomy; for why should I write what will never be read at the Linnean Society. Some of those animals are infinitely amusing; whether in their appearance and construction, or in their odd motions, or in their odder manners; omitting all points of mere Natural history. Except the shell fishes, (and theirs is a house,) I know of no animals in the world that wear clothes. But among my novelties, I found one who had a sort of surtout, very much like a dragoon's cloak, except that it was not faced with a scarlet collar

and had no buttons. While I was trying to analyse his troublesome shape, he slipt his head out of this cloak, and swam away; feeling, doubtless, that he was waging unequal war with the end of a feather, in his great coat. I secured the Spolia Opima, which had no attachment to the body; being a mere hemispherical membrane, with a round hole to put the head through. Thus undressed, he was about half an inch long, and might have passed for a Vibrio: but that is a convenient genus which holds every thing.

As to their manners, I at length became thoroughly acquainted with them all, so as to fancy I knew what they were thinking of. I must however reserve the metaphysics for a separate work: but, in the mean time, I wish that the recruiting serjeants, and dirty callants, and other such like matter, which renders the High Street impassable, and the convocation which adorns the pavement at Hatchett's, would learn from them how to conduct themselves in a crowd. Very often, there were in the same tumbler of water, not less than three or four hundred, of all sizes, and shapes, and modes of motion; some swimming, others spinning like tops, others again tumbling, skipping, hopping, and flying from side to side with invisible velocity; while some other monster of a Medusa, big enough to have swallowed five thousand of the smallest fry, was throwing out his long arms in every direction, the congregation of sizes being, at the same time, as various as all that intervenes between a jackass and a flea. Yet not the least interference ever took place: every person knew his distance and kept it; and the whole ballet went on, without collision of heads, as regularly as if it had all been arranged by Monsieur Didelot.

What ignoramuses we are to imagine that man is the "noblest work," or woman either: two-legged, restless

thinking; dissatisfied, man, woman, or child. I fear we must go much further down, if down it be, in the scale of creation, for this "most wondrous being" and "perfect form of existence." Is not the seat of the soul in the stomach; has not Van Helmont proved it; do we not all know it, even we that are not Aldermen. It is the Medusa, the Hydra, the Hydatid, and the Polype, to which we must look for this beau ideal, this perfection. How would that worthy body rejoice, if they could be reduced to this state of sublimity, and become,—oh delight—all stomach. How enviable the sea blubber who, without brain, or nerves, or blood-vessels, or heart, or ears, or eyes, or nose, or legs, or arms, or any of those superfluities and protuberances which are only the causes of anxiety and pain, dilates his very existence to receive the bounties which nature bestows on him. Whose mutilation or division serves but to reproduce and multiply his soul as well as his body, and to diffuse gormandizing and happiness to new beings. This is indeed the ideal perfection, pursued, and pursued in vain, by Helvetius, and Condorcet, and Godwin. As to the hypothesis itself, nothing can be more clear. There are many animals without brains, but none without a stomach: therefore the brain is a superfluity, and the stomach is the animal itself. Van Helmont was right. Menenius Agrippa had a glimpse of the truth. Thus, man, who, as the philosophers before De Maillet had proved, was originally a submarine monad, and then a medusa, an oyster, a monkey, an ass, a tyger, and so on, has marred instead of mending his existence, by his imaginary improvements; losing something by every limb he has gained, just as, in machines, the simplest is found to be the most perfect. But there is nothing new under the sun, not even my theory; since a sapient Scot said long

ago, " Troth, Sir, the stomach is the mon, and the rest is all an excrascence."

But I owe the Vorticella, one of my numerous sea friends, yet a word. He is free to roam where he pleases, yet he chooses to unite with his fraternity to form a Republic. A Republic too, without a President; yet with one will, with nought in view but the general good. And is it to man that we shall look for political, more than for physical, perfection. Here too the Vorticella puzzles, in another way, the vain philosopher that would scan him. His republic is a plant, the individuals are the leaves, the organs of general as well as of individual nutrition. Each performs that duty for the whole, and for all the individuals, as he does for himself. But his fraternity, the Polypes, proceed yet one step further. Their plants are made of stone, and they build dwellings. Dwellings;—they construct islands and continents for the habitation of man. The labours of a worm, which man can barely see, form mountains like the Apennine, and regions, to which Britain is as nothing. The invisible, insensible toils, of an ephemeral point, conspiring with others in one great design, working unseen, unheard, but for ever, guided by one volition, by that One Volition which cannot err, converts the liquid water into the solid rock, the deep ocean into dry land, and extends the dominions of man, who sees it not and knows it not, over regions which even his ships had scarcely traversed. This is the Great Pacific Ocean; destined, at some future day, to be the World. That same Power, which has thus wrought by means which blind man would have despised as inadequate, by means which he has but just discovered, here too shows the versatility, the contrast of its resources. In one hour, it lets loose the raging engines, not of its wrath, but of its benevolence;

and the volcano and the earthquake lift up to the clouds, the prepared foundations of new worlds, that from those clouds they may draw down the sources of the river, the waters of fertility and plenty.

If the heavens have their stars, so has the ocean. In these summer nights, and on these shores, the sea was one blaze. A stream of fire ran off on each side from the bows, and the ripple of the wake was spangled with the glow-worms of the deep. Every oar dropped diamonds, every fishing line was a line of light, the iron cable went down a torrent of flame, and the plunge of the anchor resembled an explosion of lightning. When it blew a gale, the appearance was sometimes terrific, and the whole atmosphere was illuminated, as if the moon had been at the full. In calms, nothing could exceed the loveliness of the night, thus enlightened by thousands of lamps, which, as they sailed slowly by, twinkled, and were again extinguished at intervals, on the glassy and silent surface of the water. But all the world has witnessed this. That it must have been a familiar observation among the ancients, is certain; or this property would not have been used as a familiar epithet in poetry. Ovid, I hope it is Ovid, makes Empedocles say, that he remembers himself, in some of his transmigrations, "plantaque, et ignitus piscis." It is particularly noticed by Pliny; and, since his days, at least, all the philosophers have had their several theories about it. I too, as Corregio says, have mine.

It is produced by putrefaction, says one party: and the proofs are, that sea water does not putrefy, and that putrid matters are not luminous. It is caused by phosphorus, says another; and the reason is, that the sea contains no phosphorus. Sea water is phosphorescent, says a third set of philosophers. That is to say, it is luminous; which is precisely what we knew before. It is

an electrical light, said the electricians, when electricity served to explain all nature; and that, in the first place, is impossible; besides, meaning nothing. Mayer says, that the sea absorbs light from the sun; and emits it again. Another gentleman puts a whiting into a tub of water, and says that the sea is illuminated by a solution of whitings. The seamen deal only in final causes; and they say that it prognosticates bad weather. I prefer the theory of the French Philosopher to all those. It is a certain effect, caused by a cause; and "qui vient d'une huile phosphorique de la mer, ou de la matiere electrique, ou de quelque autre chose semblable." This phosphoric oil is the very flattering oil itself, which philosophers lay to their souls: "aut est aut non:" it is this cause, or that, or the other, and the one is as good as the other. And if it is not to be found in either the one or the other, why then, we must apply to "ille Doctor resolutus," and to the "Seraphic Doctor," who will inform us that lead weighs more than tin, because it is heavier, that virtue is better than vice, on account of "the fitness of things," and, that beauty consists in the agreeable impressions which the beautiful object makes on the visual organs. "The flesh of the hedgehog," says Bacon, "is hard and dry, because he putteth forth prickles, just as thorns and briars are." And hence, also, it is, that to "eat hares', and deer's, and hens' brains, doth strengthen the memory:" exactly for the same reasons that "the brains of rabbits, (and of such philosophers,) are fullest at the full moon." I trust, that it is quite intelligible now.

But it has been observed that some marine insects, and other minute sea animals, are luminous. Thirty or forty kinds have been named as possessing this property; and yet those persons, who have sailed in hundreds, over all the seas of the globe, with their eyes close shut, have not considered this as the cause of the appearance in

question; and have not even seen that there are thousands such, where they have found units. Here then is Corregio's Theory. Every marine animal which I have examined being luminous, the whole are probably so: and whether it be so or not, these are the sole source of the lights, and the sea itself is luminous, only in as far as it contains them.

I could easily enumerate all the marine animals in which I have ascertained the existence of the luminous property; but it would be an enormous list. Suffice it for the present purpose, to say, that the greater number of the bright twinkling lights on our own shores, are caused by the tribe of Medusa, commonly called blubbers; of which we possess seventy or eighty distinct kinds ourselves, but of which, the total species far exceed two hundred. These are the chief glow-worms of the ocean; not because they possess this property exclusively, as has been idly thought, but because of the enormous numbers in which they crowd the waters. More than once, I have met with colonies of them, so dense, that the water appeared an entire mass of animals, a solid heap of jelly. It is among these that this brilliant appearance is displayed at night with such splendour: nor does it require much attention, in such cases, to satisfy ourselves respecting the real cause. But as there is no marine creature so small, even though microscopic, that is not endued with the same virtue, it is no great cause of surprise, when the numbers of those are considered, if the sea is at times found universally luminous. The presence of the spiral animal alone, just mentioned, was sufficient to render the whole water a body of light, from Shetland to the Mull of Cantyre. It is chiefly from neglecting the minute and microscopic species, that naturalists have committed their errors respecting the causes of the luminous sea.

As to the proper fishes, every one that I have yet seen is possessed of the same power. It is the movement of the larger kinds which produces those great flashes, like lightning, that are sometimes seen deep under the water; and when shoals, or very large fishes, are present, the extent of the flash is often very great, and the effect splendidly beautiful. That is easily seen with a shoal of herrings or pilchards. By striking the gunwale, or stamping on the floor, the whole water yields a sudden and deep-seated flash of blue light; producing a strong illumination, and an effect, which, if unexpected, is almost terrific. This is plainly a voluntary effort on the part of the animal, independent of the mere act of swimming. It is therefore evident that the power belongs to the fish itself; because, if it had been produced by the mere friction of its body against the minute luminous animals around, exciting their action, it should have attended the ordinary act of swimming in all cases. In all the luminous creatures of whatever size, it is voluntary; and that circumstance confirms this opinion: while, as we shall presently see, there are reasons why it should be so, because there are important purposes which it is meant to serve.

It is in consequence of this voluntary power, that the lights are found to twinkle, in the manner that every one must have witnessed; for, whatever the luminous apparatus may consist in, it is plainly under the command of the animal. There is not one of them that is permanently luminous; excepting after death; which is a very distinct circumstance, as I shall presently show. It is easy enough to prove this; as I have often done, by confining a number, of various kinds, in the ship's bucket. When first taken, the whole will yield bright sparks. They then cease to shine, till troubled or agitated, when they again show their lights: but, after a time, they either become obstinate or incapable, and will sparkle no more.

This has been one of the causes which has misled careless observers; who, finding themselves in possession of many animals that would not yield light, have hastily concluded that they had not the power. Another cause of error in this case has been, the slippery nature of the larger Medusæ; as I have often put down a bucket into the midst of a crowd of sparks, without catching a single animal. Observers, failing in the same manner, have supposed the water itself luminous, when a little more care would have secured and detected the cause. The minuter animals have been entirely overlooked; as they are all transparent, and as very few are visible to the naked eye, unless examined attentively, in a glass, by a strong light, and often, by a magnifier. In this way, a bucket of water will often be found filled with bright and large sparks, when nothing is visible to a superficial examination, but when a careful one would have detected the cause. It is also remarkable, while it is an additional source of deception, that the spark of light is frequently much larger than the body of the animal; so that observers can scarcely be persuaded to attribute it to its real cause. In the very reverse way, in the large Medusæ, the light, so far from occupying the whole body, is also a spark, often extremely disproportioned to its bulk: so that, from this cause also, careless naturalists have permitted themselves to be deceived; and, biassed by their theories, have persisted in supposing that the property was in the water, not in the animals by which it is inhabited.

Proofs so minute and particular, ought to satisfy the most sceptical: but if the populace is rarely convinced against its will, philosophers never are: since every one abhors the discoverer, as he rejects the discovery which he has not himself made. But as the world will always go on in the same way, I too may go on to say, that this

view of the cause of the Lights of the sea, is confirmed by the fact, that they abound, just in proportion as the animals themselves do. That is the reason why those appearances are so brilliant in our firths and on our weedy and rocky shores, where the animals of these tribes chiefly resort: and why this appearance is most conspicuous in summer and in calm weather, when they seem, not only to be produced in greater abundance, but especially to seek the surface. At sea, they are often absent, as are the lights; and, in gales of wind, they frequently sink to the bottom; directed by that instinct which belongs to the leech and other imperfect animals; as they are also destroyed by the surging of the waves. So far is it therefore from being true, that the lights abound most in stormy weather, or prognosticate gales, that the facts are just the reverse. When they are visible in bad weather, it arises from the greater agitation to which the sea is then subject: as, under all circumstances, the light is excited by disturbing the animals. It is moreover true, that there are never any lights to be seen, where there are no animals to be found. In this case, the water of the ocean is blue; in the other it is green, though often transparent. Where green, it will generally be found also, that it is slightly turbid: sometimes, very dull, or almost muddy; and it is then full, not only of minute animals, but of their relics and fragments. Thus also, green water is always more or less luminous; but the blue ocean, I believe, never is so.

Though the bright sparks so familiar are chiefly the produce of Medusæ, they are also caused by Beroes, Pennatulæ, Holothuriæ, Nereides, Shrimps, and hundreds more of large animals, whether worms or insects. Yet they are far from being limited to beings of those dimensions; as some of the most distinct and brilliant that I have ever witnessed, are the produce of Cyclopes,

Vorticellæ, and other animals, not exceeding the hundredth of an inch in diameter. But frequently, when the animals are extremely minute, the points of light which they yield, are so small, and at the same time so numerous, that the effect is not a congregation of sparks, but a general diffused light. It is like the milky way, or the light of a Nebula, compared to the effect of a distinct constellation. This is the source of the stream of white and blueish light which follows a fishing line, and which often attends the breaking of a sea. In the equatorial regions, navigators have frequently compared the surface of the water to a plain of snow; for the animals of those tribes appear to abound most in the warmest climates. The bright spark, as every one knows, often remains on the oar when lifted out of the water; and the animal may then easily be ascertained; as it may equally be found by collecting the lights in a bucket, and by examining them in the focus of a candle, with the aid of a magnifying glass.

The colour of the light is various. When diffused, it is sometimes a pure and bright white, resembling moonlight. It is often blueish, like lightning, electricity, or phosphorus, whether diffused or in sparks; but the latter are, also, often reddish or yellowish; in a few cases very red. Its seat in the animal has never yet been certainly discovered: though, from its being confined to a particular place, and being under the command of the will, it is unquestionably provided for by some particular organ, as in the luminous land animals. In these, its place, and even the very substance itself, is easily detected: but the transparency of the marine species checks this investigation, and the light which is required for examining the animal, prevents us from discovering where it lies, by overcoming it. I have laboured at it in vain; as I never could use any light, however faint, in which that of the

animal did not disappear. The chemical nature of the luminous substance, remains also, of course, unknown; but this has not yet been ascertained in the glow worm, the Fulgora, Lampyris, and other terrestrial insects, where we can obtain possession of the very matter itself.

I must therefore, pass on: but it is now important to remark, that there is a certain state after death, in which all fishy matter, whether of these animals, or of the proper fishes, is luminous. This is popularly familiar in the case of whitings and other fish, in our larders. Thus, also, where Medusæ have been thrown on the shore, they are observed to become entirely luminous in a very short time. It is essential, however, here to remark, that this light occupies the whole body, and is pale; being entirely different from the spark which they give out while alive. It is not less important to point out, that this state does not begin to take place till the animal is dead, and that it is not a state of putrefaction. Our whitings are fresh and eatable, long after they have begun to shine; and putrefaction, so far from being the cause of the light, destroys it. I need only further add, that the matter of the fish, and the light with it, is, in this case, soluble, or rather diffusible, in water. This is the fact which has led to one of the erroneous theories formerly mentioned. It may possibly have some occasional share in producing the effect; but it is far from being the ordinary cause. Had the light, for example, caused by a shoal of herrings, been the mere result of the agitation of such detached luminous matter, the same should have been produced by other kinds of agitation.

It remains to enquire into the reason for a provision so singular and so universal, and which assuredly would never have been made without a good purpose. There are great ends in view in nature, where great means are employed; though we do not always find them out. In the

luminous land animals, very limited and partial purposes are served, and the property is equally limited. In the sea, it is universal; and equally universal is its object. In more senses than one, the marine tribes are the stars of the deep; they are lamps to guide its inhabitants through those regions of obscurity; to warn them of their enemies, and to indicate their prey. This is the provision which nature has here furnished for these ends; in regions where the sun yields no light, where there is darkness even at noon day.

It is well known that many fish prey by night, like the lion and tiger, and that some do that, exclusively. But that is not all. So rapidly is the passage of light through water diminished, that there is a depth in the ocean at which darkness is perpetual. Assuredly, the mode which Bouguer adopted to determine this, is not a satisfactory one; but he places the point of perpetual darkness at 723 feet. If we make it a thousand, we may perhaps be safe; but even were it more, it would not invalidate this view. Neither that, nor far more, is the limit to the range of fishes; as it is well known that, in the ocean, innumerable kinds inhabit far greater depths. According to La Place's computation, the sea must be many miles in depth; and we have no reason to think that it is uninhabited any where. The coral-making tribes reside at much more than a thousand feet, as we know by the soundings in the vicinity of those rocks: and Captain Ross's sounding engine brought up living animals, from depths of six thousand feet; and from regions which, on the most extravagant computation, must therefore be in perpetual darkness. Yet those very insects are the food of the whale; which, if it did not even feed so deep, must feed in darkness during the depths of a polar winter, and can have no light to pursue its prey, but that which is furnished by their bodies, or by its own.

In Shetland, the ling frequents exclusively the deepest valleys of the sea. It is not taken in less than fifteen hundred feet; but though the lines will not reach lower, it resides in far deeper regions. If even such valleys were not dark in the day time, they must be so at night, and in winter; nor is it possible that these, or other fishes, could find their food, but for that provision which I here consider as designed for this end. The luminous spark is the object of pursuit, and it is an easy one; it is probably so to all of the marine tribes, however minute; because we know of no point at which the continuous series of mutual destruction ceases. If there are fishes that feed exclusively on vegetables, those will not affect the general argument.

It is also a rule of nature to furnish every animal with some species of defence; and, in this case, that is the power which they all possess of obscuring their light. The first effect of alarm, or of contact, on a Medusa or a Beroe, for example, is to cause it to shine; but if that be continued, they remain obscure; and the greater the agitation and injury, the more obstinately do they remain dark. It is only by suffering them to continue unmolested for a time, that they renew their luminous action. If we may venture to turn motive-mongers for a blubber-fish, we might suppose that curiosity was the first impulse, and an instinctive sense of danger the second. Thus, as too often happens on land, their beauty is their bane: perhaps their vanity may aid; or their curiosity, as in the case of Mrs. Bluebeard, here meets its punishment. A more prudent glow worm than she who is on record, would have escaped the fangs of the nightingale. It is further probable, that while the accumulated light of such myriads of animals may diffuse a general illumination over the sea, that of individuals may serve the purpose of a lamp for their own uses, as well as that of an

attraction for their enemies. Thus it may warn them of their prey, as well as of their danger. And it is probable that this is the fact, from the case of the herring shoals, which become luminous on an alarm, as if to enquire into the causes.

Cowley, in his metaphysical Mistress, compares that visionary paragon of his, to a Medusa or a stale whiting. "The fish around her crowded as they do, to the false light that treacherous fishes show." Thus also, the torch with which they hunt the salmon, under Dandie Dinmont's auspices, is a "treacherous light;" and the fish unquestionably means to make a supper of it. All fish are thus attracted; and if our sea fishermen do not use this expedient, it is from ignorance, or because their forefathers did it not before them. Many savage nations are fully aware of its value. Light is the object of attack and prey to fishes; and, doubtless, to all the inferior marine animals. Hence it is probable, that all those tribes, though unfurnished with optical organs, are capable of distinguishing light. I have proved this respecting the beautiful animal formerly mentioned, which always followed the candle when confined in a glass; and the same, I think, is true of all the Beroes. It is equally perceptible in the Hydra and the Actinia, which are peculiarly sensible to light; and it appears also, experimentally, to be the case with many other equally obscure marine animals unprovided with optical organs. But I have not yet had an opportunity to make a sufficient number of trials to determine that this power is universal. There is, however, no physiological reason against it. Sensibility to light is the office of an optical nerve, which they may possess, even on the surface: the eye is only a machine, a microscope. The luminous property of dead fish is directed to similar ends. It occurs immediately on death, while they are yet fit for food; and by attracting the

kinds which devour these spoils, it furnishes them with a resistless prey, and tends to remove those remains which might produce, in the sea, injurious effects similar to those which putrefying matter does in the atmosphere.

One word yet with the Naturalists, before parting with our fishes. If it be thought a bold word, the answer is, that had mankind always believed itself in the right, there would not now have been much difference between the Naturalists and the bears which they are at so much trouble in defining. The world is full of their volumes of classifications and descriptions. Does any person understand them. Because the Logicians have invented definitions, every plant, and fish, and butterfly, must be defined. This is the paltry invention of Scholastic Logic, doubly misapplied. A definition, says Linnæus, must be comprised in twelve words. We invent a cutting tool, in short, and blunt it that it may not cut. It requires twelve hundred words, perhaps, to explain those twelve: and when we have studied both, we are as little able to refer, with certainty, any object to its name, as we were before; though all this apparatus is meant for that purpose. A figure solves the whole difficulty at a glance: and the Naturalists prove the necessity, by their own practice. We have two great engines of communication: language, and painting. The former is the vehicle between mind and mind: by the latter, absent forms of matter are brought before us. Painting is the language of physics. A single line is here worth volumes; because it does what volumes cannot do. Let the Naturalists' catalogues be catalogues of hieroglyphics, not of words. Let them convert their endless definitions and descriptions into Representation; and it will then be indifferent how soon the whole Systematical Race and all its systems, are made into a bonfire, and offered up as a sacrifice to the neglected Manes of Painting.

SKY. CANNA. RUM.

THERE is a saying in the Highlands, no less prudent than well meant. "Make a good breakfast, for you do not know where you will dine." It also argues a deep insight into futurity; since the oracle will often be accomplished, by your dining with the celebrated Duke whom the mistaken proverb so unmercifully belies. "Res temporis edax." But of all the Res of a man's life, in this never-ready, ever-late, country, none is more voracious, and devours time to less purpose, than dinner. There are more wise sayings on the abuse of time than on all other abuses, and more abuse of those wise sayings than of all the rest united. And the greatest abuse of the time and the sayings both, is to sit down at four o'clock, and to drink whisky punch till twelve; to get up at nine, wonder for your breakfast till ten, talk over it till twelve, order your boat or your horse at one, embark at two, and discover at three, that, in an hour, dinner will be waiting for you. Rather than submit to a Highland dinner, when there was aught else to be done, I would consent to be whipt, like Prince Ethelred, with wax candles. The last rock still remained to be seen; just as the watch pointed to four o'clock. That the "stomach's solid stroke" pointed to the same hour, was not in my calculations: but the last rock of Sky, the final term of a long equation, which was to have settled all doubts, was not seen, and, still, when I arrived at Strathaird, the dinner was eaten. But to-morrow would come. It did come indeed; but not in Sky. Thus did

Sky remain unsettled; because of a dinner which I did not eat.

The night was dark when we left our host; two lanthorns served to guide us, just as lanthorns guide in such a country; and I, the pilot, had the advanced guard. The dark masses of the mountains added tenfold obscurity to that of the night and the lanthorn; the ground was uneven, and every thing around was silent and empty. But on a sudden, it appeared more silent and more empty than ever; as if all the world had disappeared together, and left me and my lanthorn alone in empty space. I listened, but nothing was to be heard but the intermitted sighing of the night breeze, with an occasional sound like that of the sea murmuring on some far distant shore. An instinctive and undefinable sense of horror caused me to stop, as I turned again from the blackness behind me, to the empty and invisible grey expanse before. I advanced, step after step, with the caution of the nightly thief, and, in an instant, found myself on the brink of an abyss, dark and interminable as the sky above. Such are among the perils that environ him who chooses to travel in Sky by the light of a lanthorn.

I had scarcely fallen asleep, when I was roused by all the noises to which a seaman's ear is alive. At first, came low, rustling, and intermitting sounds, with an occasional hollow noise like that of distant thunder; succeeded by a tremendous and unintelligible roaring, with intervals of an awful silence, as if all nature had expired at one violent effort. Shortly they became more frequent and more steady; and as the squalls came down the mountain in more rapid succession, causing the vessel to heel to their force, they hissed through our rigging, as if the trees of some ancient forest were yielding to the storm which was to tear them from their rocks. Exasperating themselves at intervals, they now whistled loud

against the mast; the tones increasing in acuteness, as if augmenting in rage, till the whole was one fearful concert of furious and angry noises, intermixed with the general hissing uproar, and the short inveterate bursts of an obscure, deep, and hollow sound, more heart-sinking than that of thunder. It seemed as if all the stormy demons of the mountains had at once been let loose on us; and, experienced as we were in these islands, we agreed that Cuchullin was the only and true father of squalls.

All the men were on deck in an instant; every thing around was darkness; except when the surging of a white sea to leeward, breaking on a reef of rocks, gave a transient gleam, faintly illuminating the high cliffs around us, like a feeble lightning in a dark night. "See the lead ready," was the cry; and, on heaving it over the stern, there was found to be only a foot of water. We were drifting fast on the rocks. All hands flew to the windlass; the foresail was hoisted; and the anxiety of many hours was condensed into the few minutes that bowsed us into deeper water and brought the anchor atrip. It was a shorter, but a more terrific moment, when it left the ground. We made stern way. "Put up the helm"—cried the Captain. The landsman ran to the tiller; the vessel struck the rock with her heel, swung round into the surf, cleared the breakers that were foaming far away under her quarter, and, in a few seconds, we were in deep water.

In the morning, we were off Rum, beating under a try sail, "per l'aer nero e per la nebbia folta;" as the Captain meant to anchor in Loch Scresort. The sea was running short and fearful; the squalls from the mountains whirling it up in one universal sheet of white foam. "So wonderful prodigious was the weather, As heaven and earth had meant to come together." Our cutter kicked,

and rolled, and floundered most villanously; having the property, as seamen call it, of making bad weather. As if it was not bad enough already. But this is a common trick with ladies and gentlemen on shore, as well as with cutters at sea; when, not content with catching the evil in the simplest way, as you do a stone, by turning your back on it and receiving it in a soft place, they rebel, and twist, and turn, and flounder about, till it hits them in the worst of all possible places, with a vast increase of the consecutive grievance. The ills of life commonly require a helping hand to perfect them; and the general rule is, when the poker falls on the fender, always to knock down the shovel and the tongs. "Gossip, by your leave, Quoth Mother Bumby, I do well perceive The moral of your story." It ended by the Captain resigning the pilotage to the Landsman, and bearing up for Canna. We should have foundered at our anchors in Loch Scresort, in half an hour; as I chanced to know.

As the harbour of Canna is the common resort of the ships that trade to the northward, and as the gale continued, it was soon crowded with shipping, and all became bustle and life; contrasting strangely with the solitudes through which we had been so long wandering. This island, which is green and fertile, is held by one principal tenant or tacksman, and crowded by the population to which it is subset. The pasture is appropriated to black cattle; and the necessities of the people have almost excluded the cultivation of grain, to adopt that of potatoes: their farms being reduced to so small a size, by the demand for land, as not to admit of so great a luxury as oats. With the assistance of fishing, they contrive to exist miserably enough. The quantity of coal fish which they take, is nearly incredible; often dipping them out of the water by means of large landing nets: yet the

superfluity, which is frequent, is thrown away to rot, with the improvidence so characteristic of this country, while their corn is often refusing to grow for want of manure.

Canna is upwards of four miles long, and one broad; forming a ridge, of which the highest point appears to be about 800 or 1000 feet. Nearly the whole of the northern side is bounded by cliffs; while the southern descends gradually to the shore by a succession of rocky terraces, commonly columnar, and covered on the surfaces with the richest verdure. Its fertility must be attributed, partly to the nature of the soil, which is formed of decomposed basalt, but not less to the declivity, which admits of the regular drainage of the water which perpetually falls in this rainy climate. The effect is indeed similar to that of artificial irrigation; and wherever there is no declivity here, the ground becomes moory, and peat accumulates. This is the case in all the islands where the soil is of the same quality, but where there is no such declivity: and it serves to prove what advantages might be derived to peat soils from irrigation; an operation, as I formerly remarked, totally unknown in the Highlands. The quantity of peat here, is so small, that it is consumed much faster than it is renewed. In no long time therefore, Canna will be obliged to depend for its fuel, on an importation, either of peat or coal, and the value of the estate will diminish accordingly.

The columnar rocks of Canna are most remarkable on the southern side of the island; where many different ranges may be seen, rising in terraces from the shore, even to the uppermost level. In some parts, the columns are quite regular; but in others they pass into the irregular rock. Many picturesque views are found towards the eastern end of the island, particularly from different points above the harbour: the variety and intricacy of the cliffs, added to the varied outline of the harbour itself, the

life produced by the shipping, and the noble back ground formed by the high mountains of Rum, producing scenes of great beauty, and of a striking character. On a rock, which is here detached at a small distance from the shore, there are still to be seen the remains of the rudest dwelling that I ever beheld, even in this country. It consists but of two walls, projecting in an angle from the rock, which, very economically, forms the remainder of the building. Tradition says that it is a castle, in which a jealous chieftain confined his wife: but, in those days, jealousy did did not probably operate in so quiet and temporizing a manner. The celebrated Compass Hill of the tour books, is a point on which the magnetic needle undergoes a disturbance. But such disturbances are neither peculiar to that point, nor even to this island. Deviations of the needle produced by the influence of rocks or land, are very frequent throughout all the basaltic islands of this coast: and, in many places, the influence is such and so extensive, as to affect the ordinary variation of the compass when at sea. Sandy Island may almost be considered as a part of Canna; since they are separated by a beach of sand only, which is uncovered at low water. The surface of the latter island is little elevated, and it is in no way interesting, except on the south-east side; where there are some remarkable rocks, called Craig na feoulan.

On the west coast of Canna, there is a rock, which, at low water, looks very much like a hat, rather on a gigantic scale, it is true, since it is fifty or sixty feet high. At high water, the platform is covered by the sea, and is receiving constant additions of breadth, by the wasting of the upper exposed part. It is easy to forsee that, at some future day, this tower will become a narrow pinnacle, and that, ultimately, it will disappear altogether; leaving nothing but this half-tide rock to mark its former

place. This feature is very common, all through these islands; as in Rum, in Sky, and in many other places. Nor is it confined to one particular kind of rock. If it is seen in trap, in Rum and here, in Sky it is found in limestone and sandstone, and, in other places, in slate and granite. It is probable that many of the present half-tide and sunk rocks, are the remains of loftier ones, or of portions once above water, which have thus mouldered away. This appearance is evidently owing to the protection which the sea, wetting them twice every day, affords against the destructive power of frost, which is the great cause of the mouldering and fall of rocks.

Such is the nature of a fact as familiar as it has been unnoticed. It is not a mere matter of curiosity, as the consequences that flow from it are most important; although Engineers have entirely overlooked them, as they have the fact itself. It is hence plain, that, in marine architecture, a submarine foundation is preferable to a dry one, because it is less destructible; and there are cases in practice, where such a wasting of the foundation before the building, does actually occur. There is a remarkable instance of this at Conway castle, on one of the sea flanks; where there is a tower, now suspended in the air, in consequence of the failure of the slaty foundation; offering a fine example of tenacious masonry, and making us almost imagine that the works of art are more durable than those of nature. Had that foundation been under water, this accident would not have happened: as it is, we may expect hereafter to see the further ruin of this magnificent building, from the same cause. Thus also it follows, that the Edystone, and its copy, the Bell-rock light-house, are safer, from the very circumstance which was the cause of additional labour, and which many persons have idly supposed a misfortune and a source of fear. Should those works them-

selves last as Conway has done, there is no danger that they will suffer from the treachery of their foundations. The ocean is their protector instead of their enemy. It is the submarine foundation which is the foundation "on a rock." But to turn to other matters: from Engineering to Physic. Such is the fate of our "farrago libelli."

The ladies and gentlemen who delight in draughts, and pine without the daily pills, ask how those remote islanders manage when they are sick, and how they contrive to live without medicine. How do others contrive to live no longer with it; and with all its appliances and aids to boot. This is the consequence of having a theory: there are better roads to "health and longevity," Dryden will tell you, than that of "feeing the Doctor for a nauseous draught." Physic or no physic, Death knocks alike at the door of all; at the wicker gate of the Highlander's cottage, as at the proud portals of the Nobles of the land. If he throttles the fisherman with a billow or a breaker, he chokes the wealthy citizen who is regaling on his labours in Fishmonger's Hall, with turtle and custard. Arithmetically speaking, at least, it appears a matter of some indifference whether we take physic or not, whether we reside in Canna, or "among the homicides of Warwick-lane;" the averages will not differ by a hair's breadth.

As to Dryden, a word with him. You poet folk are very apt to talk nonsense when you travel out of your own line; and to make the people believe it is sense too. "God never made his work for man to mend," says Dryden. This is very fine, very fine indeed. Tertullian says that shaving is an impious attempt to improve the works of the Creator. This is finer still. I suppose Dryden never heard of a steel collar, nor of a short leg, nor of Miss Beffin, nor of bark, ague, calomel, plague, tooth-ache, nor Tristram Shandy. And Cowper too;

but we may allow him to talk. As to the gentleman who is to "hunt in fields for health unbought," half a dozen hunters and a pack of hounds, cost nothing of course; and the fox-hunter never breaks his leg, "for man to mend." Every disorder is to be prevented by exercise: and that is the reason why half the people of Canna were sick, why painters and commentators live to a hundred, and why a ploughman, a soldier, or a sailor, is an old man at forty. Every disorder is to be prevented by temperance; all diseases are produced by gluttony. If man was not a glutton, he would live to be nine hundred; or at least, as Bleskenius says the Irish did in his day, to two hundred and fifty. This temperance is the reason why the Highlanders have no diseases; no fevers, inflammations, and so forth; as every body knows. The Court of Death is a fine assembly: but I wish Mr. Gay had told us how Plague, Yellow Fever, Dysentery, Typhus, Ague, Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Consumption, and the whole of Pandora's black train, are produced by intemperance. And thus people are frightened from their bread and butter. It is only another form and mode of the ascetic reasoning which crossed us once before. Never write nonsense verses about temperance and exercise, my dear Scott. Go on producing romances, eat your beef, drink your wine, and be thankful to Him that gave them. If the people here have diseases enough, so they have doctors enough; particularly as the better part of physic now a days, is to amuse otiose people, and to fugitate disorders which fly just as fast before the hand of Nature herself. To a wise man indeed, the better part of physic is discretion; a discretion which takes as little as possible. This is the Napoleon practice. That Great Man would never have made his fortune by physic, it is true; but that is another matter. We might indeed enquire, "Quot Themison ægros au-

tumno occiderit uno;" but that was in another department of his practice. He would have made a great Physician. What would he not have made, as well as Ambassador to the court of Pekin. I told you before, that it only depended on Alexander the Great himself, to have rivalled his namesake of Brass pans.

Physic is a luxury, however, to the multitude; and one which, like Tea, has gradually crept down, in England, from the palace to the cottage, until not an old woman's megrim, or the cut finger of a journeyman carpenter, can be cured without the aid of the village apothecary. When it comes to be a contest between Jalap and Death, I suspect the chances are not much worse for the Highlanders, than for the inhabitants of Warwick-lane. But it is not for me to enumerate here, which of all a Highlander's disorders Nature will cure, and which the Doctor cannot. Those who delight in physicky talk, and that is every body, may seek it elsewhere. There was a time when the Lowlanders would not use a winnowing machine; lest they should fly in the face of Him, who, in his own good time, would cause his breeze to blow on the Shieling hill; quite forgetful of the very instrument from which the Prophet himself has derived so fearful an image of judgment. The Highlanders were never, I believe, thus infected with the disease of fanatical misinterpretation. They received vaccination eagerly. Clergymen and old women operate: which is right; since better cannot be. Yet it would have been as well if the Lady Bountifuls, whether in breeches or petticoats, had intermeddled with this matter somewhat less, elsewhere. But it is a peculiar merit of the Medical art, that it can be understood and practised by intuition. It is full time that the College of Edinburgh should be pulled down, as a superfluity.

But why should the Highlanders die, more than the Lowlanders. Can a consumption be cured better at Sid-

mouth than in Sky: or a dropsy, or an asthma. Will not a catarrh vanish in its own time: and who cares whether it does or not. The measles, and the rest, do their business in their own way, every where; sore throats are cured by the foot of an old stocking, the sciatica holds for life in all climates, the Howdie brings children as effectually into the world as the He She, and the Highlanders, enviable dogs, know nothing of the Ague. Some one or other can bleed, in every community; and as this operation is here regulated and settled, while, in the scientific practice, the fashion of bleeding and of not bleeding revolves every ten years, or oftener, it comes precisely to the same thing, in the long run. A Highland tibia, if it breaks, from some mischance, is spliced by a smith or a carpenter, as effectually as by a surgeon, and generally much better; and if a scull chances to be fractured, the owner has the satisfaction of dying or recovering, as it may happen, without being trepanned into an operation by some raw apprentice, who wants to try his hand in boring a round hole, that he may obtain a sight of the Dura Mater.

In good earnest, I have looked somewhat hardly into the Highland practice of physic, and it is neither very deficient, nor very inefficacious, nor very unreasonable. Many farmers, most of the Lairds, or their wives, together with the schoolmasters and clergymen, possess useful knowledge; and, what is not less valuable, active humanity. Moreover, there are very few places in which a Surgeon is not accessible, at least within a day or two; and I need only say, that a Scottish surgeon is generally as well educated and well informed on all points of his professional duties, as Roderic Random himself. The Highlanders, like many other people, once believed in various supernatural causes of disease: in witchcraft, elf-shots, and so forth. Those have disappeared. Pennant has mentioned the Fillan, a worm falling from the clouds

to produce disorders. It is nearly forgotten. Linnæus was silly enough to believe in the Furia infernalis; a Lapland goblin, worthy of just the same credence. It is the same superstition, from the common parent North: though neither he nor Pennant knew it.

There are very few of the ancient superstitious remedies remaining, and still fewer of the diseases to which superstitious or imaginary causes are assigned. The herbs, once supposed to be endued with supernatural virtues and signatures, seem now to have sank to their true level of natural remedies; and they are administered, as far as I have seen, without the ancient forms that partook of incantation. If a raw egg is still good for bile, because both are yellow, England may share the folly and the philosophy with them. That such belief and such practices were once common, is, however, well known; and it is far from impossible that they may exist still. The Highlanders derive them from the ancient stock of superstitious observances which has pervaded all the world alike; though they are apt to imagine that they were peculiar to themselves. The Roan tree, the Holly, the Juniper, and the rest, belong to the ancient Botanomanteia. Even the Misletoe is not solely Druidical. It is but part of an ancient whole; and Virgil is much more likely to have borrowed his Golden Branch from Medea, than from Abaris. The Druid antiquaries never look half deep enough. If Paracelsus orders that his plants should be gathered with certain ceremonies, and under favourable planetary conjunctions, it is because his far-distant predecessors in magic and quackery did the same. It is even a relic of the same astrology, that seeds are to be sown, and bacon salted, in a certain state of the moon; and that the Partridge of Stationers' Hall still assumes the office of Abercrombie and Mawe. If Medea was the first physician of whom we know, who made a "ptisane restoratif" on this principle, yet when

she mounts her magic car to traverse Ossa, Pelion, Olympus, and Pindus, in search of "small herbs" and precious stones, it is because Greece has borrowed from Tartary or Hindostan. There is nothing new, even in quackery.

The precious stones of Medea will also explain the virtues of the Crystal Ball, if not of the Elf-shot; a superstition which, however, I believe to be equally out of date. Those gems are nevertheless still preserved in many families; but, I believe, only as antiques and heir looms. I cannot at least find that their touch, or the water in which they have been dipped, is any longer in repute, either for men or cattle. I find it so said in books, it is true; but I fear that the books are, in this case, as usual, copying from each other, and giving us the history of past times as now present. This superstition, under many forms, has been as general as it is ancient. Crystallomancy is but a modification of it. The virtues of the Beryl are known to all readers in the occult sciences. Paracelsus is here among the learned: and Boyle, like an old woman, believed in their powers. The Carbuncle of the East, which lights the midnight cavern, is of the same parentage. The whole science of Gems and Periapts seems peculiarly Oriental. Hence the endless sculptured stones, rings, seals, amulets, and talismans. Hence the great seal of Solomon, which imprisons the Genii: hence the beads of Paternoster and Ave Maria. Hence Urim and Thummim: as well as the φυλακτήρια of the Jews, the Amulets of the Turks, and the Gris Gris of the Negroes. That numerous superstitions connected with crystal and precious stones, were prevalent in Greece and Rome, is equally known to every scholar. Pliny is full of this, and he borrows from the East. The Roman Athletæ wore amulets. This fashion went down to the Gothic warriors, in their bracelets and neck rings. In the army which was beaten by the Duke of Guise,

under Henry the third, all the soldiers had amulets. It is not long, since crystal balls were found in some tombs at Rome; but I know not that any description of their purposes, in this case, has descended to us. I may have overlooked it, however, among the mass of trash, where we are so often tempted to read and skip, and skip and read. Hence also it was, that precious stones became ingredients in medicine. Even yet, they are found in the shops of the Italian apothecaries. The modern Druids fancy that the crystal balls of the Highlands have been borrowed from their progenitors; from the amulet, or egg, the Glain Naydir. That is possible, but not necessary. The Druids themselves borrowed; and as the superstition was Scandinavian also, it may as well have descended by the one road as the other. As to the Druid beads, as they are called, such as I have seen, appeared sometimes to be of Venetian manufacture: but they may have been Egyptian, as the art of making glass beads was carried by those people to great perfection: for what I care, they may be Phenician.

Our coral and bells, and our anodyne necklace, whatever the good ladies may think, are but charms of the same school. A thread of virtue was worn for the same purpose, by the little puling Athenians. It was a property of coral to turn pale when the wearer's life was threatened. Hence one reason for the choice of this material. The Latin Christians used those Præfiscini for their children. Chrysostom abuses them for it, in his Homilies: and so does Jerom. They were condemned by Constantine, and by the Councils of Touls and Laodicea; as they also are in the Capitularies of Charlemagne. Mamma does not know that she is breaking the Canon Law, with her coral and bells. The Athenian midwives hung a charm about the neck of Pericles when he was dying of the Plague. And he, graceless philosopher as he was,

laughed at them. Plato says they were all quacks; which, considering his own metaphysics, is somewhat strong.

So much for the anodyne necklace. But physic is founded in quackery. Ask Moliere; and that is the reason why quacks are the only true physicians, and quackery the only physic. That is the reason why Dr. Young's friends can get no practice. If you are not satisfied with Moliere's opinion, ask Pindar: not Peter. He says that Chiron was a quack. Hermes and Zoroaster have met no better fate; but the father of all was Ammon, the great Physician of Egypt. All the breed of the Asclepiades were quacks and impostors; as even Greece allows. The Senate took it into its head to interfere, at Rome, and to forbid them: yet they were not effectually banished till the time of Cicero. The Senate was wrong: who ever had confidence in systematic medicine; unless it should chance to be my friend John M'Kinnon. The noble Art was founded in magic, mysticism, and superstition; and by these alone it can ever flourish. The reverence which my friends at Canna had for the pills, was all derived from the globular form and the gallipot. There is no philosophy in physic. The man was never yet found who could be prevailed to believe in it from reason, or to listen to reasoning respecting it. The Physician who reasons, may take to John M'Kinnon's trade whenever he chooses. "Populus vult decipi: Decipiatur." The same mysterious influence that once worked wonders in the shape of crystal balls, and of herbs gathered under a trine aspect in the seventh house, now works by means of dog Latin, dullness, and long-tailed draughts. The form only is changed. It once operated by weight of cane and protuberance of wig. He was a fool who surrendered the wig. Van Butchell understood his trade better. Every one knows what aloes or peppermint is: but invest them with the mystic red stamp,

and they immediately gain in virtue and value, a thousand fold, in the shape of Juniper's essence and Anderson's pills. Strip off the wig, and the stamp, and the crotchets of the prescription,—but lift the veil, and all is over. Disclosure is death.

I had occasion to make some remarks formerly on the mineral-water-drinkings of the Highlanders. I know not that they now resort to St. Fillan's or to St. Maree's well, for the cure of Lunacy. But that was a fashion in Cornwall also, and in England generally. I suspect that their ordinary love of water is somewhat connected with this superstitious regard for springs and wells. The water of a mighty river is here, even poetically distinguished, from that, of which the meaner and less commanding sources are known. We might almost suppose that there was a rush-crowned and dripping Deity who was thought to pour it out of his urn. The life of the base and the pusillanimous, was maintained by the stagnant waters of the reedy pool. It belonged but to the heroic and warlike soul, to drink from the Father of streams or the bright fountain. In Isla, as well as in St. Kilda, every where, in short, there is some chosen and worshipped fountain which remedies all diseases, present and prospective; to which they resort to drink, even after their dinners, though surrounded with water in all its forms, around, above, and below. They would still say with Horace "dignaberis hædo;" had not goats been supplanted by sheep, and sacrifices by John Knox and his predecessors.

All this is indeed rigidly classical; nor is it often that the parentage and descent are so easily traced. To the worship of fountains by the Greeks and Romans, I had occasion to allude formerly, when on a similar subject. The Fontinalia of ancient Rome are among the best known of those. The flowers which were then

thrown into the wells, and the garlands with which they were crowned, have almost descended to our own day. The history of the celebrated well near Padua, in the times of the Emperors, is well known. Tiberius threw dice into it, to try his destiny. Suetonius says that they were "still there:" and Claudian remarks "Tunc omnem liquidi vallem mirabere fundi, Tunc veteres hastæ, regia dona, micant." Theodoric, as Cassiodorus says, walled it round, on account of its great reputation. The coins which were then offered to the presiding Deity, are the half-pence still used in Cornwall, Wales, and the Highlands, for analogous purposes. In Sky, offerings were formerly left, of bread, and flowers, and similar things, on the stone at the Fairies' Well of Loch Shiant. Pins are still offered, even in England. Hence, also, omens or predictions are obtained, by the mode in which the air bubbles rise. This was the Pegomancy of the Greeks; who also solicited the answer of the Nymphs of the Spring, by offerings of bread, stones, or coins, or by dipping in a mirror, and construing the figures which the water had left on it. Those usages have descended to Turkey. They were adopted by the Saxons, whether from a Classic source, is doubtful: more probably from the Oriental parent of both. They are noticed by Ihre and Lindenbrog. In Britain, during the planting and progress of Christianity, they were held so improperly superstitious, that they were forbidden by a Canon in the time of Edgar. They are similarly proscribed by a Canon of Anselm. Thus we trace the similar usages and opinions of the Highlanders.

But, of one singular medical superstition here, I have myself met an instance. Riding soberly along on my white poney, I observed a damsel running, like a greyhound, across some fields, and leaping all the enclosures in her way, to cut off my passage. At length she arrived,

like Camilla, all breathless. "Eeh, Sir" said she, "our lassie is a deeing, and I was jist seeking for ye." Did I indeed, "carry fate and physic in my eye." "What rhubarb, senna, or what purgative drug," could have so contaminated my aspect, that I should be mistaken for a physicking, gossiping apothecary, and on a fine summer evening, and in the Highlands. I protested against the libel. "But ye hae gotten a white beast there!" Of course, I concluded that the real Doctor had a white beast too, and that he must be behind me; so I very inhumanely, as it afterwards proved, rode off to make way for the genuine Æsculapius. It was long afterwards that I discovered the medical virtues necessarily inherent in every man who rode on a white horse.

This is ancient enough, and has, of course, reached the Highlands along the usual downhill highway of national descent. White was the hue of virtue, as well as of purity; and thus white animals have received other honours than those of having their brains knocked out, and their livers ransacked for prophesies, by the butcher priests of Jupiter and Juno. The white eagle was the emblem of good government, white oxen of Industry; and a white horse was a horse of honour and distinction in war. If Richard lost his head and his crown on White Surrey, so did St. Vitus charge his foes upon his white Bucephalus; and thus does St. George assail the dragon; at least on our crown pieces, if not in Cappadocia. Tirante rode a white horse; and, unquestionably, Rosinante had once been of the same colour. Saxo Grammaticus tells us that the Bohemians derived all their omens from a white horse, which was sacred, and kept for that purpose by the priests; and every body knows that the Persians chose their king by the same token. I have no doubt that it was the White Horse which finally reconciled the Highlanders to Hanover; but lest you should

think that my horse has run away with me, I will spare you the other page of illustrations.

I have been often sorely bested by this character; whether acquired by the white horse or not: destined to witness what I could not remedy, to wish for medicines that I did not possess, and to write prescriptions for what could not be obtained. Yet nine tenths of the applicants have been women; and all of them labouring under the disorders supposed especially appropriated to luxury and idleness, the produce of imagination and hypochondriasm. I know of no people more subject to melancholy and fear, to all the disorders of the medicinally depraved imagination, than the Highland wives. "Timere muscas prætervolantes," to be haunted with the "Livor secundis anxius," is peculiarly the disease of this country; and no one knows better than Girseal how to entertain that parasite, of which it is said, that he who feeds it shall never want a guest. Heaven knows, they have little of either luxury or idleness; yet the ailments of a Highland wife would astound the most fashionable physician, daily conversant with the disorders of Grosvenor Square, with the miseries that send our idlers to Bath and Buxton, to Ramsgate and Cheltenham. I must leave this to Physicians to explain; as they understand every thing. If the character of a Physician is the best to travel by in Abyssinia, so it is in the Highlands. Take your degree, fill your pocket with bread pills, and you will be pestered and adored wherever you go. Diseases too, will rise up, ready armed at all points, like Cadmus's men, the moment you appear. You may silence nine tenths of them, at least, "Pulveris exigui jactu;" and from the rest, your natural progress will compel you to fly.

If you wish to know what has led to this Æsculapian discussion, there had been a fever in this island, imported from Sky, and I was desired to visit a patient. He had

taken no medicines: consequently, was likely to recover. At least, he was not to die of the Doctor; and there was nobody at hand to do any harm. The Napoleon practice of the Islands is certainly very successful; "If kitchen cordials will not remedie, Certes his time is come, needs mought he die." When this was settled, a bare-legged girl was observed scouring down the green slope of the hill, with all possible speed. I was summoned to see a "lassie with a lame eye." I remember to have once cured a pair of lame eyes, by means of a pair of spectacles. But the lameness of my present patient's eye was beyond Galileo's aid; it had been poked out by a bull, five years before, and the Chevalier Taylor himself, could have done nothing more than substitute a glass one, which would doubtless have answered every necessary purpose. If the people made much use of their eyes, they would find them to be lame much oftener. The Bible Society will increase the manufacture of spectacles; and thus matters are concatenated in this world.

My Aid-de-camp on this occasion, was John M'Kinnon, an intelligent young man, who, to the trades of farming, fishing, and shoemaking, had thus superadded physic. But, unlike his fraternity, his practice was all from love and charity; nor did I find that he was less successful than his reputed betters, or that his system in fevers did not succeed as well as the more operose sieges and long bills of the regular Æsculapians. The present of a new lancet, in place of the rusty tool he had been working with, made him as happy as the Armenian Doctor, of whom Sir Robert Porter has told us. I proposed to Mr. M'Kinnon to extend his practice, and to set up as an apothecary in Canna; but he modestly feared that he had not abilities enough. I tried to prove to him that he had too much ability. And then I showed him the analogy between Cookery and Physic, as thus, and how

easily it was acquired. That when you had caught your disease, as you had "caught your chub," the first point was, to discover the name of it, as there could be no physic without a name for your disease. Thus, being the Liver complaint, or the Nerves, or the Hay fever, you had only to turn to Dr. Buchan or the London Practice of Physic, and having there found out the method of dressing it, you seasoned your dish with a little jalap, magnesia, rhubarb, ipecacuanha, castor, camphor, mercury, opium, bark, arsenic, henbane, contrayerva, a few small herbs, and a clove or two, putting it all to stew in a bed, with a little water gruel, and, like the cook, trusting to time for the event. I convinced him further, that he had just the same advantages as all his brethren; because, "Dios es el que sana, e il medico lleva la plata." Which also was the chief part of the practice. I also assured him that he needed not to care for Paracelsus, who says that the Devil "suscitat imperitos medicos" on purpose to bring physic into disgrace. It never could be disgraced; because learning was unnecessary in the divine art of healing. As he was a shoemaker, he knew, indeed, that if the skin was ill tanned, the shoes would be bad, the purchaser would abuse Crispin, and he would fall back on the Tanner. But in the case of the Apothecary, his productions were inscrutable, alike in their entrances and exits; the gallipots concealing the one, and—while the coffin took care of all the ultimate effects, and the earth covered them for ever. And thus Mr. M'Kinnon received virtue and authority, "medicandi, purgandi, seignandi, perçandi, taillandi, coupandi, et occidendi, impunè per totam Cannam."

Why not, as well as through an Aberdeen degree. There were three chances in favour of him. To be sure, the world is of another opinion; so that the three chances of shoemaking, farming, and fishing, that John M'Kinnon

was a clever fellow, were all so much against him in the public opinion. Mr. Locke indeed, and such people as he, who are of opinion that the more you put into the brains the more they will hold, maintain also, that the more they do hold, the greater is the certainty of their capacity. But Dr. Young, on the other hand, says, that the public has made up its mind, that the abilities of all men are the same; and their acquirements too, of course: a fact, unquestionably, that has been admitted from all antiquity, and which is the reason why Dr. Eady is equal to Hippocrates, Mr. Haydon to Raphael, Elkanah Settle to Homer, and Mr. Macmanus to Solon; why the Horse Guards rival St. Peters, and the statue of Mrs. Nightingale the Niobe. As soon as Dr. Hervey had discovered the circulation of the blood, he lost all his practice. It was a complete proof that he had no abilities for physic. Silly people, indeed, such as Mr. Locke, Leonardo da Vinci, Dr. Hartley, Sir Christopher Wren, Michael Angelo, and Dr. Young, may imagine that as a correct judgment, a powerful reasoning faculty, an acute discernment, and a body of general knowledge, added to industry, may make a man competent to the acquisition of any and every science, so the display of those on points on which the public can judge, should be an earnest of the possession of that science which is especially professed, but of which they have not the means of judging. There could not be a greater mistake. The surest proof of a man's acquirements, judgment, and discernment, in the divine art of healing, is to be wanting in acquirements, judgment, and discernment, in all other things. And obviously; because it is for the same reason that the man who has been balancing a straw on his nose all his life, is perfectly acquainted with the length of his own nose, and can see—precisely to the end of his straw. Much good may it do them.

Fame had been working hard during my absence. When I returned to the ship, it was surrounded by a triple row of boats, and the deck was covered with people. It looked as if the natives of New Zealand had taken possession of some unfortunate whaler or missionary vessel. Clambering on board with difficulty, I was assailed by half the diseases in Dr. Cullen's Synopsis. Not without fees, however; honest souls. A little more of this Highland honour would do no harm in London. One had a cock under his arm; a very classical fee; another, a pair of ducks; a third, potatoes; and those who had nothing to offer, more modestly drew back into the rear. To return the fees was easy; to see what was visible was not difficult; but to translate Gaelic disorders that lay perdue within the carcase, into plain English, required the joint forces of all the interpreters on board. Half the day was thus occupied; to the utter exhaustion of our whole stock of remedies; and, for those who came last, bread and peppermint were compounded by the gunner's mate, on the model of the bullets which he had in charge. Saga Eira herself, the great Goddess of Scandinavian Physic, could have done no more. I hope I did as much good and as little harm as is done daily by the faculty; and if I did nothing else, those who had come with long faces, retired with brighter looks; as each in succession drew his boat off from the side, and paddled away to the shore.

The Fevers, once so common and fatal in the Highlands, have become rare since famine has become less frequent. This is one of the consequences of the recent improvements, which, like many more, has been overlooked by the anti-reformists. Why they are not more fatal, why they are not perpetual, in the close, unventilated, unwashed, eternal cribs and boxes, and blankets, of a Highland cottage, those may well wonder who know

what a fever is, and what constitutes a Highland cottage. Thanks to the very cottage for this; it would be a sturdy contagion indeed, that could stand the eternal smoke and fire that penetrates every cranny, and will scarcely suffer the inhabitants to exist, much less the fever. It is a perpetual suffumigation, as potent as that of a magician. The secret is all in the Lumm; it is best where there is not even a lumm, and when the smoke is obliged to contend with every crevice and hole, to worm itself between every two straws, before it can reach to mix with the free element; destined by the great Alchemy of Nature, to return again into the form of future peat bogs. Improvement, luxury, whatever it is to be called, is now building chimneys; smoke finds a short road to the clouds, and the fever has taken joint possession with the inhabitants; never again to be exterminated till cribs are burnt, Highlanders taught to wash themselves and their blankets, and windows made to open. It is a good thing to make improvements; but it is good also, to know how to begin at the right end.

The chimney is a premature improvement in the Highland cottage. It was well meant, doubtless; it was meant at least to look well in the eyes of the Landlord and his Steward; but a little philosophy would have retarded it for another half century, till the houses had learnt to have more room, and the Highlanders a greater love of cleanliness and order. It is a grave truth, that wherever it has been introduced, if once the fever gets in, it becomes a hard task to eradicate it. Old Harrison was of the same opinion some time ago, though the fever did not happen to enter into his calculations. "Now have we many chimneys, and yet our tenderlings complain of rheums, catarrhs, and poses. Then had we none but reredosses, and our heads did never ake. For as the smoke in those days was supposed to be a sufficient hard-

ening for the timbers of the house, so it was reported a far better medicine to keep the good man and his family from the quacke or 'pose." You may read Piers Plowman, if you are in want of further authorities on this subject. But a truce with all this medicine. Take as little of it as you like; and the less you take of the reality, the better for your health.

During two days it blew so hard, that the sea whisked round us mast high, in one whirl of white foam, so that no one knew what was rain, or sea, or wind; we seemed at anchor in the clouds themselves. At last, we concluded that it had blown out for the present; but who shall say when it shall not blow here, or what notice it will give. Dr. Francis Moore, indeed, had prognosticated a gale; just as, in the same page, he had desired the Grand Turk to "look to it, as he had given him fair warning." I and the Grand Turk agreed to despise his prognostic, and the boat was hauled up. We ran round the north end of Sanda "in no time." There was a formidable swell from the west, but the strait was under the lee of the land for a space. I wished to see the Craig na feoulan in their poetical dress; and, in all this kind of scenery, the dangers constitute half the value. They were nothing from the shore, safely entrenched under a fauld dyke. Black, now, as night, they rose defying the enormous surges which, at every instant, broke on them, whitening the sea far round with the hissing foam, which, as it swept backward, was gradually swallowed up in the green wave. Blacker than the rocks themselves, was the dense curtain of clouds that rose wildly, like a mountain ridge, in the south; growing slowly upwards till it overtopped the high hills of Rum, and contrasting with the long line of breakers which whitened along that dark and frightful shore. Not a boat was to be seen; even the gulls had left the sea: and the puffins, ranged high on the rocky

shelves, were eyeing, with fear and doubt, the coming storm. Still the clouds grew up, a solid and pitchy mass; the gale began to freshen; and as the driving mists that sailed in, curling grey beneath the black canopy above, began to entangle the towering cliffs, all became sky and water, except where the breaking of the waves still showed an occasional glimpse of the dark masses against which they were impelled with the noise of thunder. "Its going to be an awsome day," said the gunner; and we were on a lee shore close to the breakers. It became alike difficult and dangerous to put the boat about before the sea. Keeping my eye fixed on every coming wave, to watch for an interval, in an instant, there arose in the distant horizon, the gigantic form of a man, white as the foam around, its feet repulsing the sea, and the arms extended upwards, with an expression of ferocious energy, to the black solid cloud on which it was pictured with all the distinctness of life. It sank in an instant as it arose, and there remained but the dull misty line that divided the ocean and the sky. I had seen my Wraith. Doubtless, you think that my nervous system must have been grievously deranged at these repeated prospects of searching the deep bottom of the flood; there to repose, among the finny droves. But use makes all things perfect; and he who has long braved the ocean and the gale, becomes, at length, a piece of the "æs et robur" of the ship itself, and acquires a proverbial confidence in his own buoyancy.

The Wraith was a false prophet. Again attempting Rum, we landed at Scuir More; but at the imminent risk of losing our boat among the breakers and rocks of this most impracticable shore. In half an hour it blew a hurricane, and all hopes of re-embarking vanished. With the assistance of the villagers of Guirdil, the boat was hauled up dry, and we made up our minds to remain a

week; by no means an unlikely event. But we should not have been starved, while there was a Highlander who had a potatoe. We were in at least as much danger of being devoured with kindness. One hoped that if I visited his neighbour, I should also come to him. "The house of one, was only two miles off; that of another, only five." "I could surely pass one night at Papadill; or one at Kilmorie;" "it was but a bittie over the hill." But as it was impossible to go to all, it ended, as was natural, in taking up with the nearest Maclean who spoke the best English. If I am to be wrecked any where, I will choose Rum; for the Rumites are not too rich. I have spoken of the antiquities of Highland hospitality before. As far as Classic authority avails, it should be Gothic, not Celtic. They ought to be indebted for it to their Scandinavian ancestry. But the unlucky Celts have nobody to speak for them. It may have belonged to all equally. But we are on sure ground at least, when we take Tacitus for authority; and what was "German," was probably Belgic, Saxon, and Scandinavian. Of that people he says, "Convictibus et hospitiis non alia gens effusius indulget. Quemcumque mortalium arcere tecto, nefas habetur; pro fortuna quisque epulis excipit." It was the same with the Burgundians, according to Lindenbrog. Here is one of the Laws: "Quicumque hospiti venienti tectum aut focum negaverit, trium solidorum inlatione mulctetur." Among the Sclavi, says Hermolaus, "Si quis, quod rarissimè fieri consuevit, peregrinum hospitio removisse convictus fuerat, illius ædes et facultates incendio consumere licitum erat."

Be the cause what it may, in ten minutes the potatoe kettle was put on the fire, and my boat's crew was provided with such fare as the house afforded. I was taken into the parlour, and regaled with tea; for, as in England

of old, this is a precious article, and given as a treat at any time of the day. If the Θρόνος φαεινος was but a crazy wooden chair, it was the best that my Alcinous had to offer. But the day wore on, the potatoes were eaten, there was nothing to do, and it continued to blow and rain, as if Rum itself would have been blown about our ears. The neighbours had come to see the strangers; and a considerable ogling began to take place among some of my handsome lads and the damsels. There was an old fiddle hanging up in a corner, very crazy in the pegs and in the intestines, but still practicable. My host could scarcely scrape, and the Cremona was not even in scrapeable trim. But at length, by dint of the boatswain's mate, a little philosophy, and a little oakham, the pegs were repaired and the strings eked out, as well as if Straduarius himself had had the management of the business. But "though it discolours the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it," pray imagine the Orpheus; Corypheus to a party of Highland lads and lasses, in Rum, in a storm. So it was, however; and the musician gained great credit and applause: never probably having been half so much esteemed or admired in his life, in any society, before or since. In good sooth, the Grand Signor is in the right, when he learns to make harness or forge a blade; for "we know what we are, but we know not what we shall be." Full little did I foresee, when solving some obscure fluxion in the theory of vibrating strings, that I should ever have fiddled to a ball in Rum. Yet this is orthodox: Apollo be my witness. And in the lamented days of Chivalry, the Leach and the Minstrel were one. For does not the Lady in the tale of Ingefred and Gudrune, tread a tender remembrance on the Leach's foot, because her Ladyship had conceived a gentle attachment towards the Fidler. Physic, fiddling,

political economy, and geology: "In the space of one revolving moon, Was Chemist, fidler, statesman," and—I leave the rhyme to you.

By some means or other, we have come to the subject of Music again; and also, by some means or other, there is something more to be said, which, if it ought to have been said before, was not. That same memory is a "fond deceiver:" why fond, the Poet must explain. This comes of not keeping a common-place book; as Swift boasted: Swift,—who was forty years common-placing his polite conversation. I ought to have quoted Scymnos of Chio, as authority for the musical propensity of the Celts, when he speaks of them as using music at their meetings on account of its pleasing effects.

Σὺν μουσικῃ δ' ἄγουσι τας ἐκκλησίας
Ζηλοῦντες αὐτὴν ἡμερώσεως χάριν.

It is probable that those people were really Celts, and from this very circumstance; as the Gothic early nations appear to have had no attachment to this art; though, from the laxity usual to his age, on this subject, the countries which this writer assigns to the Celts, must then have contained many other nations.

We should have been glad to have known more of the nature of this music, and of that of their instruments. The remark must go for what it is worth, in a research so abstruse and conjectural; and, possibly it is worth very little. Those who place more faith in the Highland Abaris than myself, may try if they can find any support in the remark of Plutarch, that the presents which he brought to Delos were accompanied by various musical instruments, by "harps, hautboys, and guitars," as some Irish antiquary chooses to translate the terms.

I might also have said more respecting the use of cultivated music in Scotland, at an early period, when

speaking of that subject; because I believe, on reflection, that it goes further in explaining the peculiar cast, and the refinement, of some of the ancient airs, than it then appeared to me. The Embassy of Edward the fourth, in 1474, was attended by William Roger, who was detained by James, and made a Knight. Numerous musicians were brought up in his school; and this, doubtless, aided in giving that air of refinement to much of the national music, which might otherwise be supposed to have sprung up in more recent times. There is reason to believe that the Scots were much better musicians, in the general sense and use of the word, at that day, than themselves now suppose; and it is not even improbable that, considering their natural musical propensities, they became equal if not superior to the neighbour whence they borrowed. Unluckily, little or nothing remains in the shape of absolute proof. We must be content with the casual remarks of contemporary writers. When Holland, in his Houlat, mentions twenty-five instruments as in use, it seems to argue something more than the cultivation of music merely national. That the science was cultivated in its refinements also appears from Douglas, the Poet, who must have been learned in music, from his using such technical terms as descant, counter, sesquialtra, and so on. He also mentions different instruments; such as "monycords, tympans, clarions, shalms, psaltries, organs, portatives, cythols, and cymbals;" most of them implying some species of symphonic music, and, almost necessarily, that which was in use at that day for ecclesiastical purposes. I conjecture that it is to this Church music, to the B flat of the Gregorian Chant, that we are indebted for the frequent and unpleasant occurrence, in a similar manner, of the flat seventh in the simple Scottish melodies.

I then also made some remarks on the probable anti-

quity of the violin in the Highlands. The subject deserved somewhat more. It must have been known in Britain very early. Hawkins quotes the statue of the Giustiniani Apollo as playing on a violin; but Winkelman and Mengs have proved that this is a modern work. A vessel, however, was dug up at Soissons, containing a representation of one, supposed by Le Bœuf to be as old as 752. In England, there is even earlier authority. Osbern thinks he has proved that the date of the Crypt of Canterbury is 742; and, among the grotesque capitals there, one figure is playing on a violin. This seems to indicate the remote knowledge of this instrument in Britain and Gaul; and it also confirms the Oriental parentage of the violin, as these sculptures contain the mythological allusions found on Egyptian and Persian monuments.

A ball here requires no great preparations, it must be allowed. The lasses had no shoes, and marvellous little petticoat; but to compensate for those deficiencies, they had abundance of activity and good-will. I suppose I ought to admire Highland dancing, fling and all; and if I do not, it is not for want of abundant experience. But the people are fond of it; they enter into it with heart and soul, as well as with all the limbs of their body, and it makes them very happy; and if all these are not good reasons in favour of any system of dancing, I wish some one would discover better. If there is any thing to be said on the other side, this deponent does not mean to say it.

But all human happiness must end. "Hilary term is short," as old Burton says, and alas the time came that we must part. "'Tis a sad sentence of an ancient date;" and who shall gainsay it. The sun blazed out beneath the cloud, and the fiddle ceased. But I protracted the evil hour as long as I could, in tender pity to the prettiest girl of the party, who had been sudden and

quick in falling in love with a handsome lad belonging to my crew, and was weeping bitterly at the thoughts of parting. As the wind filled our little sail and swept us over the rolling sea, I saw the last wave of poor Ariadne's hand, as she stood advanced on the point of a rock, with her long hair streaming in the storm. Those nudities, I do not mean of the legs, but of the heart, are a captivating sight: if I had been Ned Williamson, I would have taken that lassie home, and married her; but Cupid had been at his usual mischief. Unquestionably this invention, the dance, is one of his wicked expedients towards restoring the long-divided union of the congeminated Platonic soul. Poor Peggy Maclean had fallen headlong into the trap; and indeed she seemed to be of Sir Thomas Elyot's opinion, that it should have "betokened matrimony." For Sir Thomas says, that "the dauncing together of a man and a woman, holding each other by the hand or the arme, betokeneth concord." "It is a mystical representation of matrimony," he further says, "not begun without a special consideration, as well for the conjunction of two personnes, as for the imitation of sundrie virtues which be thus represented." Thus the learned differ, as usual: for St. Augustine says that "nemo saltat sobrius;" that "melius est fodere quam saltare." The dance is the Devil's procession, says the author of the History of the Waldenses: as many steps as a man makes in the dance, so many steps does he take towards hell. What Messieurs Beauchamp, Feuillet, Noverre, and other authorities, say, shall never be repeated by me; lest Peggy and her friends should suspect that the "continuitie of moving the foote and body," in the Highland fling, doth not "express any pleasaunt or profitabe effects or motions of the mind."

As to the question of authority, however, once more, we have Dugdale versus St. Augustine. Not only does

"dauncing" encourage matrimony and love, but lawyers also. Some men indeed may doubt whether the encouragement of this race, and that of the Devil, (I speak it with respect,) are marked by any wide differences. However that be, his Sacred Majesty Henry VI. cap. 9, did enact that the lawyers and judges should dance four times a year, "for their encouragement in this excellent study of the law," and for making those gentlemen "more fit for their books at other times." And then again, as if the truth were never to be attained, even in the matter of dancing, there is Lawyer versus Lawyer, Sebastian Brant against King Henry and Dugdale. "What else is dauncing but even a nurcery to maintaine evile sinne in yonge heartes." I hope Peggy Maclean's young heart did not sin. Certain it is that there is a large lack of gravity in this Highland fling; from which cause it may possibly fall under the ban of St. Augustine. Had it been the Pavan indeed, we might have doubted the propriety of the fulmination; since this "merry daunce" was danced by gentlemen dressed in bags and swords, and other apposite fittings, as well as by judges in their robes, princes in their ermines of state, and ladies with trains seventeen yards long. Poor Peggy's train scarcely reached to the middle of her leg. It is probable that the Highland fling is not descended from the Pavan: that train is a sad obstacle to this descent. Peggy would have been puzzled to have erected her little coatie into the form of a peacock's tail. Whence is it; I have hunted Monsieur Noverre and Monsieur Feuillet in vain; besides Justus Lipsius, Saxo Grammaticus, and Ossian. It does not come from the Bolero, nor from the Barginet of Antimachus, nor from the Sacred dance of the Egyptian priests, nor from the Tripudium, nor the Pastoritium, nor the Twiggon, nor the Rounde, nor the Cotillion, nor the Waltz, nor the Galliard, nor the Minuet, nor the Horn-

pipe of Cornouaille, for which you may consult Chaucer nor from the Coranto, nor the Jig, nor the Fandango, nor the Allemand, nor the Moresco, (which some choose to call Morrice,) nor the Polonoise, nor the Saraband. In short, it is the Highland fling.

For all purposes of philosophy, the expedition to Rum ended as many others had done before. I had ballasted the boat with as much bloodstone as would have furnished all the shops in London. But still it blew hard, the boat would not scud, and I was obliged to throw the ballast overboard. Gold and silver have gone the same road too often, to justify any especial lamentation over half a ton of jasper. There was a blockhead on board who thought fit to cry, because, as he said, he had a wife and children, and did not choose to risk his life for a "wheen chucky-stanes." A man would get very few chucky stanes, or see very little of this country either, if he were to put his life into the balance every hour, as my uxorious friend seemed to do. We may care overmuch, even for that indispensable ingredient in the human body.

There is a great deal of stormy magnificence about the lofty cliffs, as there is generally all round the shores of Rum; and they are, in most places, as abrupt as they are inaccessible from sea. The interior is one heap of rude mountains, scarcely possessing an acre of level land. It is the wildest and most repulsive of all the islands. The outlines of Halival and Haskeval are indeed elegant, and render the island a beautiful and striking object from the sea. In some places, extensive surfaces of bare rock are divided into polygonal compartments, so as to resemble the grand natural pavements of Staffa, but with an effect infinitely more striking. Loch Scresort is without features or character; the acclivities ascending gently from a flat and straight shore. If it is not always bad wea-

ther in Rum, it cannot be good very often; since, on seven or eight occasions that I have passed it, there has been a storm, and on seven or eight more in which I have landed, it was never without the expectation of being turned into a cold fish. "The bitter breathing winds with boist'rous blasts" seem to have set up their throne here, as at Loch Scavig: and the rains too. Like that place, it possesses a private winter of its own, even in what is here called summer. Into the bargain, it enjoys a most "inamabilis unda," where you may be swamped or upset in any weather.

The cause of this stormy and rainy atmosphere is evident, as it is at St. Kilda, and at the Cape of Good Hope in a Southwester: and we may here, at any time, witness the whole process of brewing a storm, together with the formation of what are called, by meteorologists, parasitic clouds. Nothing appears more myterious than to see a cloud thus stationary on a mountain, as if there was a dead calm, when it is blowing a gale: but the fact, in this case, is, that the cloud is formed and re-dissolved at every instant; the vapour being precipitated from the arriving current by the mountain, and re-dissolved in the departing one. When this last process does not take place, a cloudy atmosphere collects; and the event may be rain, as well as squalls of wind; while these may be quite local, as happens perpetually in this island, and in numerous other independent places. In such a case as this, a storm of this nature is generally limited to the island alone; because the power of precipitation is limited. When connected with a tract of land, the power over the atmosphere, exerted by such a group of mountains, may be continued in succession, and thus become sufficient to deluge a whole country: and thus it is, that these act on the west coast of Scotland, in producing its rainy climate.

It was on one of those occasions, when I could not keep the sea, and knew nothing about the land, that I met a young man in the usual shepherd's dress, and accompanied him to his house, to remain as long as it should please the elements of Rum. When shall I go into such a house in England, find such manners and such conversation under such plaids, and see such smoky shelves, covered, not only with the books of the ancients, but of the moderns; books too not lying uncut, but well thumbed and well talked of. But I had met with such things too often to be surprised. It was the same in former days; it surprised Johnson, and naturally enough; for it is a combination that is not found in England. But his surprise was that of his countrymen at large; it is the error of opulent and extravagant, of purse-proud England; that measures a man by his house and his coat, instead of his mind, and then is surprised that education, with refined manners, and with refined sentiments too, is found in a hut, and under a coarse jacket. The truth is, that the Highland farmer of this class, now, I believe, becoming scarce, is a gentleman in disguise: the English one is too often a plebeian in disguise; an interior as rude as his own lands and his own hinds, being concealed under all the external and misplaced fittings of a gentleman. But as Seneca remarks, "unaquaque res duas habet ansas." The English wit retorts, and says that a Scottish gentleman is poor; he is a "beggarly scholar." It is like his own countryman, who, in boasting of the cheapness of eggs, forgets that it proved the scarcity of money. Whether a Scottish gentleman is poor, or a poor Scot learned, is a problem in the differential calculus which I do not pretend to solve. Those who are of the one opinion may dine at the "mensa Persica," or on roast beef and plumpudding; those who are of the contrary, may join Mr. Maclean and me, in a salt herring, or in the "cereales cænæ" of milk and porridge.

SECOND SIGHT.

To collect tales of the Second Sight, would be to repeat what has often been told, to transcribe what is better read in the voluminous collection of Theophilus Insulanus, or, the Reverend Donald Macleod; as strenuous a believer as he seems to have been a worthy, if a weak, man. Many more might indeed be added to his: but the dull sameness of the whole is such, that a mere specimen of some of the varieties is as much as any one can endure. Yet it is a subject that is far from deserving neglect. Many things which have no value in themselves, become important when connected with past times. It is indifferent whether they consist in truth or error; if they have ever influenced human conduct, and modified the nature of human society. The follies of our ancestors were not always such; in those, they found their wisdom: it is credulity now; it was philosophy then. The weakness of Man is no less worth our study than his strength; it is often the largest portion of his history. We must not despise, because we can refute; but should remember, that what, to us, does not require an opposing argument, could not, when it was philosophy, find one. Every age has had its philosophy and its creeds: from Hindostan to Rome, and from Scandinavia to Sky. Accius Nevius cut a stone in two, with a razor; Emilia drew water from the Tiber in a sieve; her sister vestal lighted the extinct fire with the tail of her linen; Numa received his laws from Egeria; and Prince Hohenloe, borrowing from the φαρμακα σωτηρια,, cures the tooth-ache, a thousand miles point blank. Rome needs not quarrel with Sky on these subjects; nor Paris nor London neither. He who believes in Perkinism, or Bletonism, or Mesmerism, must

not smile at Theophilus and Gormala Mac Lellan. There is less excuse also. A certain quantity of belief is a want of the human mind. Perhaps there is an Organ of Credulity, or Credulitiveness, which requires food. But, in our days, we have so many—things—to believe, that we are the less excusable in believing—nothings. This want of solid food was equally the excuse of the Platonists and the Aristotelians of the early and the middle ages: it was the excuse of the whole Haberdashery of the Grammatians, and the Metaphysicians, and the Etymologists, and the Cabiri, and the Alchemists, and the Physiognomists. Their pursuits were but ghosts, εἴδωλα, simulacra, imagines, umbræ, of another brood: visions and dreams: nothings. The "Celarent, Darii, Ferapton," the "alii legunt sics," the "cohobation of the white dragon with Sol," and all the rest, sprung in the same weedy and unapplied dunghill whence arose the equally rank spawn of Gaap, Focalor, Beleth, Gorson, Amaymon, Furcas, Barbatos, Agares, and Morax. "Multa renovantur quæ jam cecidere;" the forms changed, the matter the same. To trace their causes, their connexions, their variations, their rise, and their decline, would be interesting to more than a psychologist, and would require,—what I do not mean to write now.

The Second Sight, and all the other superstitions of our own ancestors, are as deserving of our regard as the equally egregious ones of classic antiquity. Odin, and Tuisco, and Thor, and Seater, are fully as proper personages as "Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, virorum;" Frigg and Hela were respectable dames: nor can Northern mythology produce such a termagant as Juno. Between Hercules and Fingal, the difference is not enormous: he who does not prefer the Vikingr to the Argonauts, an ancient Highlander to a Spartan, or the government of Olave and Donald to the abominations of Lycurgus, has not been long enough at school; nor was there ever a Dugald of them all, that might not have rivalled Cacus

at his own trade, nor a more classical set of thieves to be found in the Greek novelists, than were the Kennedies, the Barrisdales, and the Mac Gregors. But we are taken possession of by the follies and knaveries of classic antiquity, before we know whether we had any of our own; and weight of birch turns the scale against the equal or superior claims of our not less magnanimous ancestors. Doubtless, John Macleod and Christian Mac Kinnon knew as much of futurity, and saw as deeply into a millstone, as Apollonius, Tiresias, and the old Sybil: and I know not why a cross-legged Sky tailor, muddled with whisky and tobacco, should not have told as many truths, as the Pythian under the influence of carbonic acid gas or wind beneath.

It has been said that the Second Sight was peculiar to the Highlands: the term may be so; but certainly the property was not. It was a prophecy from visions: a revelation to the sight of the Seer: and the very term is proof to the contrary; used, as it has ever been, as equivalent to that of Prophet. If this mode of prophecy did prevail here in an unusual degree, that may, perhaps, be accounted for by its having accidentally attracted more notice than elsewhere. The fashion of superstitions is like all fashions; and chance may have made this the fashionable one here, as others have prevailed in other countries. One ghost, one witch, never has appeared without producing more; and whenever false prophets have declared themselves, they have come, not "in single files, but in battalions." In folly and fraud, as in murder, "there is propagation too." It has been the same for the record of this superstition. Accidents, well known, brought, as in a moment, before the reasonable and civilized public, a nation as strange and incredible as if it had dropped from the clouds. The eighth century was suddenly let loose in the middle of the eighteenth, under our very noses; as if the "Fingalian dynasty" had been raised at once out of a grave of ten centuries, and marshalled full before us, like the armies of Alexander and

Cæsar at Maldonado, ready tartaned, dirked, and plumed, for action. With a living and breathing romance at our own doors, it became matter of course to seek for, and to record, every scene, and recollection, and point of character. How that has been done, needs not be said; nor how much and how often, fiction has been added to truth; how frequently plain things have been distorted and exaggerated, nor how perseveringly the stale and dull romances of dull observers, dull writers, and duller copyists, have been intruded on us in place of the far more interesting realities.

Thus we may plausibly account for the apparent prevalence of the Second Sight in the Highlands: fashionable when existing, and peculiarly called into notice when it had ceased. This opinion is confirmed by the case of the Isle of Mann. The same Celts originally, the same Norwegian mixture afterwards, with the same language, opinions, usages, and government, the same superstitions prevailed in this island as in the Highlands at large, and this one, among the rest, to a period so late as the commencement of the last century. But the fate of Mann was far different from that of the Highlands. Though long preserving the independence of a feudal kingdom, it became a portion of England, at a very distant date; and sailing gradually down with the current of English improvement, its peculiarities insensibly disappeared and were forgotten. When leisure and fashion incited antiquaries and moralists to examine it, the rough waves of the mountain torrent had subsided, and the former foam and sparkle of its waters were found gliding a tranquil and transparent stream.

When comparing the visions of the Highland Seers with others which history and tradition record, one of their most striking features is the accuracy of detail with which they exhibit the impending events. Yet antiquity furnishes one noted example, precisely of the same character. This is the vision of the battle of Pharsalia, which those who have written so much on this subject have

overlooked. The story is told by Aulus Gellius in his Noctes Atticæ, simply and briefly, but with great minuteness; as it is by Lucan, though without the same details. Whence the original authority came, we can never know; nor is it easy to discover whether this was a common occurrence and a popular belief. Yet I am inclined to think that the Second Sight, almost in the Highland acceptation of the term, was a prevailing superstition of the classic times; as it is frequently noticed that, in the Greek and Roman theatres, the people were aware of distant victories at the very moment of the events. The passage in Lucan is so short, that I may venture to quote it; for that in Aulus Gellius, I must refer to the original:

> Euganeo, si vera fides memorantibus, Augur
> Colle sedens, Aponus terris ubi fumifer exit,
> Atque Antenorei dispergitur unda Timavi
> Venit summa dies, geritur res maxima dixit,
> Impia concurrunt Pompeii et Cæsaris arma.

It may appear a violent antiquarian refinement, to imagine that this person, who was a priest called Cornelius, of high rank and character, had been of the breed of the original Celts who inhabited those parts of Italy, that it was therefore a Celtic superstition, and that thus the Highland Gael had a peculiar claim on it. This notion may not, however, be so very absurd as it seems, at first sight. The Etrurians, who were a Celtic people, and whose gloomy superstitions savoured much of the character attributed to the Druidical ones, were notedly given to divination.

But I must further remark, that instances of what may fairly be called Second Sight, since they were predictions formed on the mental or imaginary view of passing events, are by no means so rare, even in modern times, as the Highlanders, claiming this property as a peculiar gift of their own, have thought fit to imagine. Philip de Comines relates, that the Archbishop of Vienna said, on a certain

occasion, to Lewis, after mass, "Sir, your mortal enemy is dead." It was Charles, Duke of Burgundy, who, almost while he was speaking, was slain at the battle of Granson. In a similar manner, as Pius Quintus was sitting in Consistory, he suddenly broke off, and desired to give thanks on account of the battle of Lepanto, which had been fought and gained at that very instant. I might very easily extend this list; but I am not now collecting tales to add to the heap. I may only further remark, that a well-known instance of Second Sight is also ascribed to the much-talked-of Prince Lee Boo. I presume that St. Columba must have been indebted to the Highland air and influence of Iona, for that proportion of this talent which Adamnan has ascribed to him.

Though Theophilus is the chief repository for examples, Martin has given us the only document in the nature of a code of laws on this subject. Yet, on some points, he contradicts himself; while he is also contradicted by Mr. Aubrey's correspondent, as well as by other authorities. It is impossible to reconcile these jarring evidences: but it is natural to imagine, that, on a subject partaking so much of fiction, every one was not agreed. I must put them together in the best form that I can, from the different sources of information.

The term Taisch, applied to the Second Sight, means, simply, a vision; and the Gaelic derivative term applied to the prophet, is the Seer of visions. Those Seers dealt in evil omens or death, principally; partly, perhaps, because the anticipation of evil is more prevalent than that of good, and partly because misfortunes and death, as the most impressive events, are the best remembered. But their prophecies were not thus limited; as events, pleasing or indifferent, or even trifling, such as marriages, births, the visits of friends, and many other ordinary occurrences, were within the scope of their powers. The exertion of this faculty was not subservient to the prophet's will, but the impressions were always made unexpectedly; and, being frequently painful, against his in-

clination also. The trance was obvious to the bystanders, by its effects on the inspired patient: causing him to stare and produce other grimaces, such as all Seers have indulged in, from the time of the Delphic oracle downwards. Though many prophets should be assembled together, they did not all see the same vision; unless the chosen Seer should touch his neighbours, when it was communicated to them like an electric shock. Although this art was not limited to men, the number of male professors seems to have exceeded that of the female. Even children were not excluded; and one of the narrators asserts that it was necessarily inherited by them from their prophetic parents; though Martin is of a different opinion. This misfortune, (for by some it was so considered,) could be prevented only by baptizing the child while the head alone was yet in the world. Martin says that horses and cows also saw these visions; as was proved by their starting, snorting, and bellowing. This has been said of horses, in the case of ordinary ghosts: and fortunately, no one can contradict those four-legged prophets. Martin also asserts that this property could not be taught or communicated; that it was necessarily inherent: but Mr. Aubrey's correspondent says that one John Mac Gregor offered to teach it to any person in three days, and that, in Sky, any one might be taught for a pound of tobacco. It was not therefore a very valuable commodity. It appears that, like most other prophets, the Highland Seers could discover the fate of others better than their own; as the same person remarks, that this very John Mac Gregor did not foresee that he was to be hanged for stealing. Thus any vicious character might possess the gift of prophecy; and, in general, it appears to have been most common among the uneducated and vulgar. But, in the records, there also appear gentlemen, and even ministers, gifted with the art. Whether it was the work of good or evil spirits, opinion seems to have been divided. Those who argue like Glanvil and many others, attribute it, of course, to the former.

But there is a philosophical theory on this subject, which explains many difficulties, and which gives a consistency to the whole; connecting it also with a set of opinions that has had a wide and long prevalence. Neither Martin nor Theophilus had wit enough to discover it: and as to Aubrey, he was an antiquary. Every Highlander is born with an attached or rather a detached ghost, which accompanies him from the cradle to the grave. This is the very Genius of Brutus; though the Highlander did not possess a good and an evil attendant, an Ebene and a Topaze. The Genius, or ghost of our mountaineer, resembles, in every circumstance, even of dress, his principal: infantile at birth, and thus following him through life; undistinguishable from the reality, by those who possess the faculty of seeing the inhabitants of the invisible world; and changing his aspect, and even his dress, in an instant, and in exact conformity to the changes or caprices of the true man.

The ghost, or Genius, however, thus attached to its principal, is not rigidly bound in its attendance; but may be separated, both by time and distance: being in one place, prospectively, while the reality is yet in another, and performing those acts, in one hour, or on one day, which the owner and principal is to execute at a more distant period. Thus these ghosts possess a species of confused attachment to their principals, and a self identity, united; in consequence of which, the world of the Highlanders is filled with a double population; an aerial or invisible army of Rosicrucian spirits, which becomes visible to those who are endowed with the peculiar faculty in question; and who thus, in the actions and conduct of these Genii, learn to see those coming events which thus "cast their shadows before." The Taisch of an individual, is thus, equally, his own Genius; which, in certain cases, becomes, in this manner, visible, even to him who did not possess the general faculty of seeing the whole army of spirits. He is here the attendant Genius, more accurately: his office, on such an occasion,

being that of a prophet, as, on others, he is conceived to take charge, for good and evil, of his principal. It is he also, and not the internal spirit, or ghost, of the individual, who, at the moment of his death, carries the news to distant friends.

Whencever they have derived their theory, it must be well known to those who have dabbled in the depths of demonology, that it is not their own. The Manes of the ancients seem, sometimes, to have been souls separated from the bodies, and, at others, a sort of tutelary Genii, resembling the Highland Taisch, which attends its living patron and likeness. The Greeks and Romans held that there was a "tertium quid," independent of the body and the soul both, belonging to every individual. This was the Εἴδωλον, simulacrum, or imago; an "umbra tenuis," the very likeness of the body, and that spirit which the necromancers had the power of summoning. This also was the spirit, or thing, which was sent to the Elysian fields to receive the rewards due to the principal. So that the Greek, if he were a favoured personage at least, might enjoy a double existence after death; because Hercules is feasting aloft with the gods, when Ulysses addresses his εἴδωλον in the Elysian fields. Thus also, according to Lucian, while the spirit of Philip of Macedon is in heaven, his soul is below, in hell, mending old shoes. What became of the second soul of the mob, high and low, we are not informed. Poor Delrio is sadly confused on this subject; as well as the Highlanders. Campanella gets over the difficulty by means of words; the usual substitute for ideas. Man, says Campanella, consists of a body, a soul, and a spirit; and thus the matter is solved. The theory of the Onion is too vulgar to be quoted in so profound a treatise on Highland Psychology; since it is to be found in the Spectator.

In the correct instances of Second Sight, the vision seen during the fit, is an accurate picture of the impending event, a minute detail of things and persons. Thus, if a funeral is seen, there are the coffin, the bearers,

individually, and the procession itself. Thus also a bridal ceremony, or a fire, or the arrival of ships, or even an impending dinner, is displayed. Known individuals were described by their persons; unknown ones, by their dresses or other peculiarities. In other cases, there were conventional marks or appearances, whence the conclusions were drawn. Thus, a shroud or a winding sheet enveloping a person, was a certain omen of his death; and that was the nearer, in proportion to the quantity of the body covered. If it reached to the face, the fulfilment was to take place in a few hours. The sound of hammering a coffin, and the restlessness of deal boards, were omens of death, generally, to some one; and sometimes the fated individual was seen actually stretched out on his bier, or on the "dead deal." If a seat should appear empty when a person was actually sitting on it, that also was an omen of his death; as it was, if any one should appear dwindled to an unusual size. The vision of a person's own duplicate, or εἴδωλον, is also enumerated, but not very correctly, among those of the Second Sight. In such cases, the Astral Spirit was extremely tenacious of the resemblance. A man turns his coat inside out, or puts a whisp of straw round his leg, and the inveterate double does the same. If the Seer himself was to be the cause of the fated individual's death, he saw all the circumstances except his own person. A spark of fire falling on the arms or breast of a woman, was the omen of a dead child. Certain sounds were also omens of death. The voice of the Taisch, or Benshee, is familiar to every reader; and the jingling of armour was among the prognostics. The "sound of death on the harp" is found in the Ossianic poetry. Of other conventional signs, I shall only further say, that to see a woman standing on a man's right hand, was a denunciation of marriage; and that if there were more than one, he was condemned to marry them in succession.

The distance of time at which the predictions were to be accomplished, is an important particular. Martin says

that events foreseen in the morning, were to be fulfilled in a few hours; those seen in the evening, at night. But Martin is bad, even at his own dull trade; for the collected narratives tell a far other story. In one or two instances, the event has taken place before the prediction; in some, they are simultaneous, though distant; while the vision sometimes occurred, as long as two years before the accomplishment. Those offered a convenient latitude to the Soothsayers!

It is asserted, whether we are to believe it or not, that the prophets cared little about the result or success of their visions; waiting patiently for their accomplishment, before noticing their anticipatory knowledge; a proceeding, which, it is argued, shows that they had no design to impose, or to acquire reputation. This argument, unluckily, cuts a good deal deeper the other way; as it required little, either of impudence or discernment, to predict the event which had already happened. And as those idle people spent a pretty large portion of their time in dreaming, it is not very difficult to understand how some, even of the dreams which had previously been promulgated, should have been accomplished. He also who prognosticates death, has to do with a personage who will assuredly not disappoint him. It is in vain to say that those people esteemed this property as an evil which they would gladly get rid of; and that they considered it as a virtue, conferring no merit nor distinction. The one assertion contradicts the other; besides which, it is most apparent, from the narratives, that it was really considered a distinction and a privilege. It also gave impostors an opportunity of gaining some advantage, by terrifying the public mind. We may say of them as Politian says of Priests, "Histriones sunt maximi, pavidamque plebem terrent minaciis." It would be a new case in morals, where distinction and superiority were not turned to purposes of profit by an artful man. If there was any imaginary inconvenience to the possessor, in thus living in an atmosphere of Spirits, it was, doubtless,

well repaid by the honour; and the world has never yet seen a mark of distinction so slender or absurd, but that it could always command claimants; were it even of far less value than the three coloured threads of Lilliput, the shape of a coat, or the fashion of a curricle. To cut short this subject, I shall only further remark, that a kind of Second, or rather anticipatory Smell, also existed; broiling fish or flesh being thus predicted, long before the salmon was caught or the sheep killed.

I must be brief with my examples; of which I have condensed enough, as I hope, for illustration. Here is one specimen, which may serve for a hundred of the same tribe. Christian M'Kinnon saw her master laid on a bed, close to the fire side, with a winding sheet about him, and a piece of linen tied round his head. In three weeks he died, and was thus removed to the fire. John Macleod saw the minister of Durinish, in Sky, dwindle away to the size of a boy of six or seven years of age, and then recover his natural size; soon after which, he sickened and died. But I need not go on with this common species. It is more important to see how credulity defeats its own objects, and how those reporters contradict themselves.

A Mr. Keith drops down of an apoplexy from his chair, and then the innkeeper avers that he saw that event three hours before. This is recorded as an unexceptionablesp ecimen; and such, doutless, are nine tenbths of the whole number. On those terms, it requires no ghost to teach the art. In the same manner, a Knoydart man falls overboard and is drowned, at Oransa. They drag him up by a fishing line; and then the owner of the line swears that he heard him, nightly, for a quarter of a year before, making lamentable cries, and that those very hooks used to jingle on their lines at night, untouched. Those who believed in such prophecies, must have been ready to believe any thing. Whether the credulity balanced or exceeded the imposture, in many instances, it would be hard to say.

It is asserted, that, only one of a company used to see

a vision; and this stands, one among the laws. Yet Angus Campbell sees a fleet of ships anchor in Ensay, where never vessel came before, and the same sight is seen by his children and domestics. In the mean time, the vessels disappear; but, in two years, a fleet anchors again in the same place. If, in this common and natural occurrence, moreover, the first fleet is the ghost of the second, it is plain, that scarcely an event could ever occur, which might not, with a sufficient latitude, have been thus construed. If "John Thomson, a weaver in Paisley," had a call to make a coffin twenty-four hours before it was required, the accomplishment is not more marvellous than the dream.

Some of the predictions are of events so silly, that the Devil, if the suggestions proceed from him, must be sadly in want of employment. A certain Donald Beaton receives a present of "the loin of a deer," which he wishes in the hands of his mother in law, who was a prophetess. At the same instant, she sees him enter the house with the meat. Thus also, Gormala Maclellan is washing potatoes, and wishes that one of them was in the throat of a woman six miles off, with whom she had a quarrel. The denounced person is, at the same time, sensible of the evil wish, and comes early on the next morning to complain of it.

The Dæmon of the Second Sight must indeed be as foolish a personage as the Devils of Hagiology and Witchcraft; who not only do all manner of absurd and trifling things with great cost of labour, but are "bamboozled" and cheated at every turn, by the Witches and the Saints. The Mason Devil, who builds bridges on contract, is defrauded out of his fee by sending a dog over to open the way. Nostradamus tricks him out of soul and body both, by causing himself to be buried in a hole in the church wall; and Mrs. I forget her name, with not less ingenuity and more wit, outgenerals him on a common point of natural philosophy in the matter of elasticity. Thus alike for his "niaiserie." Virgilius cheats

him, by coaxing him to return into the hole whence he had just relieved him; as the Genie is enticed into the copper kettle. He is twenty years occupied in the desperate office of blowing out St. Gudula's candle; and so on: but you must turn to the Golden Legend for more of this than I choose to enumerate.

Among other matters incorrectly enumerated under the Second Sight, are dreams fulfilled, and the ghost who appears to another person at the moment of its owner's death. These are superstitions of the whole world; and the latter belongs properly to another department of dæmonology, which I have noticed elsewhere. But Lavater's explanation of this piece of philosophy is worth giving. It is fortunate for philosophy that such a mode of solution has been invented, in all the sciences. "Words, my Lord, words." The imagination of a dying man, says this gentleman, "concentrated in the focus of a warm affection," may act on the visual organs of another at a distance, so as to produce his apparition after death. I hope you understand it clearly. As examples of these, Maclean of Knock, being in Coll, meets a sick neighbour walking, and, on the next day, he finds that he had died at the same hour. John Macleod, in Sky, dreams that a person came to him to announce the death of George the second; and on the same day, the post brought him the news. Of such revelations, there never were wanting believers every where, and never will. I need not have noticed them, had they not been collected by the Wierus of Sky; a hopeless Philomath, who confounded together all genera and species, spectrology, dæmonology, oneiromancy, and vulgar soothsaying; and who, if he had ventured his head among this rabble rout, would have had it plucked off by some angry ghost for his blunders, or have been locked up by an enraged Dæmon in the caverns of Caucasus or Dom Daniel.

The same neglect of making proper distinctions, of an art which comprises all human as well as extra-human

knowledge, has confounded under the Second Sight, Pitscottie's famous tales. Let every devil enjoy his own. The Heralds who mustered at the market cross, summoning all ranks to attend the king at cockcrowing to Flodden, (where an unlucky ancestor of mine, by the bye, was killed for personating the king,) must have belonged to the Valkyrs, the demons of slaughter, whose business it was to summon the heroes to the feast of Odin. As to the old man with a bald forehead, with red hair hanging down to his shoulders, and a long russet coat with a linen girdle, as he gave very good advice, he must have been a very honest ghost, though somewhat ungallant. It is not unlikely that Sir David knew more about him than he chose to tell.

But enough of the philosophy and the facts both. The belief appears once to have been universal; but when it began to wane, no one knows. If every one believed what Martin and Macleod did, it should have been in full vigour, at the beginning of the last century. But these philosophers are neither patterns nor samples of the Highlanders of their day; and the belief was unquestionably tottering, when it was necessary to write an angry book to prove it well founded. A man who believed as Martin did on all subjects, could not possibly think arguments necessary. But Theophilus, as the name imports, adopts Lord Peter's plan; just as Glanvil, and hundreds more, had done before him, and as Wesley did in our own day. Sadducism is the enemy to be combated; and the infidel whom Glanvil would knock down with the broomstick if a witch, is to be frightened into better manners, in the Highlands, by his own Taisch; as, under John Wesley's command, he is to be bullied by the clattering and stamping Cobold, Jeffery, or sent, with old Booty, headlong down the chimney of Strombolo.

This argument must be allowed its own weight. Poor Macleod is wondrous dull; but he views the downfall of religion only, in that of the Second Sight. His prototype, notwithstanding the slashing wit of his title,

"a Whip for the Droll, fidler to the Atheist," is fully as foggy, though vastly more enraged; but, with him, the downfall of Religion and Government both, are implicated in that of witchcraft. It is thus that we have always been threatened; by Pope and Pagan, by Hagiologists and Demonologists, by Church and Exchequer alike. But, fortunately, this is an innocent modification of the "argumentum baculinum:" hard words break no bones; and, luckily, these logicians neither keep the keys of Hela's dark abode, nor grasp the bolts which they fain would hurl.

It is an ancient argument, for this as for all parallel creeds, that visions of the future have been a received belief in all nations, and that far wiser men than we "sceptical drolls, ribalds, and pedling jesters" have believed. It is very true: this is the "argumentum ad verecundiam;" which is well worth the former, as it proves every thing in the most incontrovertible manner. All nations have believed every thing; so must we: the Seven wise men of Greece, men far wiser than we are, believed that the Sun went round the earth, and that the moon was as large as Peloponnesus: so must we. They believed in Jupiter and Juno; the Chinese believe that the Celestial Empire is 16000 years old: the Tartars of Thibet believe that the Lama is immortal, the Catholics that the Pope is infallible: so must we. The Gael believe that their language was that of Paradise, the French that they are the politest, wisest, cleverest, most unconquered, and most cooking nation in the world; and the Calmucks believe that all their cookery is not equal to a horse steak stewed between the rump and the saddle. This argument proves somewhat overmuch; so we may even dismiss it; only wondering that reasonable men, in reasonable times, should have ever considered popular belief of any kind, as a ground of assent or conviction.

An argument has also been adduced, from the conviction of the Seers themselves: from their conscientious belief in the reality of their own visions. This is easily

explained. It is often very difficult to distinguish between the dreams of sleeping and waking. The period of real dreaming, is the brief interval that takes place between these two conditions: it may even be protracted for a considerable time, by the alternation or vacillation of a state which verges on wakefulness without reaching it, with one that equally verges on sleep. In such a case, the dream may easily be supposed a waking vision: the intermediate state, which should terminate in sleep, taking the opposite course, and the patient, or dreamer, remaining unconscious that he had been in the land of shadows. This is the real Genius which appeared to Brutus, and it is the vision of Colonel Gardiner. There is no measure of time here, but the metaphysical one; the succession of ideas. How many of these may be crowded into a moment, every metaphysician knows; and thus hours may appear to have been spent in the shortest instant of waking. This is the true theory of dreams: it is folly to imagine that they occur in sleep. Thought is then truly dead, and ideas are neither formed nor suggested. The longest dream may be the occupation of a second of time, and that second is an imperfect wakefulness: the vision here, is an intrusion of associated ideas, which the exertion of thought, or attention, can neither check nor arrange, because the faculty is not perfectly recovered. If the person wakes, the dream is remembered; if he sleeps again, it is forgotten. If unconscious that he has slept, and if he is a believer in the existence of visions, he believes that he has seen one. The Arabic author, whose patient dips his head into a tub of water, and, in that brief instant, passes twenty years in a foreign land, understood this subject well; and had our metaphysicians attended to this tale, we should have been spared much of the nonsense which has been written on dreaming by men whom I do not choose, for their own sakes, to name, whether moralists, theologians, or metaphysicians. Opium, no one need be told, produces a similar state: this is the

vacillation between sleep and watchfulness; and hence, the poppy should have been the attribute of Morpheus instead of Somnus. It is also caused by disease: in fever, it is one species of delirium; in hypochondriacal disorders, it is any thing; and it may be the Second Sight. Thus also, want of occupation, and its consequent listless dozing state, produce similar effects. It is only for a conviction of the possibility, or the existence, of Second Sight to be superadded, and the business is done.

This was exactly the condition of the Highlanders: unoccupied, subject to hypochondriacal disorders, dozing away their time in tending their cattle, nationally and habitually superstitious, and believing that which it was the fashion to believe. Let us add to this, that they were generally ill fed; often on the verge of starving: and how this condition leads to generate visions, the Hagiology will teach us. It was the severe fastings of the St. Anthonys, and the St. Simon Stylites, and the thousand others of this holy crew, which produced all of which we have read; devils more than all hell could hold; and, most unquestionably, the legends are, in this sense, full of truths; they are not fictions, as has been unjustly said. They saw, in the mind, what they believed, in consequence, to be in the air, in the cell, and in the desert: they told what they thought true, and the Highland Seers often did the same. The images were recollections; ideas falsely embodied. The Second Sight and the Legends rank together metaphysically: the truth is similar for both; the fashion different, the essence the same.

Let us remember also, that such a fashion, such a creed, tends to assimilate every thing to itself, like other theories. Strong impressions on the imagination, even in periods of absolute wakefulness, occur to all: there are few who have not experienced them. These were always ready to be pressed into the same service. If cases so extraordinary as the very remarkable one of Nicolai, are rare, we yet know that similar ones exist: often carefully

concealed, from the patients' fear of being suspected of insanity or hallucination. But I will not carry this further; it is matter for a book; and is in danger of becoming graver than the subject demands.

Yet a word more is necessary on credulity: not on that of the audience, but of the Seers themselves. Every one knows that, during the reign of witchcraft, those wretched people often believed that they had done what they were charged with, and what was impossible. The instances are too numerous to require quoting; nor were they produced by terror or torment. The confession of Agnes Sympson to King James, quoted here, may serve for a specimen. Such self-conviction perhaps argues a state of mind bordering on insanity; yet these people were no more insane than the Highland Seers, and were equally convinced of what was impossible. The case of Peter Stump, in Germany, is a perfect specimen of this nature.

This miserable wretch was supposed to be one of the sorcerers called Were Wolves, who, by means of a diabolical ointment and girdle, became wolves; devouring and destroying men, women, and children. He was executed in 1589, for thus murdering sixteen persons; being broken on the wheel, and tortured with red-hot pincers. So far was he convinced of his guilt, that he begged the executioner not to spare him, for the sake of his soul.

The value of the evidence in the cases of the Second Sight, is a separate question: of the abundance there is no doubt; nor will it be denied that, in many instances, it ought, in common parlance, to be considered effective, as proceeding from men of education. It has also been said, to give value to it, that no fraud can be suspected, as no profit was ever made by this art. This artillery is of very little weight; unless it could also be shown that men of education have not given evidence, and do not give it every day, in affirmation of things demonstrably untrue or physically impossible; and unless it could be proved that the ten thousand analogous fictions, of which the world is full, had been invented or related for "the

lucre of gain." But the argument from evidence applies to every thing alike: to falsehood, natural or supernatural. There never was a tale, which numbers could not be found to aver, even on oath, before "one of his Majesty's Justices of the Peace for the county of" Cornwall; or any other county. "Taken on oath before me Robert Hunt," "quorum, aye and rotulorum too," is the proof of half the witchcraft of Glanvil. In the same way, Agnes Sympson confessed to James, the Solomon of Scotland; and who shall doubt the testimony of King Jamie and Agnes Sympson; to say nothing of all Scotland into the bargain. And what did she confess: why that the Devil appointed to meet her at midnight, at the churchyard of North Berwick, and that there she danced the heys with Kate Grey, Bessie Wright, Gilbert Macgil, and an hundred more; Gillies Duncan playing the trump, and the Devil, in a black gown and band, directing the ball out of the pulpit; the infernal revels terminating, by digging up old bones, and kissing his Satanic Majesty's behind. And did not Agnes Tompson aver that she and her sisterhood sailed in their sieves into Leith Roads, where they left "a christened cat," and raised a storm, in consequence of which King Solomon's ship had a contrary wind; and did not these "confessions make the King in a wonderful admiration." It would be absolute treason to doubt his Sacred and Royal Highness and Majesty's word; more particularly, standing, as he does, a Royal author and a Malleus maleficarum himself; besides judging the cause, taking the depositions, and hearing Gillies Duncan play the Devil's own jigg on the Jew's harp. But if we even dared to doubt him who held in equal aversion, roasting pig, tobacco, witches, salt ling, and mustard, how can we doubt a mathematician; a man accustomed to the evidence of x and y, and who never gave credence to any thing that carried less weight than the axioms of Euclid. Yet Sinclair himself, a professor of curves and angles and solid spheres, in the University of Glasgow, saw the devil, with his own eyes,

fly out of the mouth of Helen Stewart, in the shape of a squib, when she was burnt at the stake for witchcraft: and another, equally credible witness, backed by a whole county, assures us, that when the witch, whom they burnt, cracked in the fire, each report was as loud as a cannon. Sinclair's mathematics must have had a wonderful virtue in improving his reasoning faculty—in the ratios of angles and sines. A true mathematician may be trusted with moral investigations, when the soul of man is proved to be the Triangle which it was once supposed, and when the fluent of its powers is found in the fluxion $\frac{2aax}{aa-x}$.

The argument from evidence is valid for every thing alike: Witchcraft and Second Sight stand on the same bottom: Sinclair and Macleod have but one crutch between them; and how that support has fared, as to the former and all his fraternity, up to Proclus and Iamblichus, every one knows. It is just the same in physics. If oaths could aught avail, we should not yet have to dispute about Mermaids: the depositions have been taken down, before men as good as Dogberry, fifty times; comb, looking-glass, and all: the very sea nymph herself has been domesticated and taught to spin in Holland. But old Gerard beats them all; for he vows that he saw barnacles turn into geese and fly away, Holinshed is no less certain of this established fact. Refelling the vile sceptics, as Macleod, or Heywood, or Remigius, or Cornelius Agrippa, or Del Rio, or even old Henry Institor himself might have done, the Herbalist goes on to say, most solemnly, "But that which we have seen shall we declare;" and so on. Why, it is not three weeks, since I could have produced a hundred people, consisting of Nobles of the land, Judges, Lawyers, Gentlemen of every pursuit except the requisite one, gamekeepers, and huntsmen, shepherds and shoemakers, persons cunning in evidence, and cunning in the foot prints of men, deer, dogs, and sheep, and all agreeing, and all ready to swear, that they had seen, not only seen, but measured and

examined repeatedly, all those very impressions on a block of granite. A catholic with his stony couch of St. Paul, the Arab of Sinai with that of Mahomet, and the Cingalese with his Adam's foot, could not have believed harder or sworn stronger. Nor could St. Augustine, who avers that he saw men in Ethiopia without heads, and with their eyes in their breasts; stranger fellows than even the Arimaspians. St. Jerom too, who tells us that the vagabonds who lounge about the Gallowgate of Glasgow, used to eat each other in his younger days, vows that there were Satyrs, men with tails and goat's legs, exhibited at Alexandria alive, and that one of them was pickled and sent in a cask to Constantine. Does not Nazarius appeal to the whole assembled Gallic nation, to his living and listening audience, for the truth of the Army of Angels which visibly descended, in broad day, from the heavens, to the relief of this very Constantine, this dealer in pickled satyrs; and do they not all swear that they saw it. Is not this evidence. The apparitions of Castor and Pollux, long before, are attested by historians: they are attested by the evidence of brass and marble; by public monuments. The endless and impossible marvels and miracles of the early Church and of Rosweyde, the dead restored to life, limbs replaced, what not, the operations of Saints, relics, and martyrs, are attested by thousands and tens of thousands. I could outweigh all the testimonies of the Second Sight, by millions; by the most unimpeachable testimonies in support of things which never happened, which never will happen, which could not possibly happen. Such are the blessed certainties of evidence. But I am not going to write a treatise of evidence; nor do I wish to shake the faith of Theophilus or Waverley in the Second Sight.

It is not worth while to be serious on this subject; and still less to prose over a matter which has already been beprosed to very weariness, ever since the time of Aristotle, and long before. The Second Sight can scarcely merit the interference of supernatural power,

when conferred, as it was, for purposes, generally useless or frivolous. This is the argument against the drummer of Tedworth and the rest of the noisy tribe; be they Pucks, or Bugs, or Pickles, or Bogles, or Kotri, or Cobolds, or what not: devils uniting mischief and folly; malignant without injury, and jokers without wit. Like all the tribe of superstitious, this gift was nearly limited to the ignorant among the people, and to an ignorant people among the nations. Had the prophecies ever answered a rational purpose, had they belonged to a more enlightened age and race, we might perhaps have listened to them more composedly, though we should not have given them more credence. The belief of the people themselves, proves just as much as all other credulity has done at all times: but, really, our Highland friends scarcely deserve the censure of credulity, when, in our own day, a whole people, involving those who are, at least classed, among the educated, could have waited, in implicit confidence, for days, weeks, and months, for the parturition of a septagenarian virgin, and the resurrection of Joanna Southcote. Donald and Dugald were mere children in belief, compared to the denizens of Cockayne.

I need not quote Dr. Johnson's judgment on this subject; nor do I notice it, except for the purpose af ascertaining a date. At the time of his visit, the belief seems to have been so far expired, that no decided professor could be found in Sky. I need not say, that if there had been believers, professors would not have been wanting. At that time, it was asserted that the Clergy opposed the belief: and, as was said, against conviction. It is plain that they had taken a very different view of its utility, from Theophilus Insulanus; nor is it unlikely that this proceeding, whether on conviction or not, had its effect. This is exactly, " De par le Roi, defense a Dieu, De faire miracles dans ce lieu." Scepticism, like belief, is contagious; and thus fell a tottering fabric which we might

otherwise have entertained, for some time longer, among our pleasures of the imagination.

Fashion, ignorance, idleness, credulity, superstition, falsehood, dreaming, starvation, hypochondriasm, imposture, will explain all. As to fashion, Livy has well remarked, "Multa prodigia facta, aut, quod evenire solet, motis semel in religionem animis, multa nuntiata, et temere credita sunt." When once the minds of a people are prepared with a solution for every event, there will never be wanting events adapted to the solution. Those idle persons also, who were always on the watch for the spirits of the sea and air, for those "that in cross ways and floods have burial," were equally prepared to dream dreams and see waking visions, "with wonder to fear, The events of such things as shall never appear." That hypochondriasm and melancholy are diseases of this people, no one need be told; and how starvation leads to the disorders of the imagination, I have already remarked. That an ancient Highlander passed the half of his days in dreaming, with an empty belly, by the side of a dyke, is not new information; since it is lamented, in some late popular works, that "the happy vassal cannot now sit at the foot of his grey rock or green tree, humming the careless song." On idleness, as a cause of Second Sight, it was well remarked to me by an acute Highlander, "Ah, Sir, the people have too many cares to think of the Second Sight now."

If I mistake not, it is now, not only disbelieved, but held a matter to be ashamed of. Even those who believed that such things did happen in former times, will not admit that they can occur at present. It is easy to give a thoughtless credence to what is distant, and to what seems supported by what is called evidence; since few think of examining whether the evidence is not as false as the tale, or ask themselves what the evidence for that evidence is. Thus it was, that even the miracles of the Church which were not credited when they were sup-

posed to have been performed, or when they were first related, passed into the Hagiologies and the faith of latter times. If there are yet a few who wish that strangers should reverence every thing that belongs to their country, it is plain, that they are here desirous of persuading them into what they do not believe themselves. When in Sky, I heard of one ancient Taylor who was a professor, but a professor without an audience: his liver having been hardened by sitting cross-legged, till he saw visions which nobody believed, and which, consequently, never were accomplished. Belief, here, is every thing: and as the Ghost frightens those only who chuse to be frightened, so the successful Seer prophesied to an audience "willing," like Dr. Johnson, "to believe." Half a dozen Johnsons would have revived the whole system. So may the Celtic club, whenever it pleases. The dreams of a professional dreamer are easily fulfilled to a dreaming audience. Among infinite visions, dealing in probabilities also, some will be accomplished: and while the failures are forgotten, a single instance of success will become the fertile parent of an universal faith. Since the days of Jason, the seaman has believed that the weather must change with the moon; ever disappointed, ever believing. It is enough that it has once happened. Yet the winds blow as they list, and the moon must go on, just as the Nautical Almanac directs. This was the Seer's luck; but when he undertook to prognosticate, he might have said, like Tiresias, "O Laertiade, quicquid dicam aut erit aut non."

"Sus, Belial, Satan, et Mildefaut, Torchebinet, Saucierain, Grihaut, Francipoulain, Noricot, et Grincelle, Asmodeus, et toute sa sequelle," the whole race of the supernaturals, "black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey," witches and prophets, all hang together. On one hand, anxiety for the future, fear, and the love of mystery, with the desire of distinction, hallucination, and fraud on the other, have produced prophecy and witchcraft, wherever there was a soil in which they could root. When

the Seer was worshipped, and the Witch burnt, their trades flourished: since they have alike been neglected, the Lying Spirit and the Familiar have fled together from the regions of common sense and illumination; and the rest of hell's black crew, unable to bear the rising sun, have gone down with them to the realms of endless night and oblivion.

On second thoughts, I will give you the narrative of Aulus Gellius, to which I referred. The gentlemen can translate it for the ladies who have not yet learnt Latin.

"Quo C. Cæsar et Cn. Pompeius die per civile bellum signis collatis in Thessalia conflixerunt, res accidit Patavii in Transpadana Italia memorari digna. Cornelius quidam sacerdos, et loco nobilis, et sacerdotii religionibus venerandus, et castitate vitæ sanctus, repente mota mente conspicere se procul dixit pugnam acerrimam pugnari, ac deinde cedere alios, alios urgere, cædem, fugam, tela volantia, instaurationem pugnæ, impressionem, gemitus, vulnera, proinde ut si ipse in prælio versaretur, coram videre sese vociferatus est: ac postea subito exclamavit, Cæsarem vicisse. Ea Cornelii sacerdotis hariolatio levis tum quidem visa est et vecors: magna mox admiratione fuit: quod non modo pugnæ dies, qua in Thessalia pugnata est, neque prælii exitus, qui erat prædictus, idem fuit, sed omnes quoque pugnandi reciprocæ vices, et ipsa exercituum duorum conflictatio, vaticinantis motu atque verbis repræsentata est."

EGG. TIREY. COLL.

NOTHING can be more melancholy than the voices of the sea birds: the cold, chilling, scream of the sea gull, the lonely whistle of the curlew, and the feeble, complaining notes of the sandlark and the plover. There is something perhaps in association; we combine these sounds with the driving clouds, the darkening sea, and the gale. It is, in truth, a "melancholy main;" surging, for ever and ever, against the bows, or hissing and gurgling in doleful tones past the quarter. Even the sun shines not at sea as it does on the land. Faint and cold, it never warms; and the wavering, unsteady, pale shadows of the ropes on the deck, seem to speak its impotence; how unlike the chequered and dancing shade of the grove, as it tells of the noonday heat. The sound of the gale as it sweeps the ancient forest, is majestic: the pinewood in the storm is the poet's walk. Far other is the whistling of the tempest in the rigging, the spiteful and angry tones, which chill and numb the heart. But it is when night begins to settle in, that the Sea is indeed sad: when all the horizon glooms around, and the white foam appears at intervals through the shadowy uncertainties of things, when, instead of the quiet home to which we have looked for shelter and reposé, we are still wanderers of the wild wave, exposed to the night and the storm, without refuge or hope, and where, for the silence of that hour of peace, still we are doomed to hear the same, never-ending, weary sounds. It is then that the life, like the voices, of the gull and the cormorant seems melancholy indeed; condemned to pursue their cold, wet occupations on the boisterous wave, homeless, shelterless, and solitary.

But the morning rose; and, with it, the hope that morning ever brings, even on the solitary sea.

We embarked in the boat for Egg; but there was something in the look of the clouds as they rose along the distant horizon, which bore no aspect of friendship. There was a heavy ground swell too, from the west, although but little wind; and the sharp peak of Halival was contending with a flying mist, that ever and anon disappeared, to be again renewed in endless and strange shapes; now curling, and twisting, and spreading in thin and gray wreaths, like the smoke of a furnace, and then collecting in a dense and livid mass, obscuring the yet faint light of the morning, and casting a deep shadow on the steep sides of the mountain. Soon, the long strings of the gannets were seen hastening away to the northward, and the divers, restless and uneasy, were incessantly dipping beneath the wave, rising at every instant to look about, as if expecting change: while some note of preparation was heard among the gulls, as, at short intervals, they hurried over our boat to seek shelter in the high cliffs of Rum. The men wished to return; but the helm was mine, and I considered that we could make the land before it was too late. We did reach it, and ran the boat up dry in Lagg Bay. But the surge continued to rise, and as one long ridge chased another, each curling its brilliant top of transparent green over the preceding, as they ran foaming up the bright polished sand, it became plain that the storm was approaching nearer at every moment.

We had scarcely reached the base of the Scuir, when the symptoms of its coming thickened on us. One black cloud, black as the Scuir itself, was climbing fast above the horizon, flinging its scattering masses wider and wider, and enveloping, by degrees, the high and dreary mountains of Rum with one tremendous mass of shadow; showing faintly, by the grey reflections beneath it, forms, of an uncertainty more appalling than absolute darkness. A thousand silvery wings flitted across the black expanse,

as, hurrying in from the gale, the sea fowl flew, screaming, for shelter, to the cliffs beneath us, which, black as midnight, were now more strongly contrasted with the foaming surge that ran before the coming gale. We had just gained the summit of this high rock, when the storm arrived like a thunderbolt. In an instant, the rain descended in torrents, the wind whistled against the rocks as if it would have blown them from their bases, and all was one chaos of lightning and cloud and darkness, of rain and hail and storm, threatening to hurry us over the face of the cliffs. With difficulty, we crept along on our hands and knees, holding by every projecting fragment, till we reached the base of this magnificent precipice.

We had no resource but to run, professionally, before the gale. I remembered that there was an inn. We steered directly for it; and, in a few minutes, we arrived at the door, pushed it forcibly open, and bounced in. A venerable-looking old gentleman immediately came out of a side parlour, where some other persons were collected round a table, before a blazing fire. I requested a fire in my bed room, that I might dry my clothes. In the Highlands, as every one knows, the innkeeper is a gentleman. That was a point indeed which I had never disputed, either in the Highlands or the Lowlands; nor have I ever discovered that we are entitled to withhold our civility, because we pay for our accommodation; a fortunate rule; as it proved here. The good—innkeeper—discovered that I had no clothes to change, and in a few minutes I was rigged out in a fresh suit; while Neil Maclean was smoking below at the kitchen fire, like an over-heated hay stack. I could not help thinking this was the civilest innkeeper that I had ever seen in the Highlands, and, as is the usage, asked for dinner. They had dined, he said, but would get me something; and he disappeared. I began however to doubt, when left alone, and when, looking round, I found a chamber that had more accommodations, and furniture, and books, than belong to Highland hostelleries. "There cannot surely

be two houses so much like each other; and I cannot have taken the wrong one." I looked out on all sides; there was no other house visible. "It was formerly the inn; of that I am sure; and I know that Clanranald's tenant must keep an inn, in terms of his lease; and so, it is and must be the inn after all." Still, I was not quite satisfied with my own conviction: and as the old gentleman entered again to tell me that I should find something to eat, although his friends had dined, I said to myself, "This is Hardcastle's house after all: I am sure of it." I proposed my doubt. "You are as welcome now as you were then," was the reply. I could only beg a thousand pardons, and conclude that he must think me a very impudent fellow. "No, no," said he, laughing, "Bide ye quiet; we shall all be glad of your company, if you stay a month; and we will take care of your men at the change house." I did bide quiet; the wind blew for three days, so that not a boat could look at the sea, and if I ever find such a welcome and such society as I found here, I will willingly mistake a gentleman's house for an inn again. This was the "veritable Amphitrion."

Life is made up of lights and shadows. On the second day of the gale, as I was wandering on the shore, I met a sallow, timid, alarmed object, looking most poetically rueful at the sea and the sky. Thou art very like a crazed poet, thought I; and, moreover, like an Englishman, and what is worse, like a Londoner, and what is still worse, like a Cockney: what canst thou possibly be doing here alone in Egg, in such a gale of wind. "Do you think I can venture over to Rum," said the figure, accosting me, as one civilized being approaches another, by instinct, in the wilds of Africa. "Not unless you are determined to feed the cod fish of Egg: but what ill fortune can have left you here." Poor helpless animal: but I need not publish it to all the world: let his poetry and himself sleep in peace together. He had come to Egg with a letter of introduction. I advised him to leave the remainder of those documents in Egg, or

to throw them into the sea, and to mistake the next house he found, for an inn. His host had tired of him in a day; and, to get rid of his voracity or his poetry, I cared not which, had determined to ship him off to his next patron in Rum, sink or swim. He might as well have tied a stone round his neck, and thrown him into the sea at once. I ordered him not to stir, at the risk of his life; promising him a safe conduct, as soon as conduct was safe for any one. "But what will my landlord say," replied the distressed Poet. I assured him that this "Birbo" would not condemn him to drowning for the sake of another leg of mutton. But I mistook. How the matter ended, it is easy to guess; and what became of the other letters of introduction, may be conjectured also. When he writes his Highland tour, he may give the key to the story himself, if he pleases.

There is an unfortunate association between the names, Rum and Egg, which has perhaps helped to contribute to their want of good report; just as no man would go to a Tragedy, or sit down to a Novel, of which the heroine was called Dolly Clutterbuck. Egg is three miles long, and, with little exception, is bounded by rocky shores; the cliffs, near the northern extremity, being lofty, and in some places, imperfectly columnar. The general view of the island is striking, from its very picturesque outline; and the Scuir, which is the cause of this character, constitutes also its most attractive object. This is a ridge of rock, above a mile in length, resembling a long irregular wall. It occupies the summit of the highest part of the island; its extreme height above the level of the sea being 1340 feet. In a general sense, it is perpendicular at the sides; and, at the eastern extremity, absolutely so; whence arises its peculiarly striking character at this part. Towards the west it becomes gradually more irregular and lower, till it disappears. As, from its position on the hill, its perpendicular face is highest toward the south, its effects are most striking in that direction. The top of the ridge is flat, particularly

at the eastern extremity, where its character is, in every respect, most accurately mural; and here its breadth is about a hundred yards, diminishing toward the west. At this part, its highest perpendicular face is 470 feet, and the least 350; a variation arising from the obliquity of its base; and thus it derives importance, as well from its altitude, as from its regular and bold form and its singular and striking position. It is a beautiful object, even in its details: being formed chiefly of a columnar, black, porphyritic, pitchstone. When viewed in front, it resembles a long wall of gigantic dimensions, but free of all formality. From other points, it is seen retiring in a beautiful and varied perspective, terminating, in a very graceful manner, the slope of the hill on which it stands.

The commanding elevation which it occupies, and the peculiarity of its form, render it still more imposing than its bulk. Hence, like all objects on the mountain outline, its dimensions are magnified; while, from its independence of the general form of the hill on which it stands, it gains that additional consequence which an artificial work would require in the same position. Thus also its dark and solid mass is fully defined on the sky, so as to produce the additional effect arising from strong opposition of light and shadow. When viewed on the eastern extremity, it resembles a ruinous tower, of gigantic dimensions; and the resemblance is rendered more perfect, by the columnar regularity of the structure, and the absolute perpendicularity of the sides. The extraordinary effect of the great polygon tower at Warwick, is known to many who will never, possibly, see this island; and if they can imagine it increased to the height of 500 feet, and perched on the top of a hill, high above their heads, they may form some conception of what painting can describe but little better than words. It is, however, not solely from mere dimension and position, that the sublimity of this object is derived. It arises from one of those metaphysical and circuitous trains of reasoning, which we so often perform without consciousness. Wherever the

forms of nature approach to those of art, there is a vague association of human power attached to them; or the magnitude of nature, as an effect, is insensibly united with an idea of the efforts of human art and labour as a cause. The sense of power is, in all cases, one of the chief sources of the sublime. In ordinary architecture, magnitude is as essential as simplicity to the production of that effect, because it implies the exertion of power; and as, in viewing those natural objects which approximate in character to the productions of human force, the mind insensibly refers them to the same source, it becomes thus impressed with a feeling which is rarely, if ever, excited by those more stupendous scenes in which Nature can be compared only with herself. We think little of the power which produces a mountain; because we know that to be infinite, and because she offers us a thousand rivals in her own works; it is when she condescends to imitate the petty operations of man, on her own great scale, that we contemplate her with admiration and awe.

But the grandeur of this object is not comprised solely in its form and magnitude; as it is peculiarly subject to all those splendid atmospherical effects which arise from light and shadow, and from the passage of clouds. The stormy land of Rum is their unceasing source; and the height of the Scuir is such as to arrest them in their flight, producing the most brilliant and terrific combinations. Then indeed, cradled in its storms, and towering, black as night, to the heavens, it seems to "look from its cloudy throne o'er half the world." Of all those effects, the most magnificent examples occurred during the three fierce days of this visit. In the first efforts of the gale, the whole atmoshere was involved in one univeral sheet of mist and rain; through which, as the more violent gusts made partial openings, glimpses of the dark mass of this immense wall were occasionally seen; while, its invisible boundaries conveyed the feeling as of interminable dimensions. Again, as the driving rack

entangled its summit and concealed its outline, it rose to an indefinite height, a gigantic tower, hiding its lofty head in the clouds. Occasionally, as the tempest whirled the mists along the face of the hill and obscured its base, the huge black mass became involved in additional gloom; resembling the visionary castle of some enchanter, founded on the stormy cloud, and suspended on the air. That this noble object is almost utterly unknown, is the fault of those who might, long since, have described it, and the misfortune of those who trust to blind guides. But it is of too high a scale for the herd of spectators; to whom, even the attractions of Staffa are rather the effect of its "marvellous;" of its power, like the echo, the cascade, and the cavern, in exciting silly wonderment, rather than of a right feeling of the grandeur of nature.

The celebrated cave of this island has been so often described, and its tale so often told, that I need not go very deeply into that subject. The entrance is from the sea shore: but so narrow as to admit a man with difficulty. Within, it soon expands; so as to be twenty or thirty feet in height and breadth, and about 250 in length. Many years have past since it was discovered to modern travellers, after a long period of oblivion; and the curiosity and depredations of successive visitors, have now nearly succeeded in removing the relics which gave it its horrible interest. In a few years more, the tale will be, like many others, divested of all that reality which gave it a value that no effort of imagination can supply. The dim smoking lights of our guide still gleamed on the few bones that strew the rude floor, once covered with mouldering skeletons; conveying a lively idea of the heroic ages of Gaelic independence. There is another cave, which is said to have served the purpose of a place of worship to the Catholics, when toleration had scarcely reached them. It is not difficult to conceive the solemn and picturesque effect of such a congregation, met under such circumstances, in a place rendered so striking by its picturesque character, and by the roaring

of the stormy sea on which it opens. But I must leave more of Egg untold than I am well willing.

There is nothing in Muck to attract attention, beyond its green surface. I did not formerly render justice to its etymology. Erin's green isle was called Muc, because when the Milesian invaders were about to land, the Tuath de Danans, who were Chaldæan magicians, mistified it, just as King Mannanan had treated Mona on another occasion; so that it became no bigger than a hog. Our own Muck was colonized by those Dedanian Magi, and thus borrowed from the Maternal Isle. But unfortunately this etymology is doubtful. Moch signifies white; and hence, in Hebrew, Mok is cotton. It also signifies the Dawn of Day. From one or other comes Mocha; and, of course, Mocha Coffee. We must reject, with scorn therefore, the base Hog. I hope the Muckites will forgive my other crimes, for the sake of this honourable Etymon: and may the new Mocha hereafter flourish with Cotton and Coffee, as it does, at present, with heath and sea weed. And now, we must change our ground once more.

The Sky was bright, the sea blue, the sun warm, and the month June, when I visited Tirey. Every thing was green, and smiling, and happy, and Tirey looked like a little Paradise in the ocean. The good humour of the atmosphere is no less potent an enchanter in certain matters of beauty, than its moral resemblance is in others: even so, Ladies. I can well imagine this island a dreary, flat waste of sand and rocks; foggy, stormy, wet, and comfortless. It is thus that "A parterre assis, juge avec plus d'indulgence qu'a parterre debout." Hungry or full, wet or dry, wearied or springing with life, foul or fair, our judgments are the produce of a cloud, a shower, a breeze, a glimpse of the inconstant sun; the decisions of the Judge, who hangs because he has not dined. Let the man who cannot see the sun, imagine it: let him who is hungry, forget it, let the wet and weary fancy himself disporting amid the holiday of nature, and thus, at least

for his own sake, let him see and feel; otherwise "quodcunque infundis, acescet." "Cultivate good humour," says my Lord Bacon. There is something, nevertheless, in Tirey, which must always be interesting. That something, strange as it may seem, is the universal absence of all features. But the truth is, that we become wonderfully wearied of mountains, and rivers, and rocks, and cliffs, and lakes, and cascades; of all those violent sauces which stimulate the mind's appetite, only to wear it out. Tirey is like a meagre day, and gives it time to recover its tone.

To say that Tirey is absolutely flat, would not be true, geographically; because the northern extremity is interspersed with low rocks, and there are three hills at the southern end of the island, which attain an elevation of three or four hundred feet. But the main part is really flat; and so flat, and level, and low, that we are inclined to wonder why the sea does not drown it in gales of wind; as it is not much more than twelve feet above the high water mark. It has unquestionably been produced, chiefly, by the sea; from the gradual accumulation of sand banks, originally detained by a reef of low rocks. Thus the soil is almost every where a loose sand; consolidated, in some places, by the progress of vegetation and agriculture, and by the growth of peat; in others, protected, with great difficulty, by a thin covering of turf, from the action of those winds, which, once admitted, would soon again sweep it away to its original birth place. So properly dreaded is this event, that it is not permitted to turn a turf in that large plain which forms its most striking feature. This is called the Reef, and it contains about 1600 acres; being as flat as the sea, and uninterrupted by any eminence, scarcely even by a plant or a stone higher than the general level; offering, thus, a specimen of verdure, alike singular and beautiful. It is not so easy as it might be thought, to imagine the effect of a bowling green of this extent, with a surface like velvet; but he who may see it, will acknowledge that the systems of art are not a criterion of the charms of landscape; but that

Nature, all powerful, can create beauty out of what, in the Artist's hands, would be only so many yards of green baize. The metaphysics of this, are tolerably obvious.

Tirey is remarkle for its fertility; the soil, though sandy and light, being a mixture of calcareous or shell sand, chiefly, with vegetable and peat earth. Such a soil, which would, in any dry climate, be barren or poor, is here maintained in a state of constant fertility, by the equable moisture derived from its position in this rainy sea. This condition of the land is every where proved by the presence of the yellow Iris, Polygonum, water-mint, and other aquatic plants, which are found flourishing in every corn field; as a hatred of weeds is not among the catalogue of Highland antipathies. Tirey can have no streams, of course; but there are some pools of various sizes in different places, besides two small lakes; one of which is so managed as to discharge a rivulet, applied to the turning of a Mill. Here and there, the ground is marshy; and the water, in most places, lies so near to the surface, that the inhabitants readily procure it by digging a very few feet. Those parts which are preserved for pasture, are surprisingly rich; producing, in particular, white clover, the natural tenant of those soils, in such abundance, as almost to exclude the grasses. Unfortunately, it contains little peat; and this forms a considerable deduction from its value, as the inhabitants are obliged to fetch from Mull, in their small boats, an article as cumbrous in freight as it is indispensable. Those who have proposed to import coal, forget that the expense of freight here, is merely the application of labour for which there is no demand. Unable to command money, it could not pay for coal, under the present state of divided farming.

There can be no trees in an island so utterly unsheltered: but there is not, I believe, even a single plant of heath in the lower tracts; nor, I might add, a ligneous fibre of any kind, except the Salix argentea. It is almost as deficient in enclosures as in trees; and this is a radical fault in the management of such a tract of loose land, in

so stormy a climate. Hence, the gales of wind sweep over it as freely as they do over the sea; materially disturbing the operations of agriculture, by dispersing the seed, together with the loose and dry soil; and often breaking down the crops, both of corn and potatoes, when they have attained their full growth. Hence, the land is probably less profitably employed in culture, than it would be in pasture, in an abstract view; though the minuteness of the farms, and the numbers of the population, render cultivation indispensable here, as every where else throughout the Highlands. At the northern extremity, it suffers considerably from the inundation of sand, as does the southern extremity of Coll; but elsewhere, both islands are free from that plague. Yet Martin assures us, that, in his day, the Reef was subject, not merely to the sand flood, but even to inundation from the sea. Thence it must be concluded, that the land has been materially raised by the deposition of sand; confirming the notion already suggested, that the whole island has been chiefly created by the winds.

It is pleasing to observe how that operation, which is ruinous in Coll and in many other places, is here beneficial; on the principle which I formerly noticed in North Uist. That want of shelter which arises from the absence of rocks or inequalities, is one of the leading causes of the fertility of this island, and of the little injury which it receives from the sand drift; as it has also been the cause of its very existence. In consequence of the level and unobstructed surface of the land, the sand is distributed over the flat parts in so equable a manner, as not only to raise it beyond the power of the sea, but to improve the whole by perpetually renewing its natural calcareous manure; seldom accumulating in such a manner as to repel or suffocate vegetation. The reverse effect is very apparent at its northern extremity, as it is in Coll; where the rocky eminences that are scattered over the surface, affording shelter, cause the sand to collect in such a manner, as to produce a barren desert. The general

moisture of this island conduces also materially to the good effects just mentioned; as, by maintaining an active vegetation on the surface, it serves to bind and retain that which would otherwise be speedily dispersed.

The beautiful marble of Tirey is well known. The quarry is still open, but the produce is not in fashion; as in these matters, fashion, and not beauty, is omnipotent. Raspe introduced it into notice; but he, or his quarry-men, were so ignorant, that they nearly destroyed the whole by gunpowder. Raspe, as you probably know, was a sort of Dowsterswivel in Scotland, at a time when all the Highland proprietors expected to dig gold and silver out of their barren mountains, as they had dug peat. It has been said, that, like many projectors of his class, he placed metals where he well knew how to find them again. Whether this be true or not, he seems to have deserved as little credit for his metallic discoveries, as for the repute of writing Munchausen's travels, out of Lucian, Marco Polo, Sir John Mandeville, and the other rivals of Ferdinand Mendez Pinto. There is also a rock of white marble here, resembling that of Iona; which he appears to have overlooked. A long wall has been built out of it: containing so many specimens of Sahlite, Augite, Tremolite, and other beautiful minerals, that it is a perfect cabinet of mineralogy. He who wishes to fill his own drawers, may gratify himself by the simple process of pulling down a farm dyke.

Coll and Tirey form a sort of chain; being separated by a rocky sound, not much more than half a mile in breadth. The former, like its neighbour, is about twelve miles long; its mean breadth being somewhat less than three. The coast line of both, is an intermixture of rocky shores and small sandy bays; but the rocks predominate much in Coll, as the flat shores do in Tirey. The surface of Coll has a most extraordinary aspect; particularly throughout the far greater portion to the northward. It is so covered with bare rocks, scarcely to be called hills, that, when viewed from a low position, nothing but a con-

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tinuous, grey, stony surface is visible; and as those protuberances are of a rounded form, and of similar dimensions, the whole conveys the notion of a rude pavement on a most gigantic scale. It is not easy to conceive any thing much more singular, nor to imagine a country with an aspect more hopelessly barren; yet the intervals are filled with green pastures, and with small pools and lakes, amounting in number, as it is said, to forty-two. Those, however, are discovered only at the precise spots where the traveller happens to be; as the predominance of rock every where, conceals them from a general view. The southern extremity, is a desert of sand; being exposed to the same influences as the northern point of Tirey, and, from the form of its surface, more adapted to retain what the winds deposit. Here we may wander through the waste, and suppose ourselves in the plains of Africa; enjoying all the pleasures of the novelty, and of the imagination, with the satisfaction of reflecting that we can neither perish with thirst, be choked by a Simoom, nor "smothered in the dusty whirlwind." It is pleasant enough to view the battle at a distance.

Though not about to give a pentandrian monogynian account of the vegetable beauties of Coll, I must not forget to say that I found in its lakes, the Eriocaulon septangulare; before this, known only in Sky. Those who never saw sea kale in its native state, will find it also on the western shore. But its ordinary flowers, if they do not rival those of our gardens in variety and splendour, are, by position, contrast, and numbers, not less captivating to the eye; while the whole atmosphere is perfumed by their fragrance, as is also the case in Tirey. This feature is peculiar to the sandy soils of all the islands, but is no where more remarkable than in these two. In this month, the month of June, the May of this climate and the "lusty spring time of the year," the profusion of flowers almost conceals the verdure of those beautiful plains from the eye. Even Boswell, whose flight was circumscribed, has been eloquent respecting a small

tract, here called, from this cause, the Variegated Plain: but, as he saw it in October, his commendations are limited to its virtues as a race course. To me, it was an enamelled carpet of undescribable gaiety, painted with all the usual plants of spring, and more; the snowy brilliancy of the clover and the daisy, being intermixed with the bright yellow of the Ranunculus, the lovely azure of the Veronica, the deeper blue of the Hyacinth, and the splendid crimson of the Geranium Sanguineum.

Spring, lovely Spring, is, doubtless, as beautiful as the Poets have made her; but she is seldom to be found but in the poets. These gentlemen too have a trick of following old patterns; of consulting Chaucer, and Thomson, and Virgil, and twenty more, to say nothing of the Almanac and the Gardener's Calendar. To what climes Spring comes when she ought to come, I know not; it would be well to know where she comes at all; in this Hyperborean country, at least. In these green islands of the western main, it is seldom till the end of June; in the mountains, winter lingers in her lap till he is ready to lie down again. If, by chance, she does come, it is "with showers and sunshine in her fickle eyes," to smile coldly on the purple heaths of August. As to May day, young or old, it is much the same: her tears must flow till May is gone and past. If ever she was "led by the jocund train of vernal hours," it is not here that she is so led. Boreas, Aquilo, and Aquarius, hand her in, and Eurus and Auster walk her out. "The first, the fairest daughter of the skies," "is sprung from April's wayward race," and spends her time in flirting with the icicles of old Winter's beard. I fear indeed that the nymph has for ever lost her maiden honours, is become a chilly and an antiquated virgin; and that her ravished charms have been inherited by her oldest sister, July. It is May still in the Calendar; but "Pale, immature, the blighted verdure springs," wonders when Summer will arrive, waits but to be overtaken by the sere Autumn, to shrink again before the harbinger of killing Winter.

If May thus weeps over her fled and fallen honours, well may we. May:—does not the very name make our hearts beat and our pulses throb, and the young blood mantle again on the cheek, as if the sound itself were to recall the hours of youth, and love, and joy. May.—Could we not all write volumes on it: Yet,—"There's no such thing." "And when she cannot scold, she cries," says Cowper: but the worst of it is, that she scolds and cries both. Is there a greater vixen on earth, than your own dear Edinburgh May; "This mirthful May, of every moneth Quene." She is Capricornus, Aquarius, and Pisces, all in one: "With am'rous zephyrs fluttering on her breast;" indeed. Did the Poets really invent her. They are somewhat given to inventing; it cannot be denied. Or did she really exist once, and has the Polar basin come nearer to us, or is the axis of the earth gone awry, or is there a cold comet in the wind, or,—what is the matter. Do we not still talk of "a maying we will go:" but who, now a days, would think of going "a maying" till the end of June. "For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'ries wear," and so forth, says Dryden. What does Chaucer say. "In May that mothir is of monethis glade, That the freshe flowers all, blew, white and rede:" but what does he not say. We will admit, for the sake of peace, that there was such a "moneth" as May, in the good old times of "merry Englaunde:" as the chimney sweepers believe still.

But must we believe that there was one in Scotland. Dunbar affirms it; and Douglas, and Holland, and King James. Read the golden Terge, or the Houlat, or the King's Quair, or the Blait Luvar, or the Thistle and the Rose, or Merlin, or the Twa Luves. Had I not forsworn poetry, I could have overwhelmed you with quotations. "Mirie is th' entree of May, The time is hot and long the day:" very merry indeed; wonderfully hot. "The fowles make mirie play:" cocksparrows on a dunghill, doubtless. If the "skyis ring with schouting of the larks," it is only a proof that they are in a conspiracy with the

Poets, to swear falsely. Are the poets indeed untrue; or is May a Jilt. Is it possible that Dunbar can have written about a May which he never saw nor smelt; with his "tender odouris reid and quhyt." And James, too. Every thing is possible with you poets. Certain it is, and no less sad, that the only places in fair Scotia where you will now find the incense-breathing month, "the sweet vapours and the soft morrowing," "the air intemperit, sober and amene," are those very pages of paper. Yet somebody must have produced the original authority: or a Scottish poet would now as soon think of writing about "roses reid spreading their knoppis," or about "The fields flowrischit and fretful of fairheid," in December, as in May. But she probably disappeared with the Union: and if that is not the solution, you must find a better.

She is a puzzling dame, this said May; in more ways than one; in more places than the Almanac, and the skies, and the flowery meadows "so green a." Urania, says Ausonius, loves her above all other months. It must be hoped that she behaved better in those days. But Urania had other and sounder reasons. May: the fairest nymph of the year, the laughing Goddess that "from her green lap throws, The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose," was—"credite posteri"—a middle-aged man, with an ample robe, carrying a basket of flowers. Thus fashions change. In Scotland, she is sweet sixteen; a "fair May:" in London, she is a chimney sweeper, daubed with red ochre and gingerbread gold. In one point, however, Scotland is still classical in its veneration for May: though it keeps no Lemuralia, and worships no Bona Dea. "Nec viduæ tædis eadem, nec virginis apta, Tempora, quæ nupsit, non diuturna fuit." So pertinacious are fashions; even when the reasons for them are forgotten. Even when all sense and reason are against them. For "Harde is his herte that lovith nought, In Mey, whan all this mirth is wrought." If you wish for

more learning on this subject than I have room for, you may consult Erasmus.

But if May is not the May of marriage, still she is the "May of life." So says Macbeth, at least, and Guarini, with his "verde etade." "The spring time of life;" "the youth;" "il gioventu del anno:" and thus; beyond all enumeration. Behold again, how fashions change. The Greeks called youth the autumn of life. Read Pindar. I must not quote him: it is only the apothecaries who do that. Thus also Horace: "Jam tibi lividos"—"Distinguet autumnus racemos." This is glorious news for "middle-aged gentlemen;" since, if the autumn of the year is its youth, then must the sere autumn of their days be the "sweet spring time of the year," the lovely breathing May, the very hey-day of butter cups and whispering breezes. They may laugh at Montaigne then, when he says that, as the soul "gets on in life," it begins to turn "aigre et moisi."

I trust that the poets, the critics, the almanac makers, and those who have more pages to spare than I, will settle what I have left undetermined; but whenever and whereever Spring does choose to come, she must have something to smile on; and, in the Western Isles, I know not where to find her but on these sandy plains. If she is rare, however, and late, her character is here no less remarkable for its novelty than its splendour; nor, as I wandered over these bright sands, dazzled with the beauty and regaled with the perfume of her flowers, do I know that I would have changed her for herself where she riots in the rich green meadows and the full foliage of an English landscape. No trees, it is true, were seen bursting into leaf; but the sun was bright in a cloudless sky of the purest azure, a gentle breeze wafted over a summer sea, the distant bleatings of the sheep and the lowing of the cattle, and the grey rocks seemed, themselves, to rejoice in the sweet sunshine. If the Nightingale was wanting, the air was filled with the warblings of the

Thrush and the long-drawn melodious note of the Wood-lark; while the glassy repose of the wide and blue ocean, stretched far away, completed the picture of universal peace and joy.

The garden which taste and industry have created here, was a little Paradise to those who had so long been condemned to clouds and water, to surging seas, and screaming blocks, and tar. Trees had been planted; and though they could not surmount the rocks which protected them from the westerly gales, they gave an air of freshness and ornament and comfort, to the little spot which they surrounded, that made us forget their want of stature. The roses were bursting from their buds, and every flower bloomed as bright as in more favoured climates. I have said, that the delights of the garden and the shrubbery are here accessible alike to all; and there are few indeed who could have had more to contend with than Coll. There is a limit to the growth of trees; but shrubs and flowers can always find sufficient shelter; and, if their productions are later, they are neither less brilliant nor less vigorous, than in the most favoured parts of England. But they whose kitchen garden is the potatoe field alone, cannot be expected to take much delight in the pinks and roses of the parterre: and thus it is that we encounter a thistle where we might have found a rose. As to the kitchen garden, I still hope to hear, that, after the first explosion of wrath, "The Book" has grown up, at least into a leek: and that my successors will hereafter find the "pultiphagus" Donald "tunicatam cum sale mordentem cepe," and wearing an annual kalestock in his bonnet on my birth day. I wish Coll would write a "Book," under the double weight of his own name and the Gaelic tongue. Who can wander among those wild retreats, amid rocks and streamlets and cascades and bright miniatures of delicious lakes, and not imagine the tangled thicket of sweet brier and woodbine superseding the black and scraggy heath, the rude and neglected banks breathing all the sweets of the year, the

evergreen-sheltered alley replacing the impracticable bog, and the margin of the silvery expanse or the pellucid rivulet, bordered with the flowers of spring and summer, where it is now a stony, muddy, unapproachable swamp. Often have I envied the blind and indolent possessor of the grey rock, skirted with its own green bank, and impending over the now rushy pool, the lazy, tasteless owner of the rude, inaccessible, knoll, of the wild torrent and the ravine, of the little sheltered, but useless, dell, and of all the nameless, endless, beauties, of which Nature has here laid the germs in vain. But such is the lot of life. Those who could enjoy, have not: and for those who possess wealth, and wealth only, it is a sealed book.

The old castle of Coll is uninteresting; and Johnson has told the tale of Cameron Maclonich. Martin, the very excess of whose marvels has, perhaps, helped to shame the people out of many that might have stood their ground longer, tells us that Coll and Tirey were necessary to each other's existence; a sort of male and female pair of islands; as one of them chiefly produced females, and the other males: in the ratios of ten to one, as some one says. It is to this same gentleman that we are indebted for the tales of the two stones, which certain combating Giants threw at each other. Giants have been always much given to throwing stones; all the world over. The Giant Ydris, whom Mr. Rowlands proves to have been a Druid Astronomer, picked three out of his shoe, and they are still to be seen near Talyllin. The Titans, whom Pezron and Jamieson prove to have been Celtic, or Highland, Giants, threw stones at Jupiter, and he, in return, overwhelmed them with all the petralogy of Olympus, on the plain of Crau. Og, the giant King of Basan, as the Rabbins assure us, lifted a huge stone to throw at the Israelites, meaning to demolish all their armies at one hit; when, unluckily, a Lapwing pecked a hole in it, so that his head went through, and his teeth immediately grew so long that he could not get it off again. Mr. Martin, Mr. Martin, you are nobody.

GENERAL ECONOMY, AND POPULATION, OF THE HIGHLANDS.

It is difficult, and would be disadvantageous, to separate two subjects so mutually connected as are the system of agricultural occupancy in the Highlands, and the condition of their population. If I have here intermixed them, it is because the former is chiefly deserving of consideration as it affects the latter, and because I shall thus avoid some repetition. If there should be any obscurity, it is because I must crowd matter for a volume into a few pages. Much confusion has been produced in those subjects, by the various writers, who, generally engaged in controversy, and neglecting to make proper distinctions, have puzzled those, in particular, who were not practically acquainted with the country. At present, every variety of occupancy may be found in the Highlands, but all are not entitled to equal regard. Improved farming is the same here as elsewhere. The ancient system of run-rig is almost expired, and that of tacks is nearly in the same case. The sheep farming admits of little other remark than what belongs to it as connected with the Crofting system: and this last is, in fact, what alone deserves much attention, as being that which chiefly affects the condition of the people, both as it relates to themselves and to the State. A few unexpired and ancient leases of lands, scarcely paying any rent, may also be passed by, without further notice; as having no general influence on the country.

It would now be fruitless to examine, minutely, the system of Tacks; as in no long time, it will cease to exist. But the Tacksman has been the subject of censure and hatred, as an unnecessary person and an oppressor; a wholesale dealer, enhancing the price to the

purchaser; screwing, from the subtenants, higher rents than would have been obtained had he not intervened. His real nature and effect have never been understood. He is not unnecessary, if there be no steward; unless the proprietor chuses to do that duty for himself. Whether he is to be an oppressor or not, as compared to his landlord, must chiefly be a question of the relative moral character of the two. It is said that he must have less attachment to his tenantry, and less interest in their welfare, than the proprietor of the estate. If the proprietor were a Feudal Lord, and the tenants Villeins, or if a Highland proprietor were now the Chief that he once was, that might be true; but, at present, the connexion between the Tenant and the Lessor, be he the principal or the deputy, the proprietor or the Tacksman, is little more than a commercial one. The former can have no peculiar affection for his tenants that may not equally be felt by the latter; and both are alike interested in their welfare and prosperity, as far as either must benefit by their well-doing. To consider the Tacksman as a "regrater and forestaller of land," is to suppose that, in commerce, a manufacturer or wholesale merchant will retail at a wholesale price. Here, the retail price is fixed from many circumstances; among which, those that in some measure affect the case of land also, are increase of labour and attention, uncertain payments, toil of collecting, and chance of bad debts and of actions at law; to which must especially be added, in this particular instance, competition. From these causes, or from a desire to make as much as he can from his estate, the landlord will generally let his farms to the highest bidders; and the tacksman can do no more. Whatever profit, therefore, this person derives from the subsetting of land, or from a retail trade in small leases, will be taken from the possible profits of the land owner, not from the tenants; just as, in commerce, the retail dealer takes that, as his profit, which would fall into the hands of the wholesale merchant, should he think fit to act the part of retailer also.

I would willingly have avoided saying more on the Sheep system, than what might have been deduced from the present general remarks. But perhaps it is necessary to notice it thus separately, for the sake of those who have seen nothing else in the Agricultural economy of the Highlands, and have seen this through distorted organs. This was not the sole reform itself, as has been idly imagined: it was rather the basis of reform. It was the extension of a system long established in England, where it had produced a similar outcry; and which had been so long established in the south of Scotland also, as to have been forgotten. The theory of it is simple, when simply stated: and I shall merely mention the local one and its bearings; without any reference to the general doctrines that relate to large and small farms.

In those mountainous and boggy tracts, black cattle cannot consume all the pasture. Sheep can; and consequently, there is a saving on this head alone, by the exchange. Sheep cannot be cultivated to a profit, unless in large flocks, and by a well-regulated system, the details of which are too minute for me to give here. Small capitalists cannot thence manage them: and thus arises the necessity of large sheep farms. Lastly, the necessity of a proportion of winter food, renders it compulsory to take from petty agriculture, the smaller interspersed tracts which are adapted to this purpose. Now, those small spots were occupied by a race of starving and miserable tenants, who thus impeded the application of what they could not use; producing nothing themselves, and obstructing production. It became imperative on the proprietors, to eject them, for the general benefit, as well as for their own. Yet those proprietors, so far from acting as had been formerly the case in England and Scotland, provided their displaced people with new farms in other places. Instead of receiving their well-merited praise for humanity, they have met nothing but obloquy: injurious writing from those who knew nothing of writing but how to hold a pen, with outcry and rebellion from

their ungrateful tenantry, and, in some instances, even from those who were paying no rents, and who had become to consider the land as their own. An English reader may well ask what the grievance was in this case. It was that they were separated from the hills and the glens of their early affections. By such canting, the cant of a few idle poets and romancers, the improvement of a whole country was to be obstructed, and an indolent and half-savage race preserved in misery and barbarism. It is easy to string words together, and to write pathetic nonsense. It was a singular hardship, assuredly, to move such a people, from one hill to a neighbouring one, from the green glen of the mountain to the green margin of the next sea shore: to places also whither they carried all their connexions with them; increasing their society, while they increased their means of living. The People have no such feelings. The attachment of the wretched creatures in question was a habit; the habit of indolence and inexperience, the attachment of an animal little differing in feelings from his own horned animals. Had it even been more, they were children; unable to judge for themselves, and knowing nothing beyond the narrow circle of their birth. As children, it was the duty of their superiors to judge for them, and to compel them, for their own advantage. What the entire consequences have been, will be seen when the crofting system is examined. But the obvious ones are on the surface. If this people was so "valuable," the reform was advantageous, because it has increased their numbers. The Land was incapable of further division among them, because every thing arable was occupied. They were incapable of farming the pastoral farms, which must therefore have been wasted. As they could not have increased on the spot, they must have starved and emigrated. They were starving and emigrating. They have been introduced to fresh wealth, to a new creation of wealth, on the sea shores. The Celtic economists exclaim about Manufactures. A manufacture has been

established: they manufacture food; fish. But it is not wool or cotton: such it is to see nothing but words. The possession of ideas is sometimes necessary. To spin cotton is a circuitous road to the stomach: the new Highland Crofter spins food by one operation. To turn rocks and peat into corn and potatoes, is a manufacture. This is the problem that was to be solved. It is solved: but not in words.

The Crofting system was the division of the joint farms, and the creation of similar new ones. The joint tenant commonly held in run-rig. I quoted authorities before, to show that this was an ancient German practice. Blackstone seemed against me. Here are two authorities more, that appear to make for me. Diodorus says of a Spanish people, "Agros singulis annis divisos colunt." Horace says of the Getæ, "Nec cultura placet longior annua." The joint tenant is now a sole tenant; a Crofter, paying a money rent. On the Kelp shores, he holds by a Rent service. The most obvious advantages are these. His interest in his lot is increased, because it is his own. It is therefore better cultivated. Consequently, he can live better, and the proprietor also can claim a higher land rent. Formerly, he overstocked his lands, from jealousy or avarice; now, if he errs in this, he is soon checked by its obvious punishment. He has discarded his superfluous horses, because he now can see that those are an unprofitable stock. Accommodation has been found for more people: and thence, in the very first step, the population is increased. The new lands have added to the general mass of cultivation, and have thus increased the territory producing food and paying rent. A system which has at once increased rent, territory, population, and individual comfort, must be a judicious one; at least as far as the present is concerned. To these advantages, I need scarcely again add, the clearing out of the pasture farms which the small tenants had encumbered, and the power thus given to the proprietors to occupy them in an advantageous manner. Those benefits

have followed, alike, from all the crofted farms; but by the maritime crofts, the people have gained access to a new branch of industry, to new food; and to what was before unknown to them, animal food. Hence arises the main increase of comfort and of population: and yet it was against this very change that the most violent clamour was made, even by those who were the immediate gainers, and who were perpetually on the verge of famine, while their maritime neighbours were comparatively rioting in plenty.

The advantage to the proprietors, in this last case, has also been very considerable; but it was not at first foreseen. So deficient are the people at large in the most obvious principles of public economy, that there are many proprietors who do not even now comprehend the nature of a system by which they are profiting. The original practice commenced, almost in chance; or rather in collateral inducements, very different from those which form the great source of the benefits derived. The green land of the sea shores, access to sea weed for manure, the necessity of labourers for the kelp, and, above all, a minutely divided state of the land, scarcely permitting any other mode of occupation, were the prime motives for a choice of place, which also relieved the great interior farms in the most effectual manner. As a proof of this ignorance, I found one large estate of this nature, where the landlord had levied a rent, or rather a tax, on all the boats on his lands which were used for fishing. The obvious consequence was, a loud clamour against injustice and oppression; since the tax was thus rendered sensible, and thus, chiefly, oppressive. A severer critic would conclude that this was really an act of oppression. It is kinder to attribute it to ignorance: and had this person placed an additional rent on the land, he would have avoided obloquy, have compelled the idle to work, and have also increased his revenue. Thus also a discouragement was thrown in the way of that very fishing, on which he must have depended for his rent, as

his people did for their subsistence; as some of the tenants actually declined fishing, to avoid paying this duty. It must be similar ignorance, which levies from the tenants of petty public houses, a sum of money, per gallon, on the whisky which they retail. Thus the tenant complains of a tax, and the traveller wonders at the meanness which will suffer a "Chief," to be a partner in a concern of this nature. The true policy here, would be to place the rent on the inn; as is done, without obloquy, all the world over. If English travellers have taxed the Highland gentry with meanness, they almost deserve it as a punishment for unpardonable ignorance; which is the only defence that I can make for them, in this case, against the Sassanach.

The real source of benefit to the proprietor of the maritime crofts, is a tax on, or a rent from, labour. The farms themselves are commonly so minute, that the people could not subsist on them; they could pay no rent, of course, from a surplus produce, since their lands afford none. The rent here, therefore, is the rent of the fisheries, not of the land; although levied on it, by those who are practically wiser than the persons just mentioned. These farms are analogous to houses, or land, in towns and manufacturing communities; which pay rent from the wages of labour, for the accommodations required in their pursuits. And thus, where the fisheries are carried on for commercial purposes, the lots of land have become gradually so reduced, that they are exactly parallel to town holdings; while, where fishing is carried on only for domestic use, the system remains a compound one. Thus the proprietors who hold maritime, with other lands, have been increasing their revenues in many ways at once. They have received an augmentation of land rent, from a better system of pasture farming; while they have created a maritime one, by virtually levying on the fisheries. As this system also is peculiarly open to a perpetual competition, they have further gained by increase of rents; while fresh tracts have also been added

to their stock of cultivated land, by the operations of those new tenants.

If the Highland proprietors have been accused of levying excessive rents, the accusation has possibly been often true. But it has often also been unjustly made; and chiefly from ignorance of the real nature of these maritime rents. Yet those accusations did not indeed seem unjustifiable, when miserable rocky crofts were found paying as high rents as the best land in the neighbourhood of large towns. But the cases are far more parallel than those people imagined. In both, the accommodation for labour is equally concerned; and, still more, they are analogous cases of competition. The sea shore is here a city, in which there are more demands than room for houses. It might diminish the discontent of the tenants, if they were made acquainted with the real nature of their farms and their rents: if indeed it be possible to render intelligible to them, what their educated betters are seldom able to understand.

It would carry me too far out of my way, to show how the system of maritime crofting is likely to operate on the fisheries. I have already pointed out a strong case, in that of the new Crofters on the Sutherland Estate; where, without the reforms of that extensive property, no such beneficial events could have followed. Though not sanguine respecting a future great and advantageous increase of the Highland population, it is more likely to originate from this cause than from any other. The Crofters may be supposed, gradually to diminish their lots of land as they increase their fisheries. When the System becomes commercial, as in this case of the Sutherland Herring Fishery, they will then be able to purchase the corn or potatoes which they must now raise; and the ultimate result of such a progress, though perhaps a possible, rather than a probable one, will be the establishment of lines of fishing villages or towns. Though such an event should be incapable of completion, it is useful to know what it is to which these im-

provements are really tending. It is also plain that this is the true progress by which fisheries will be established, without painful efforts or expensive sacrifices, and in the natural progress of things. It will not be effected by that forcible foundation of towns, on which I have spoken more at large under the article Tobermory.

If the rent which is here paid for rocks and bogs, surprises a stranger, it is not less plain that, in any other situation, those lands would pay none: or rather, they would not be cultivated. No other British cultivators could be found, willing to bestow their labour on subjects so unprofitable, or able to live upon the produce. To the two main causes of the occupation of such lands, fishing, and competition, must therefore be added, the temperate habits of the people, or the small quantity of food, clothing, and accommodation, with which they are contented. Yet this external aspect of poverty aids in producing the idea of oppressive rents. Still, that which has been the habit of immemorial time, which is alike the lot of all, is not poverty. But under such views, every rent, however small, would be an oppressive one; nor would the abandonment of it remove the evil. The unconditional surrender of the lands to the tenantry, would not enable them to enlarge their lots, nor prevent the further subdivision; and a very few years would find them exactly in that state, of which the improvement had thus been vainly attempted. And while that surrender would involve the ruin of the proprietor and of all those who live by his expenditure, it would be replaced by the gain of a few additional families, starving, and propagating starvation; consuming without reproducing, objects of pity, incapable of improvement, without hope, and useless to the political community. This is part of a system of equality, by which universal happiness is to be the result of universal poverty.

It must be evident, that such a system of farming is conducted at a great expense; however badly conducted it may be, and however wretched the stock or the pro-

duce. As such land could not be cultivated by a large tenant, by capital and hired labour, so it must now be wrought at a price which can pay no profit or return. It is of no moment that no account of expense appears, where no books are kept; that the tenant sets no value on his own labour and that of his family; that he does not consider the cost of his idle horses; that he does not estimate the price of his fuel, in labour and carriage; nor the value of the house which he has built with his own hands. If all this were to be calculated, no equivalent could be offered for the produce of such a farm; particularly when it is considered, that four returns form a good crop of oats. Had labour here a market, much of this farming would be abandoned, since, to labour, would be a more profitable occupation. As it is, that bears no price; which is another reason why such lands have a value here, which they could not have elsewhere. It is to a crowded and unemployed population therefore, that the country is indebted, if it be a debt on the part of the country, for the cultivation of so much waste land; as the proprietor is for a rent which, under any other kind of population, he could not draw. The conclusion from all this is important: and it is, that to reduce the state of the Highlands to a similarity with England or the Lowlands, would diminish, instead of increasing, the rentals of the proprietors, unless that were balanced by some unexpected improvements of other lands; because those small crofts must all be abandoned to a system of pasture, which would pay, comparatively, a very small return to the landholder.

If the aspect of a cultivation which is almost Chinese, impresses a stranger, at first, with a high notion of the industry of the people, he may, perhaps, a few days afterwards, form an opinion the exact reverse, when he sees large tracts highly susceptible of improvement, scarcely producing pasture. The paradox is easily explained. The want, in the latter case, is that of capital, not of labour. The smaller tenants are improvers by compul-

sion, and their capital is their own labour: the larger tenants, and the proprietors, cannot afford to hire it; they cannot expend on contingency. It is impossible to concentrate or accumulate the smaller capitals and their effects; and thus, while the improvements of the small tenements are great, even to folly in a commercial view, the larger are neglected. Thus, it is the worst looking land that maintains the greatest population. The resources of this land are, however, in the way to be exhausted: what remains of eventual augmentation of wealth to the Highlands, must be sought in the interior lands, and the extensive tracts; but it is a distant and a contingent one, otherwise than as the crofting system may still be extended to those.

Taking another view of this case, there is at present a superabundance of labour applied in producing small effects; while, under a proper state of direction and concentration, it might produce useful and permanent improvements. It is wasted on that, which, if the state of the Highlands is ever to be radically changed, can be considered as only temporary. Such excessive industry, therefore, if not absolutely misdirected, is not turned to the best account. If the Highlands are to be reformed by the enlargement of farms and the introduction of a superior class of tenants, the improvements of the Crofters will be found of little value, because they are on too small a scale, and too much dispersed; though they may now rescue much land from the waste. The ultimate value of such improvements has been much overrated by speculative persons, because they have not taken a correct view of their nature and bearings. They talk of improvements, as they use other words. The croft patches of improved peat, or rocks, would generally be inaccessible to a large tenant, with any advantage; and such rough land as has been cultivated by the spade, must be thrown into pasture, if ever a more perfect and economical cultivation by the plough is adopted. No other circumstances than a crowded population and a

low value of labour, can preserve the cultivation of such lands; and whenever those cease, or when capital and labour shall seek for more legitimate and profitable employment in the breaking up of larger tracts, the occupation of the crofts, as such, must be abandoned. The labours of the crofting system are therefore merely the parts of a temporary, not of a permanent, one; and, so far from being the first stage of general improvement, they are but the last improvements of an ancient system; which may be repaired, but cannot be rendered perfect. It must lastly be obvious, that if the same quantity of labour and expense which have been bestowed on the crofts, had been directed to larger tracts of land, they might have produced permanently valuable effects. Unfortunately, the present practice is inseparable from the present state of things. Still, we cannot but lament this waste of capital; since that is wasted which produces no permanent change on the property; which does not lead to further augmentation of capital. Yet much of this system must always continue; and, from its reference to the fisheries, from its connexion with the potatoe system, and from the state of the population, much of it ought. But if extensive and permanent improvements are to be expected, we must look for them to the introduction of capitalists, to a considerable enlargement of farms, and to the reformation of other lands.

It is a popular subject of complaint that no leases are granted to the crofters. But the small tenants are secure in their possessions, while they conduct themselves well; nor can a lease serve any useful purpose, where there is either nothing to improve, or no power of improving. It seems even proper that the landlord should retain the right of withdrawing the land from those who will not cultivate it, that he may bestow it on those who come with the double claim of equal wants and superior industry. The character of the people may also be pleaded in justification; since so great is their indolence, that, often, nothing short of the risk of losing their farms, will

induce them to cultivate for more than the barest livelihood. It is idle to suppose that the Highland landholder does not manage his land with the same regard for the mutual interest of himself and his tenant, as his Lowland neighbour; those interests being, in reality, not often at variance. Though the proprietors do not build for the crofters, and that an ejectment implies the loss of their houses, the hardships, in this case, are not very great, as the value of the building is trifling.

In terminating these remarks on the Crofting System, I must point out an effect to which I barely alluded before; namely, the great increase of the Highland population which has followed it. This has held pace, precisely, with the extension of sheep farming, of that very improvement which was to depopulate the whole country. The causes must now be apparent, in these remarks. It must be added also, that while there has thus been an increase of people within the country, there has been a distinct increase beyond its limits, in those who are now maintained by the increase of surplus or exported produce on the sheep farms; an increase indicated and measured by the increase of rent. So widely do the facts differ from the groundless anticipations. As to the pernicious ultimate bearings of the system, they are easily deducible from the remarks dispersed throughout this essay, and from those formerly made, when treating of the Food of the Highlands. We must console ourselves by reflecting that they were not to be avoided, and that they will be checked and suspended by the various corrections that must spring up during the progress of the country to general improvement.

In antient times it was a fashion here, to hold lands "en metairie," or, "in steelbow;" but there are no such tenures now. Under the system of Tacks, Cotters were frequent; though the labour on the tacksman's farm, was often also executed by servitudes taken in part of rent. Absolute cotters are now too rare to require any notice in this sketch of the Highland system. The

Rent services on the kelp farms have been sufficiently described: and slight servitudes, such as harvest labour, the carrying of peats, and so on, are still occasionally in use. These also are frequently stigmatized as instances of hardship and oppression; but they are exactly analogous to the case of kelp, which I formerly explained. That the tenant may complain of those servitudes, because he prefers idleness, is not a claim for much compassion; and we must rather approve a practice which compels him to benefit himself and his landlord at the same time, when nothing but that could induce him to move. That his services may chance to be wanted for his landlord, when he also requires them for his own farm, is what must equally happen to a cotter; but it is the best bargain that he could make, and he must abide by it. But all these complaints, against servitudes as against rent, are the remains of those ancient feelings, from which the Highland people were used to consider the lands as their own: a feeling which was in full force, in many places, not many years ago, and which chiefly led to those acts of resistance that broke out into what may be called insurrections.

What I have said about the low value of labour as the cause of the cultivation of the crofts, is not at variance with the want of labourers or the dearness of labour. A low value is not a low price; for there is no price, because there is no market. On general principles, an excessive population should produce low-priced labour; the peculiarity of this one makes the present exception. There is no proper marketable labour here, because there is no class of independent labourers, where every man is a tenant; and therefore, if ever to be obtained, it is always at a very high price, at one which, even in the English capital, would be deemed exorbitant. How much of this is the result of idleness and extortion, I need not repeat; while something also must be allowed, for that pride which imagines itself possessed of property. And how it operates in impeding agricul-

tural improvement, in creating the servitudes, and in many other ways, is equally obvious. It is an evil which will scarcely be remedied while land is found for every one. But whenever large farms shall become more general, an independent class of labourers must arise: wages will then find their value, as elsewhere; and I have little doubt that the labourer will then generally be a richer and a happier man than the small crofter; unless indeed he should continue to think that starving idleness is a better state than active competence.

It has happened occasionally, in the recent division of the lands, that some tenants have unavoidably been ejected. From a mixture of charity, and of the hope of future advantage, those have been allowed to settle themselves on the outskirts of the lands, under the name of Mailers; thus creating free crofts for themselves, and at length becoming renters and tenants. Those instances, however, are rare. In former times, rents were chiefly paid in produce; but they have now been converted into money rents; an arrangement partly originating in the diminution of resident proprietors. To a Consumer, a rent in kind was a convenient market: it was absolutely necessary for the support of the Chief's family: now, it would compel the landholder to become a haberdasher in agricultural produce, as is still the case in Hungary and elsewhere. After all that has been said against the ancient rents, they were a convenience to the tenants, though they were among the first to exclaim for their commutation. Of the economical differences between a corn rent and a money rent, I need not here enquire. But he who is to pay in money, must first find it; which, in a land without markets, and where a small tenant's commodities are in peddling quantities, is not only difficult, but a frequent source of loss, by putting him in the power of a dishonest trader or a monopolist. The sale of corn or fowls, for such purposes is nearly impossible; and he must therefore depend on his wool or cattle for his rent. If those fail, he has no resource; while there are

farms also which are unfavourable for breeding. Here, too, he is subject to fluctuations of value, in paying the money rent, greater than on the ancient system. The real convenience of the rent in kind was this: that the tenant was rated to any produce which he could raise, or in a great many kinds, or, what was still more commodious, was permitted to substitute one for another. Hence he was not condemned to any particular cultivation, for the purpose of raising money, as any surplus answered his purpose; while his landlord offered him a sure market, at a known price, without the risk of fraud, failure, or bad debts, and freed from the profits of the intermediate merchant.

There are many cases in Public Economy, where general doctrines require essential modifications; sometimes from physical and local, and sometimes even from metaphysical, considerations. I am fully aware how often I have reasoned respecting the Highlands, in contradiction to many of the imaginary principles of that science; and equally aware how, from those, I might be apparently confuted, or at least controverted. But the fault is with those who neglect some of the collateral considerations; who have created a hypothetical science, and then imagine it a practical one; and who, in fact, enter on calculations, in which they forget some of the elements. Half of the modern fallacies in economical reasoning, and half of our disappointments in the results expected from this science, may be traced to this cause.

It is time to turn to the subject of the Highland population; because all else that remains to be said on the Agricultural system, bears, in some manner, upon this question. I need not say that this has been a fruitful source of acrimony, controversy, and bad writing. The question of Emigration has been, as every one knows, the mainspring of the whole. If the late political changes of Britain have brought peace into this dispute also, the general subject is far from being understood as it ought to be, for the comfort of all parties. If ignorance and ill-

humour have here had their full sway, so have private acrimony, the spirit of mischief, and the cant of the poets and romancers. Idle tourists, ignorant of public economy, ignorant of the country, and copying in succession from each other, have continued to propagate their false and foolish views, long after the circumstances which might once have given them some colour, had ceased. Here is a specimen of the philosophy of this class. "Whence will our Armies be recruited—where shall we find marines to man our Navy, the bulwark of our island: the neglect of which would endanger our existence as a free and independent nation." Those are ponderous words: but it is of such "skimble-skamble stuff," that the half of those Lamentations have been composed. Pennant gave into this, because he did not understand such subjects: Johnson, because he did not attend to them. Had Adam Smith, by good fortune, and with the added advantage of being "a Scotchman," given but one brief chapter to the Highlands, a world of ink and ill-humour would have been saved. Instead of this, the philosophy has been sought in the economics of Oliver Goldsmith. Really, it would be as well if the Poets would remember what Waller once said: for certain it is that they succeed very ill when they meddle with Truth. It was by means of the cabalistic words, Emigration, Ejectment, Engrossing, and Oppressive Rents, that all this perversion of judgment was produced: for it is by Words that the world is swayed.

Were we to believe the half of what has been said on this subject, we should conclude that the Highlands were to have been depopulated past recovery; that the very Empire itself was to be ruined, that it would be unable to defend itself, that our entire army was composed of Highlanders, that neither Scot nor Englishman had courage to fight, and that the downfall of Britain was sealed, because three or four hundred people, containing perhaps fifty men, of which not one might ever have enlisted as a soldier, had embarked for America, singing "Ha til

mi tulidh." It is time to think and reason like men. Nor is it true that emigration from the Highlands was a new invention, or was the produce of new systems of farming; since it was in use, even as early as the original settlement of Georgia, and before.

But, to come to the question like reasonable beings, every population is redundant when the people are unable to command the proper and decent necessaries of life; whatever the measure of these may be for that country. It is unquestionably so, at least, when that scale is already so low, that it cannot be lowered without inducing absolute poverty; nakedness and want. It is therefore indifferent what their absolute numbers may be; as the question is a relative one between want and supply. The most scanty population may thus be redundant, as the most crowded may still have room; and those who, in several parts of the Highlands, have disputed the statement of an existing redundance, should bear this in mind.

Now no one, who is acquainted with the Highlands, can doubt, that, in many parts, the people are, not merely in that state of relative redundance which may still be corrected by lowering the scale of living, but that this condition is even absolute, and without remedy of that nature: the population being already reduced to the lowest state, as to wealth, at which it can well exist. The presence of poverty is not less certain, because the deficiency is universal, and that no one lives much worse than his neighbour: though, from want of contrast, it may be less visible, and is, of course, less felt. Riches and poverty, to a certain extent, are relative; yet, even thus, poverty becomes a source of unhappiness, by comparison with superior wealth.

Though I am obliged to apply the term poverty to this state, it is a word which conveys improper ideas, and particularly to an Englishman, which it is here most necessary to correct. To his ear, it is connected with notions of baseness, of a general deficiency in moral qualities; while, as applied to the labouring class at large,

improperly called the labouring poor in that luxurious country, it fosters, in the people, ill-will towards the upper ranks, rebellion against the government, and a spirit of general discontent; accompanied by a want of self-estimation, which debases them still lower, and assists in destroying that pride of independence to which the Poor Laws give the finishing blow. Montesquieu says that poverty is debasing, only when it is the consequence of misrule; and we may apply his Canon to the case in point. Poor, therefore, as the Highlander may sometimes be, he is not deserted by his proper pride, by his manly feelings, nor by the many other virtues by which he is characterized. Difficult as it may generally be to rouse his industry by ordinary inducements, yet to avoid charity, or to maintain his parents and dependents, he will undergo any privations, and exert his utmost energy. This would, in itself, atone for all his national defects; which, after all the anger that is excited by the mention of them, are not often really important. It is this rectitude of mind also, added to his habitual submission and contentedness under slender accommodations, that makes him bear, without complaint, the misfortunes which may be his lot. It is often said, that it is dangerous to tamper with the stomach of the people. Judging by the outrageous clamours of "the English poor," when deprived of their wheaten bread and their porter, their beef and their tea, the maxim is as true as the proofs of it are disgusting. Here, it fails; nor can any thing excite more surprise in a stranger, than the patience with which occasional, as well as habitual want, is borne by the Highlanders. It is far from unusual for them to decline receiving, not only common charity, but even parochial relief. It is known to many, not only that this has been refused when offered, but that another object has been indicated, by the person himself, as more deserving: that a portion of what had been accepted, has been returned, when the sufferer considered that he had overcome the most pressing part of his difficulties. If this be a di-

gression from the main subject, I can only wish for opportunities of making many more of the same nature. Could such a feeling be excited in England, could every Englishman become, in this respect, a Highlander, more would be done for the welfare and the peace of the nation, than by all the laws and all the systems that ever were promulgated.

Among other careless assertions on the subject of this population, it has been said that it cannot now be redundant, because the same statement was made thirty years ago, and that, since that period, it has materially increased. But all that follows is, that owing to the improvements of the country, the means of living have also increased. There is more productive labour, and more produce: and thus, though the population is far greater absolutely, it is not excessive, proportionably: or when compared to the food. In the case of such a progression, a nice equipoise of the people and the food, of consumption and supply, cannot be preserved through every stage of the process. Thus, while the population and the produce have held a common pace together, there have been fluctuations, in excess and defect, at different times. When the demand for food has exceeded the supply, the excess of population has been felt in the want of farms to cultivate; in other cases, the reverse has happened, and land has remained unoccupied. It must always be remembered, that place, as well as time, is concerned in this question; and that, on some estates, there has often been a defect of people, while, even in the immediately adjoining, there has been a redundancy. It has been a principal fault of writers, to overlook all those circumstances, and thus to reason from limited and partial observations; plunging their readers into error and doubt, and themselves into controversy. The facts of both the opposing parties have been frequently true, but their generalizations were false. The former frequency of famine is a sufficient proof of a redundant population in former days. If its rarity in our own time should be

adduced as a proof that there has been no such redundancy lately, it must be recollected that migration, as well as emigration, has offered remedies which, in those distant times, were unattainable. The tendency, at least, always exists; and its natural progress is to increase, till it approaches, or possibly, touches, the painful limit of some former period; when the remedy, whatever it be, becomes again called into action. It is not possible to know where that limit is to be, at any given time; but it is evident that whenever a race of this nature is run between food and population, or supply and consumption, interferences must happen, and the inconveniences of an excessive population will be felt, at some period, or in some particular spot. The criterion by which this excess may be judged of, appears sufficiently obvious, without having recourse to the deceptive and uncertain aid of numerical investigation. It is commonly found in the minute division of farms; of which, the consequence is, a degree of pressure, frequently arising to actual want. It is equally evinced by high rents, or by a low price for labour: as it is by the exclusive culture of potatoes, and by excessive fishing. Benbecula, formerly noticed, was an example, and, perhaps, remains such: the comparative low rate of the kelp labour, or rent services, being equivalent to a high rent for the farms. Canna, and many other places, might be adduced to illustrate the other points; but this would lead to a treatise on a subject which is likely to extend too far as it is.

Those who are always ready to direct the property of others, (a very numerous race, all through life) blame the proprietors for taking rents too high. But, as I before remarked, this is the only check against that ruinous division which would generate an agrarian law; a law as destructive as the poor laws of Suicidal England. A preposterous attachment to a given spot, is frequently also a cause of local redundance; as is, a difficulty of migrating, from want of distant employment, or of emigrating, from want of capital. Benbecula was formerly

noticed as a case of this nature. The difficulty of moving man, has been often remarked by economical writers; here, it has often an appearance little less than marvellous. It is plainly connected with ignorance; with a low degree of mental cultivation. In fact, strong local attachment is a common attendant of this state, which knows not that there is as good a world beyond its own immediate home. In the Highlands also, this feeling is deeply connected with the language; as I have sufficiently remarked elsewhere.

It may well be wondered how such a state of things as a starving people unwilling to move, can exist at all; it is not less surprising to be told that it is impossible to find a remedy. It might be expected that the overflowing of people in one place, would, without any great effort, discharge its superfluity on those neighbouring countries where there is a deficiency or a demand. But, besides the causes just mentioned, the insulated state and the peculiar habits of the people, present obstacles to migration, which will not be overcome till many changes have taken place. Any expedients that may break down the bounds which separate the Highlanders from the Empire at large, ought to be adopted. The interchange of its constituent parts will become easy, whenever there shall be established a community of pursuits, occupations, language, manners, and wants. If the law of settlement in England, is a grievance which all economists have admitted, what must we think of a system which produces the same effects over a whole country. To point out means, would lead me much too far. The mere proposal, I am aware, will shock all those who are so ardent for the preservation of the ancient manners, habits, and language of this people. But where, not only their happiness, but their very existence is at stake, it is impossible to give way to those follies. It would be very well, were it possible, to combine, in this case, pleasure with profit; the real advantage of the people, with the indulgence of the fantastic wishes of

their superiors. What the poor people themselves have to gain by remaining what they were two centuries past, it would be hard to say; and it really is far beyond the bounds of fair indulgence to the romance of their betters, to consent to see the Highlanders at large, suffering any inconveniences from which they might be relieved. How just those views are, is proved by the country itself. The Highland border displays the evidence every where: all that is here wished is, that a system which has thus powerfully displayed its own advantages, should be extended. The Highland border is what it is, because it is no longer the Highlands: and I am not aware that any peculiar sufferings can flow from rendering Scotland one Scotland, and all its people Scottish Men.

It has been contended that no species of removal was ever necessary; because the means of living were increasing in proportion to the increase of numbers. That is not the fact. If it were, we are then to wait till the period of distress has actually occurred, before we apply the remedy. While the speculator is preparing his medicine, the disease has arrived; and that disease is death. It is prevention which is our duty. To say that employment can always be found on the spot, in the cultivation of fresh lands and in manufactures, is the assertion of ignorance. On the subject of manufactures, I have elsewhere said all that can be required, and have sufficiently shown the futility of all schemes of this nature. In the maritime Highlands, which have generally been the seats of the excessive population, the properly arable land bears a very small proportion to the pastures, and every thing capable of improvement is already in a state of cultivation, which, as I have already shown, would be ruinous, rather than profitable, any where else. A change of system, or what is meant by "improving new lands," would, as I have also shown, diminish the number of occupants; because it would diminish the quantity of that produce which would be consumed on the soil, as well as the labour required to maintain the agricultural land in

cultivation. Either the land already cultivated on such estates, could not be occupied at all by a tenant of large capital, or else it would be cultivated at a far less expence; and, in either case, the same result, of a diminished demand, or room, for people, and consequently of a diminished population, follows. Under such a change also, that fishery which acts so large a part in maintaining the present population, would fall off or cease, till some other plan could be adopted, to the suppression of many people; nor would it be again rendered available, till the pursuit of fishery was entirely separated from that of agriculture, and a regular fishing trade established. This is the tendency of such a change of system. Such then is the foresight of these economists, that they produce the very emigration which they intended to prevent. And as their direct establishments of fisheries, really end in forcing the people into a bad system of agriculture, as at Tobermory, the plans which they lay for a better mode of cultivation and occupancy, are plans for establishing this very system of fishing; an event which they had never contemplated. However strange such a conclusion may appear to those persons, it is as certain as the general principle is obvious. As the labours of agriculture are performed in a cheaper manner, fewer hands are required to conduct it; and though a greater number of people are maintained by such improved cultivation, the same lands no longer bear those whom it can no longer furnish with employment; who must therefore migrate, perhaps to earn elsewhere, the very food raised on the lands which they had left.

The Crofting System has already effected so much, that we may in charity suppose that the speculators in question, who talk of improving waste lands, without knowing precisely what they mean themselves, allude to this, as to an inexhaustible resource. Its real nature is unknown to them: and while they have imagined that all agricultural reform was alike, they have supposed that what was once done might be done indefinitely, and that

where there was one croft, there might as easily be ten or a hundred. They are ignorant that those people are maintained, more by fishing than by agriculture, that crofting cannot easily be extended beyond the margin of the sea, and that the interior land is either absolutely incapable of cultivation, or must be reserved in aid of the pasture farms. Yet, granting that such an increase were possible, it is by migration that those beneficial improvements have already been made, and it is only by further migration that they could be extended to produce the desired effects. Yet these are the very persons who exclaimed against migration as cruel and oppressive, who overwhelmed a whole country with philanthropic lamentation and canting, and whose ends, had they not been defeated by superior sense and firmness, would have injured those whom they professed to serve, and have impeded that great increase of population and wealth which the country has experienced. Thus little does ignorance know, even its own meaning; thus blind is anger.

Those who have vainly flattered themselves that the possibility of crofting was indefinite, should also know that even this new allotment of lands, has, in some cases, excluded a part of the old population; instead of providing for more, as has been the more general result. This happened in North Uist, among other places; and thus the excess of population was here brought to light by that very system which, in other places, had caused it to be absorbed in new employment. However paradoxical this may appear, it is easily explained. Under the ancient system of joint tenantry, no correct idea was entertained of the value of land, as no man's lot was defined. Thus a farm, let to ten or twenty tenants, accommodated two or three more; no one being sensible of his particular share of the sacrifice required for the superfluous hands. Hence, most of these farms were encumbered with gratuitous retainers; who, from the claims of kindred, or other causes, were thus allowed to drag on a miserable existence. A single lot cannot admit of this kind of lax

charity; and hence those who lived by such a contribution, became ejected, and proved to be superfluous. In process of time, however, such rejected population will be absorbed by increase of industry on the rough lands in question.

The subject of Migration has thus been gradually brought before us in this review of the Crofting system. I must now add, that while every removal of the people ought to be gradual and progressive, it ought to be early. It should be carried into effect, by any means, even by force, should that be necessary, while the people are yet rich enough to re-establish themselves, and before the period of real excess and want arrives. That which is called oppression, is here, in fact, humanity. The longer a change is protracted, the more severe in every way it will be, because greater numbers will be added to greater poverty. Moreover, those whose speculations would still further condense and crowd this population, are their real enemies, not those whose management compels them to remove. Little praise can be given to schemes that would multiply population, only to multiply misery: and the common and false logic which would increase quantity without regard to quality, is, in this case, peculiarly false and injurious. This reasoning applies to that further division of the crofts, which has been urged on the proprietors. The same effect would follow from the surrender of their rents, equally proposed. There would be an increase of population. But the consequences would be the same; and what those are, if I have not here made them apparent, may unfortunately be seen in far too many places, where this system of extreme subdivision has been injudiciously adopted. Assuredly, the Proprietor who may follow this plan, cannot long expect any rent. Thus, that attention to his own interest which it is the fashion to condemn, becomes the real preventive of what must be, in the end, a source of injury. The interests of the landholder and the tenant, of the employer and the employed, of the rich and the poor, are far oftener mutually dependent,

than those restless and evil spirits, who strive to infuse dissensions between them, and to subvert the common and ancient arrangements of society, choose to admit or see.

I cannot well avoid now saying a few words respecting Emigration. This, in fact, has been the foundation of all the discussions on Highland economy; as well as the war-cry of that body which is, at once, the most numerous, the most clamorous, and the least informed. When the terrific term, Emigration, and the more formidable one, Depopulation, were sounded, the quiet voice of Reason became utterly inaudible. This is not the only case where the simplest truths are rejected, or the plainest demonstrations misunderstood, from their connexion with terms that have been associated with peculiar feelings and prejudices. But there has recently occurred such a revolution in the public mind on this subject, that there is now little more to contend with than the intrinsic difficulties of the subject itself. Voltaire is not a very high authority in national economy; yet his lively fable should have opened the eyes of those who might for ever have floundered among economical doctrines in vain. "Dans ce cas il faudroit que la terre rendit le double de ce qu'elle rend, ou qu'il y auroit le double de pauvres, ou qu'il faudroit avoir le double sur l'etranger, ou envoyer la moitié de la nation en Amerique, ou que la moitié de la nation mangeât l'autre." Such reasoning indeed ought to have been obvious enough; but it is the property of anger and fear alike, to obscure reason. If the ancient emigrations, which originally laid the foundation of all those wild fears and idler writings, appear at variance with what I have formerly said about local attachments, the contradiction is but apparent; for both statements are true. Such emigrations have generally been the result of some common feeling, operating on a large community; and thus, whole tracts have sometimes emigrated together, to the no small terror of patriotic persons. With all this, it has still been always found difficult to

move families, or individuals, or small tracts. Let those who then saw blanks, never again to be filled, seek them now. It ought to be plain to every one, that the evils of emigration are imaginary; that it is often a blessing, and that the blank is soon and easily repaired; often, indeed, too easily and too soon. But it is unnecessary to pursue a subject, which, by the veering of the political vane, has become as favourite an expedient for the repair of all State evils, as it was once thought to be the root of all.

It remains yet, however, to try to adjust the over-warm partizans, who adopted opposite sides respecting the redundancy of Highland population, and its remedies. To show that both parties were right and also wrong, will not be difficult. The most conspicuous emigrations were those which followed the events of 1745, and their consequences; namely, the commutation of services for rent, chiefly, and the introduction of large pasture farms; producing immediate relief, and justifying the utility of that expedient. Hence Lord Selkirk entered the lists; contending for Emigration, as politically natural and necessary; as an inevitable consequence of the progress of things, and as the only remedy. There is no question respecting the general truth of his views and principles. The arguments of his antagonists were directed to show, that Emigration was politically inexpedient, and, at the same time, unnecessary; because there were abundant means in the Highlands, of absorbing the increase of population. Experience has proved that they were, to a certain extent, practically right; and that other remedies, consisting in the various improvements now well known, were then available. But the same experience has also been long enough continued to prove, that those remedies were rather palliative than radical; that they were exhaustible. The views of the partizans of those expedients have been here shown to be narrow; and the partial fulfilment of their predictions was the result of circumstances which they did not foresee. The disease

has advanced faster than those remedies have been able to cope with it; and thus it has been determined that occasional Emigration is, even now, necessary. It is also obvious, that this necessity must proceed in a constant ratio of increase, as the remedies do in a ratio of diminution; and that a time will arrive when no remedy but Emigration will remain. Then, Lord Selkirk's conclusions will be justified. But, being theoretical, their error was that of considering the resources as exhausted, when they were still available. The most necessary elements of the calculation, the facts themselves, had been overlooked; as the event has shown.

There is another, and not an unimportant question, connected with the population of the Highlands. Politicians are accused of considering man as a mere machine, of viewing him solely as an integrant part of the State, and of treating him as an animal whose sole business it is to work, or fight, or perform such other duties as may raise the country to which he belongs, to that rank, which, in their estimation, produces political happiness. Mere moralists say, that the purpose of government is to render individuals happy. Thus it is said, that the poverty of the Highlands is perfectly compatible with the happiness of the people. This question has never yet been fairly stated. The objections of the moralists have never been answered. It will not be very difficult to answer, in this case, on both grounds; and to show, not only that there is expediency, but humanity, in altering or controuling the character of the Highland population.

It is unnecessary to repeat the truism respecting the duties of a State in producing the greatest collective sum of happiness, with the least of misery. Direct legislative restrictions cease, for this end, at a certain point. It is then the business of National Economy, to take up and pursue the same plan. But a sound economist considers, not only how the greatest quantity of this commodity may be procured for the present whole, but for

the future also. With him, it is essential that posterity should not have to pay for the happiness of the present age; but that all who are to come, to the most distant times, should, like all that are present, receive as nearly equal a share of good as can be obtained. Thus, therefore, even the welfare of the general State tends to that of its constituent parts; or the political views of the economist become combined with his plans for the happiness of individuals: and such parts of his theories as seem, to the people, to neglect, or to sacrifice them, because apparently occupied immediately about the State, are directed to the very same benevolent end. It is easy to apply this reasoning to the case of the Highlands. Admitting that even the most crowded and indigent population is here happy, we must enquire how long this happiness can continue on the same system, and what the event will be as to posterity. We must then ask how this condition affects the rest of the State, or the universal happiness; how far such a population contributes its share to the general support, and how far it is just that the industry and thought of one portion of the community, should be called on for the advantage or the protection of those who contribute nothing. When it does not this, when man feeds himself alone, the right, or the happiness, of one portion, is infringed in favour of the other. But those questions have been answered before hand; and I need not pursue a subject which might easily be ramified to an interminable length. It is sufficient to have shown, that the economical plans which seem most purely political, are directed to the benevolent end of producing the greatest quantity of general, and, consequently, the greatest sum of individual happiness, for the future as for the present. Thus, even the question of happiness, revolves itself into one of State policy.

It has been seen, that as this people is maintained, chiefly as cultivators, and on lands in a state of extreme division, the population of any given tract must thus be greater than under a more extended system, and that the con-

version of many small farms into one, must diminish it. But, in this case, the agricultural machine is more perfect; the same produce is obtained by fewer hands, or at a less expense; as, in manufactures, that is the state of perfection where the greatest return is obtained on the lowest terms. This is the fundamental argument in favour of large farms, as it is against the crowded population of the Highlands: the exceptions peculiar to this country, were formerly stated. It is also the argument against the spade. Had it been the best instrument, the plough would not have been invented. It is the steam engine of agriculture. If the horse consumes five times as much as the man, he is the efficient cause of ten times the produce; thus leaving a surplus profit, which doubles the man, or, the people. By the spade, more men are fed upon the farm, but there are none to spare; as he who produces all, consumes all. The increase of produce is a fallacious profit; because the shallow politician does not distinguish between gross profit and net profit. There is another mode of viewing the argument against the continued improvement of fresh lands, and the excessive cultivation of old ones. Here, the further increase of capital, or industry, does not produce a proportional return; and thence it is that inferior lands are gradually taken out of the mass of cultivation. Every increase of food thus produced, is progressively obtained at a still greater expense; and hence, in time, such lands become incapable of maintaining any but those who labour it. Here, net produce, or surplus, and consequently, rent, ceases, and here misery is established. If the food of two is thus raised, where that of one was before, it is shortly called on to provide for three; while the added labour of one more, is insufficient to produce his own share. The Surplus, which is required for numerous demands, can be procured only by labouring the land in the cheapest manner. On the divided Highland system, it is devoured by the means taken for its production. The excess of return above expenditure, forms the capital for

future improvements; if there be none, the process and the population also, come to a stand; the stand of poverty and famine.

Thus, also, if there be no surplus produce, there can be no surplus population. Redundancy is not surplus; nor is it a paradox to say that the over-crowded Highland population affords none; because every man's exertions are here required to raise food for himself. Hence, in this system, there cannot exist any of those individuals who constitute the efficient parts of a State. It is thus, that Utopian systems of agrarian equality, are necessarily states of barbarism. The extreme division of the Highlands would be far worse than the ancient Clanship; since the people could maintain, neither the Chief, nor the piper, nor even the piper's gillie. The theoretical perfection of such an entire State, would not allow of a King, a judge, an army, or a minister of religion; it would not find even the ploughwright or smith, without whom, the very ground could not be cultivated. That it could not be realized practically, is true; because the whole fabric would fall to pieces long before it had reached that point. If, therefore, a society cannot exist on those terms, whatever portion of it is in that condition, is, for all general purposes, an encumbrance, instead of an advantage to the State. The defenders of Owen may apply this reasoning to their own scheme. In such a system, also, there is a constant tendency to increase, and when it is arrived at perfection, all further increase is at an end. Hence, the moment of happiness long sought, and at length accomplished, is that of misery. The limit to population is the limit of food, and the check is famine. Thus, emigration, or migration, becomes imperious; while want is the only motive of action; and hence, such a change becomes attended by that extreme misery which has generated the painful ideas connected with those terms; and which, to those not accustomed to reason, appears a consequence, where it is, in fact, a cause. I must here stop; and I stop gladly, as sensible that the whole subject requires much

more space than I have to give it: but he can have very little regard for his unfortunate countrymen, who would lend his assistance towards augmenting or perpetuating that which has already too strong a tendency to maintain itself.

To conclude. It is easy to show that the state of the Highlands confirms the theoretical opinion, that a country in this condition can possess no surplus population. Yet as the condition is not here absolute, a surplus is not entirely wanting, but is merely deficient when compared to the rest of the Empire. The evidences are apparent, in the want of manufactures, and of the current trades of society; in the absence of all those who elsewhere live without cultivating land, in the consequent union of many occupations in one individual, and, most of all, in the want of persons ready to work for hire, or, of a class of free labourers. Those facts are apparent on the very surface: but their real nature and cause have not been understood. Such a deficiency of surplus is, comparatively, of a private nature: that surplus which is more rigidly public, or political, consists in the individuals which the State can take for its armies, which may be rendered available to the public defence, with the least disturbance to the general machine. It is, unfortunately, difficult to touch on this subject, without rousing prejudices which are always on the watch for offence; yet the tenderness of which is neither prudent nor politic. All those clamours, however, are the produce of a few individuals; who, without any peculiar claims, present themselves as the representatives of the opinions and feelings of a whole people, and of one with which they are, too often, but very partially acquainted.

It was never disputed, that the Highlanders possessed all the qualities of good soldiers. That belongs to the personal character of the people. But they are averse to entering the army. That is a political character, a case in public economy. It is not a censure, to say that they have not strong military propensities. A man of

such propensities is a bad animal. But, for a man loving peace, in peace, to be a true soldier in war, is perhaps the very highest praise that can be given: and, thus considering the Highlanders, I feel myself more truly their defender and admirer, than those who have displayed so much misplaced indignation on the contrary side.

The Highlands have been represented as a nursery of seamen and soldiers, as the sole defence of the empire; and thus every emigration has been lamented as if it were the ruin of Britain. And, to all this, England and Scotland listen, and seem to consent; confessing thus, their own inferiority and disgrace. To say that the Highlanders have defended Britain by their numbers, is an arithmetical absurdity: it is for the English and Scottish military to admit, if it pleases them, the superiority of the Highland troops. If they allow that the Highlanders have bled for them, and that the great balance of war was turned, not by the weight of hundreds and tens of thousands from England and the Lowlands, but by thousands and hundreds from the Highlands, no one has a right to dispute it. It was said, that, in the American war, there were 70,000 Highland soldiers employed. That was more nearly the population of the country than the amount of its army; which, through the whole campaigns, never exceeded 12,000. But as popular opinions become current by repetition, every one still speaks of the thousands of men which this country annually furnished to the Navy and the Army. By how many fallacious statements this number has been swelled, and how often that service, which was the result of influence and threats, amounting virtually to conscription, has been represented as voluntary, I shall avoid showing, that I may avoid a tedious and an idle controversy. To write pages, for the purpose of convincing the public that there are persons who do not choose to be convinced, is to occupy space that may be much better employed.

That the Highlanders are averse to the army, is notorious to every one really acquainted with this people. Ex-

ceptions may of course be quoted, on account of the very various condition of the people in different parts of the country, and for other reasons on which I need not dwell. If Proprietors have sometimes found considerable facility in raising regiments, the assertion still remains true. That is a separate case; it is one of personal attachment: the aversion in question is that to enlisting merely as a soldier, or, in the common phrase, being recruited by beat of drum. If authority were wanting, none can be stronger than that of Col. Stewart, who says that it is so difficult to recruit the five Highland Regiments, in the country, that they are obliged to maintain parties in Edinburgh and Glasgow. He also considers it the consequence of a "low state of patriotism and courage among the once chivalrous, high-minded, and warlike Highlanders;" and, what appears more surprising, that "the disinclination to a military life among the Highlanders," has arisen, in a great measure, "from the idle and too general report of the destruction of lives in the Highland Regiments."

Testimony like this cannot be disputed. The "disinclination" could not be stated much more strongly, nor by a more competent judge. It may appear bold to dispute the assigned causes, against such an authority: yet this I am disposed to do. I can never admit that the Highlanders are "in a low state of courage," or that their "disinclination" to the service arises from the fear of death. That would be a censure indeed. It is impossible. The true reason lies elsewhere. It is a necessary consequence of the condition of the country, and is common to the Highlanders with the whole world. It is well known to politicians, that if it is difficult to procure recruits from agricultural labourers, they cannot be procured from persons who own or occupy land, be that occupancy ever so small. No man leaves his property to go on military service, voluntarily. This is the case of the Highlands; where every one is either the actual possessor of land, or looks forward to be what his father was before him. Nor is poverty favourable to the recruiting

service. Its great harvest is among those who are wanton from wealth, or discontented from ungratified ambition, or suddenly checked in a state of high labouring wages. It is thus that manufacturers enlist faster than agriculturists, and always most readily where those peculiar circumstances exist. It is hence that the Highland soldier must be sought in Glasgow, not in his own lands: and thus is the preceding statement as to recruiting, explained. Thus the greatest difficulty in Highland recruiting has been found where the division of land was the most minute; because it is precisely there that every one is a possessor. The very same consequences were felt in France: especially after the Revolution, when land became subdivided; and, still more, when, from the new French laws of descent, the subdivision had proceeded to a greater extent. The French peasantry, spirited and excellent soldiers as they are, thus became, like the Highlanders, attached to the land, and unwilling to enter the army: and it was this, no less than the prolongation of the war, which produced the Conscription laws. This is a case where military conscription became imperious: and were all England occupied as the Highlands are, we, like our neighbours, should be driven to the same resource.

What I have said must convince every unprejudiced person; equally respecting the fact and its causes: while it is the defence of my worthy friends against unmerited calumny. The repugnance is no discredit: the reverse, would be conduct against motives. The Highlanders here suffer, as usual, from their injudicious friends; and might well appeal to a familiar Spanish proverb. Making the habitual assertions respecting their military propensities, and then overborne by their own facts, those persons assign disgraceful moral causes for what is a necessary and natural political consequence. But the feeling is not new. Scottish history might have informed those Politicians, that the Earl of Mar found similar difficulties in 1715; when, in two months, he was unable, by bounties and promises, to collect more than

two hundred men at Inverness, and was obliged to resort to fraud and force. The same is true of the Naval service. Even the maritime Highlanders never volunteered for the navy; and the number of men which they had at any time in that service, was extremely trifling. The impress itself was abandoned early in the war, after having been attempted in the Islands; the people being found as unfit for the navy as landsmen. Notwithstanding their early and constant familiarity with the sea, the Highlanders have a well-known antipathy to a sailor's life: and every naval man with whom I have ever conversed, agrees that they are incapable of being turned into good seamen. As usual, there is one marked exception: else, perhaps, I should not now have been writing these words. It is, like all others in the country, to be found on the Border. The Argyllshire Highlanders partake in the common merit of the Clyde on this subject. No one has better reason to know it; and I can only regret that I must not inscribe in these pages, the names of the gallant, bold, and kind hearts that accompanied me in all my wanderings, that daily risked themselves in my service, and that made my home on the wild wave, a home of activity, security, and happiness.

In parting with this subject, I can only repeat a former apology for such imperfection as is the consequence of Brevity. There is not one of the circumstances noticed, which would not have afforded matter for a Chapter of itself. But I have sacrificed nearly the whole, to what was of chief importance; to that which regarded, and chiefly influenced, the present state of the country. So many changes also have occurred since those disputes were last agitated, that, to have entered on all the former questions, would have been, not only to write what is now superfluous, practically, but to have given a false impression of the actual state of the Highlands. That any thing remains open to controversy, is a consequence of that necessary brevity which excluded all the proofs and illustrations that might have been adduced.

IONA.

THOUGH the Etymology of Iona, The Island of Waves, is obvious, the Cabiri, not content, as usual, with what is a great deal too certain, must derive it from the Hebrew. It is a dove, and so is Columba; "and all that." And thus, Arran is derived from Aran, bread; and Bute from the Egyptian Buto; and Coll from the Cup and Noah's ark. And, therefore, when Scyphomantic Dolly consults the grounds of her tea, to see whether Roger will prove true, it is because Noah entered the Ark, and so on. I wish the Cabiri would stay in Samothrace or Syria, and leave us of Iona in peace. But what is even this, what are tag, rag, bag, shag, cag, mag, to Nelme, that raging man of symbols. H is an emblem of the deluge: the side-strokes are shores, and the cross-line marks their former union. It is a diminished *A*, and A is a mountain, because it is pyramidal. Hence, its French name is Aush; it is A-ish. In English, it is Each, because it is divided or eached. A represents Ararat, and thus H is the catastrophic Deluge of A. H is also Aw-ish, which is Eau-ish, or waterish, and thus, A and H are historical symbols of the Deluge. A little clean straw is the only answer to such quartos as these.

Iona is about three miles long, and, where widest, only one in breadth. The highest elevation is about 400 feet, and the surface is diversified with rocky hillocks, and patches of green pasture, or of moory and boggy soil. At the southern extremity, with the exception of a low sandy tract near Bloody Bay, it is a mere labyrinth of rocks. The village is a miserable collection of huts, inhabited by a population of about 450 people. It is separated from Mull by a narrow sound; and the western

coast is beset by numerous rocks and small islands, among which, Soa is the most conspicuous. The Bay of Martyrs is a small creek, near the village, and is said to be the place where the corpses brought hither for interment were landed.

Port na Currach, the Bay of the Boat, lies on the opposite side of the island. On its shore, are some irregular heaps of pebbles, apparently thrown up by the sea; with which tradition has been busy. Here, it is said, Columba first landed from Ireland; and a heap, of about fifty feet in length, is supposed to be a model and a memorial of his boat. The others are said to have been penances performed by the Monks; but these anilities are scarcely worth repeating. A place called Clach na Druineach, seems entitled to just the same degree of respect. The remains of the celebrated marble quarry are near the southern extremity, and the shore still affords those pebbles of green serpentine, which are objects of pursuit now to visitors, as they were once esteemed for antimagical and medical virtues.

But enough of the physical history of an island often described. The works of art are here more interesting than those of Nature: it is the antiquarian and moral history of Iona which constitutes its great interest. Pennant and Cordiner have been the historians; and how imperfectly they have performed their tasks, I need not say. It is not very creditable to those who might have done it long since, that Iona, the star of the Western Ocean, the "Luminary of roving barbarians," the Day-spring to savage Caledonia, should so long have remained an object for wandering Tourists to tell of; unhonoured, undescribed by those who owe it the deep debt of civilization, of letters, and of religion; untold by an Ædudean, untold even by a Highland pen. If Time can now take nothing more from those written records, to which it cannot add, yet it is making daily, hourly, attacks on that which it is the duty of the pencil and the graver to preserve from perishing, before it shall be too late. Iona has long demanded a volume, a Book,

of its own: let us hope that its Ruins will not much longer lift their hoary and neglected heads in reproach to the Antiquaries of the Highlands, to the Antiquaries of Caledonia.

Not to enumerate all the advantages which a country derives from the visits of tourists, fifty years ago, Mr. Pennant could not see the tombs of Iona, without wading through what a Hindoo would have considered peculiarly appropriate. It could not then be said, that they were "lying naked to the injuries of stormy weather." The native is no longer allowed to stable his stirks in chapel and hall. Thus much has The Book effected. They quote here, a proverb of St. Columba, "that where there is a cow, there must be a woman, and where there is a woman, there must be mischief;" which was the sufficient reason why the Saint banished his Nuns to a maritime outpost near Mull. Pennant deserves equal credit for having banished the cows; who, in defiance of the Saint's ingenious corollary, had excluded the nuns out of dormitory, chapel, and all; converting them into one dirty and boggy "vaccisterium." It is not probable that there is a single fragment remaining of the original buildings. Judging merely by style, St. Oran's chapel ought to be the oldest, the Nunnery chapel the next, and the Cathedral the latest. Yet when we know how very little England has to show of ecclesiastical architecture, prior to the Norman invasion, it is impossible to admit, that a specimen so finished, and so entire, as St. Oran's chapel, should have been executed in the sixth Century. Those who believe that, must believe the whole story; which is this. The Devil having discovered that the Saint was come to intrude upon his rights, caused the chapel to fall down as fast as it was built, undoing, Penelope-like, in the night, what had been set up in the day. Upon this, the Holy man was directed, in a vision, to bury a human victim alive. St. Oran became the voluntary sacrifice, and was inhumed accordingly. But the Saint's conscience could not rest; or else, actuated by a curiosity to know what was going on in the grave, he stole in pri-

vately, by night, and dug up his friend. To his great surprise, he found Oran as fresh as a Vampire, extremely communicative, and talking most profanely about those "regions below, which none are permitted to see;" which no one but Orpheus, Theseus, and Æneas, had seen before him, and which only Emanuel Swedenburg was to see after him. On this, to prevent all further disclosure of the secrets of the prison house, Oran was effectually soldered down.

I formerly remarked, in speaking of Dunkeld, that we must not judge of the dates of ancient ecclesiastical buildings in Scotland, by styles: and the remark need not be limited to Scotland. The reasons were then given; and hence it is not uncommon to find a particular style adopted in some place, long after it had been abandoned in England; whence, strange errors have crept in, respecting the date of many Scottish buildings; the records having, in most cases, been lost. In the same manner have antiquaries imagined reparations, where there was only an ignorant intermixture of styles; and, in such cases, the latest fashion is a measure for the date of that which appears the oldest part. It is more than doubtful whether Columba erected any buildings in stone. Excepting the Dunes, the Pictish Towers, the Vitrified Forts, and the Circles, there is no reason to suppose that Scotland possesses any building as early as the sixth century. Lawyers, like you, contrive to hang men upon delicate evidence; and upon such I mean to prove that the original buildings of Iona were, like many other early ones, constructed of wicker, or wattles. In the history of the Saint's life, he is reported to have given orders for indemnifying some land owner, from whom his monks had stolen stakes to repair their houses. Glastonbury was no better at the beginning; whether St. Joseph of Arimathea's thorn stick, still growing, was one of the stakes of that cathedral or not. Greestead, in Essex, is known to have been built of the same materials. Thus of many others; and that this was a common mode of build-

ing, in the early times of England as well as of Scotland, is known to the whole world.

That it was so in Ireland, is equally true, as the Irish antiquaries admit. Sir James Ware says that the ancient houses in his country, were made of wicker, covered with reeds or straw; though he, as well as Harris, says that stone and lime buildings were known in the fifth Century. In 431, Palladius built three wooden oratories. The Chapel of Monenna in Armagh was built in 630, of smoothed timber "secundum morem Scoticarum gentium." In 635, the church of Lindisfern was built, by Finnan, of split oak, covered with reeds. Bede tells us, that, in 684, St. Cuthbert built a church of loose stone and turf: no great improvement on the log huts and wicker houses. The former is the kind of building which we should have expected St. Columba to have transferred; even were it not almost proved by the rescript just quoted. Unfortunately, their wild assertions respecting the stone towers, asserted to have been built by the Pheni and Milesians, and dedicated to the Persian worship of fire, deprive the Irish of all credit as to their own antiquities. Yet the more rational think that the stone-roofed Chapels, which are Norman, are as early as the ninth Century. For it seems certain, that in Ireland, and no less in Scotland, the first stone buildings must have appertained to the Gothic nations, or the northern invaders; though this is denied by some of the Irish antiquaries. Yet they must have been very rare, even at a later date; for when Roderic O'Connor built a stone castle in 1171, it was both thought and called, The Wonderful Castle. This expression marks strongly the rarity of stone buildings at that period. From that time, however, the fashion seems to have crept on; as Giraldus gives us a list of fifteen stone castles in 1180. Cox makes them thirty-nine, and Stanihurst the same; but it is probable that those were nearly all the works of the Scandinavian Irish, who introduced their national taste for solid masonry. Of that taste, the proofs remain.

in our own country, as well as wherever the Northmen settled; and no where more strikingly than in Normandy, where, throughout the province, as well as at St. Michael's Mount, their buildings are still objects of admiration.

The rarity of stone works in Ireland, is strongly evinced by the following fact, which would almost lead us to suppose that Roderic O'Connor's castle was the only one then in existence. When Henry the second wanted to give the Irish kings and princes a Christmas dinner in Dublin, he caused a palace to be built for himself, as Hoveden tells us, of wattles; "virgis lævigatis;" this being the fashion of his own country. Bernard also says that Malachi O'Morgair, bishop of Armagh, had formerly built an Oratory "de lignis quidem lævigatis, sed apté firmiterque contextum; opus Scoticum pulchrum satis." He says too, that the same bishop was blamed for his extravagance in having built a house of stone, the like never having been seen before. But some of the Irish, anxious for the honour of their country, deny this tale. Whatever the truth may be, there seem to have been few houses in any part of Britain, at that age, formed of better materials; while many churches, and even some castles, appear also to have been made of wicker work. Pembroke Castle, according to Giraldus, was formed from "virgis et cespite tenui;" and with regard to Glastonbury, there can be no doubt of the fact, because it is on record. A British town in Cæsar's time must have been of the same nature. "Oppidum vocant Britanni, cum sylvas impeditas, vallo atque fossâ munierunt." But even in the twelfth century, the Irish churches were chiefly of wood. According to the early Councils, it was forbidden to apply the Chrisma to this material: and, for this reason, Archbishop Comyn refused to anoint the Irish altars.

If any of the tombs are of a high antiquity, they carry no evidence of it. The only ones which bear Irish inscriptions, are of a late date. The Runic sculptures cannot prove a date higher than the ninth century; because that was the commencement of the Danish inva-

sions. Those knots, often so beautifully designed and sculptured, are also found on stones, proved, by their dates, to be of the fourteenth and fifteenth Centuries: the original designs having become a standing fashion for after times. Even the chimerical animals of the same people, which have been traced to Egypt, became a kind of heirloom to the artizans of later days; who equally seem to have borrowed them, for ornaments, long after their symbolic meanings, if they ever had such with them, were forgotten: just as, in modern times, our drawing rooms are haunted by sphynxes, and decorated by the hieroglyphics of fire, water, air, time, and eternity, without proving that Messieurs Gillows or Oakley are deeply read in the mysteries of Thoth or Isis.

Thus much for the tombs and crosses; and the only rational conclusion as to the antiquity of these buildings is, that they belong, perhaps all, to the Roman Catholics, and therefore, do not reach higher than the end of the thirteenth Century; if they are even so early. It was not till that period that this Church gained a permanent footing, as I have shown at the end of this letter, and that their monasteries were established. If Ceallach, as I have here also shown, erected a monastery in 1203, and that this was pulled down by the Irish Clergy of St. Columba's order, who, like the learned of Iona itself, did not approve of the Romish doctrines, this fixes the maximum possible date and limit of these buildings. It is probable that they were not erected till long after, and possibly not before the Norwegian Secession; as the Culdees in Scotland, who had resisted the Romish power, in this place and elsewhere, so long, were not finally vanquished till about 1300, and even continued to have some power in the fourteenth Century.

If St. Oran's chapel had been found in England, it would have been esteemed as prior to the eleventh century. It is probably the work of the Norwegians, of whatever date; as this style is Norman, however once

reputed Saxon. Its general resemblance to the Irish stone-roofed chapels, which were the works of the same people, would lead to the same conclusion; and a similar character indeed seems to have pervaded all those buildings. The Chapel formerly described on Inch Cormac, is perfectly Irish. St. Oran's is a rude and small building, of about sixty feet by twenty-two; now unroofed, but otherwise very entire. The sculpture of the door-way is in good preservation, and the chevron moulding is repeated many times on the soffit of the arch, in the usual manner. But the style and execution are mean, and there is no other mark of ornament on the building. There are some tombs within it, of different dates; and there are many carved stones in the pavement; one of them being ornamented with balls, in an uncommon style. One of the tombs lies under a canopy of three pointed arches: being for this place, rather handsome, and evidently, far more modern than the building itself. The people, or the present old schoolmaster Maclean, who is the vox populi and showman, call this St. Oran's tomb; but it belongs to a warrior and not to a saint, to some pirate of much more modern times. Whether, as Dr. Macpherson asserts, all those who bore a ship with furled sails in their arms, were descended from the Norwegian kings, or the Lords of Mann, is a point which the Lyon king at arms would be much troubled to prove. The ship was, as might be expected, a common armorial bearing among the Chiefs of the Western sea. It was not unusual also for the tombs of the Danes to be made in the form of a ship.

Though the Nunnery ought to be the next in point of time, we are sure that there were no monastic establishments for females during the times of Columba's discipline. The proper monastic establishments of Iona belong to the age of the Romish influence; and thus the date of this building is brought down to a period, later, at least, than 1200. Were it not that style is here no test of dates, this chapel might be referred to a prior period: the architecture being purely Norman, without a vestige

of the pointed manner, or of any ornament indicating that age. It is in good preservation; and the length is about sixty feet, by twenty in breadth. The roof has been vaulted, and part of it remains. The arches are round, with plain fluted soffits. The other buildings that appertained to the Nunnery have so far vanished as to be unintelligible; but there is a court, and something is shown which is said to have been a church, and was probably the Lady Chapel. The Nuns were not displaced at the Reformation; and their order was that of Canonesses of St. Augustin. The black-letter inscription round the stone of the Prioress Anna, dated in 1511, has been often printed. The Lady's own figure is in a barbarous style, and in bad relief; supported on each side by angels, and with the "ora pro me" at her feet. The Sancta Maria to whom the request is made, holds the Infant in her arms; having a mitre on her head, and the sun and moon above it. Pennant mistook a sculpture above the head of the Prioress herself, for a plate and a comb. It is the looking-glass and comb: an emblem of the Sex, which appears to have been originally borrowed from ancient Greek or Roman art, and on which I have made some remarks elsewhere. This serves to prove the mixed and accidental sources from which the artists of those days derived their designs. There are many other tombs within this building; but I could find no more carvings or inscriptions, although one is named, as inscribed to a Beatrice, daughter of a Somerled, and a Prioress. I was also informed that the women of the island were still exclusively buried in this department; but many things are said in this country, to which absolute faith must not be given.

The date of the Cathedral, or Abbey Church, since it performed both offices, is as obscure as every thing else about this place: it is dedicated to St. Mary. Boethius, whose testimony is worse than none at all, says that it was built by Malduinus in the seventh century. This is fully seven centuries too soon; at least for the most re-

cent part; for it is evidently of two distinct periods. That which lies to the eastward of the tower, is probably of the same time as the chapel of the Nunnery, be that when it may. At present its form is that of a cross; the length being about 160 feet, the breadth 24, and the length of the transept 70. That of the choir is about 60 feet. The tower is about 70 feet high, divided into three stories. It is lighted, on one side, above, by a plain slab, perforated by quatrefoils, and on the other by a Catherine-wheel, or marigold window, with spiral mullions. The tower stands on four cylindrical pillars of a clumsy Norman design, about ten feet high and three in diameter. Similar proportions pervade the other pillars in the church; their capitals being short, and, in some parts, sculptured with ill-designed and grotesque figures, still very sharp and well preserved; among which that of an angel weighing souls, (as it is called by Pennant,) while the devil depresses one scale with his claw, is always pointed out with great glee. This sculpture, however, represents an angel weighing the good deeds of a man against his evil ones. It is not an uncommon feature in similar buildings, and occurs, among other places, at Montivilliers; where also the Devil, who is at the opposite scale, tries to depress it with his fork; as is done elsewhere with his claw. The same allegory is found, in detail, in the Legends; and it may also be seen in some of the works of the Dutch and Flemish painters. The arches are pointed, with a curvature intermediate between those of the first and second styles, or the sharp and the ornamented, the two most beautiful periods of Gothic architecture; their soffits being fluted with plain and rude mouldings. The corded moulding separates the shaft from the capital of the pillars, and is often prolonged through the walls, at the same level. The larger windows vary in form, but are every where inelegant. There is a second, which is here the clerestory tier; the windows sometimes terminating in a circular arch, at others, in trefoil heads; the whole being surmounted by a corbel

table. Such are the chief details of St. Mary's Church; and I shall only further add, while on this subject, that when I made some remarks formerly, on the Oriental origin of the sharp arch, I might have adduced, from Ledwich, one or two other remarkable specimens of its early use in the same countries. Antinoopolis, founded by Adrian, in consequence of the death of Antinous in the Nile, in 132, contains, at least, the contrasted arch; as may be seen in Montfaucon. In Europe, the coins of Berengarius and of Lewis the Pious, show also that it was used as early as the ninth and tenth centuries; a period considerably prior to the commonly received date of its introduction.

There is a mixture of materials in all these buildings. The granite, which is red, and resembles the Egyptian, may have been brought from Mull, or from the Nuns island; but the gneiss, hornblende slate, and clay slate, which are intermixed with it, are the produce of Iona itself. A fissile mica slate has been used for the roofs; and this, like the sandstone employed for some of the sculptured members, is not found in the island: the latter has probably been brought from Inch Kenneth, or from the shore of Gribon in Mull. Pennant found the last remains of the marble altar-piece; but it is now vanished. It was described by Sacheverell as six feet by four in dimensions; and tradition says that it came from Sky. Unluckily for its preservation, a fragment of it was esteemed a Fetish against fire, shipwreck, murder, ill fortune, and what not. The font remained in perfect preservation at my visit.

The pavement is still entire. On the north side of the altar is the most perfect of the monuments; that of the Abbot Mac Fingon, or Mac Kinnon, with an inscription often printed, and the obiit of 1500. It stands on four feet; the figure of the priest being in a high relief, with his vestments and crosier, and with four lions at the angles. His father, Lachlan, has a separate monument, on the outside. This stone is neither of black marble nor

basalt, as has been said, but of a mica slate containing hornblende; and Lightfoot's Byssus Iolithus does not grow on it, but on that of the Abbot Kenneth on the opposite side: so much for botanical and mineralogical criticism. This last Abbot was a Mackenzie, or a Seaforth: but his tomb is much defaced, as is that of an armed knight who lies on the floor, probably a Maclean, with a shell sculptured by his side, to denote his maritime claims. It is here that I proposed to have laid my own carcase, as I once told you, should the mermaids have permitted it. Nor is the motive without good authorities, though I did not then quote them. In China, it is a trade to seek for pleasant places of sepulture among the hills. There is an undertaker for the landscape, as well as for the coffin; and the man of taste is paid for these discoveries, in proportion to the beauty of the scenery, and, of what must be of vastly more moment to the tenant, the salubrity of the situation. The other advantages of a bed in Iona are apparent; since the fortunate tenants will, not only float at the end of all things, but in the very best of company.

Round the cathedral, are various fragments of walls and enclosures, which are nearly unintelligible. Two of them are said to have led to the sea; others are thought to have been chapels; and some are, unquestionably, parts of the monastery. It is easy enough to conjecture what may have been the cloister and the hall; but there is neither ornament nor interest in any of these ruins. Four arches of the former remain; and three walls of what was probably the refectory. The remains of the Bishop's house are just as little worthy of notice. Buchanan says that there were several chapels, founded by kings of Scotland and Insular Chiefs: all of which is very probable, though his testimony on these subjects, being derived from mere hearsay, is of no value.

While I write, the roof has fallen. I wish that Iona had been preserved, like Melrose and Dunkeld. This

would have been better than talking of Gothic architecture. But the people speak of this, as they do of the Greek, without feeling or understanding it. It is the fashion at present. The opinions of the Polycephalous monster are of about the same value in the one as in the other. It proved the line and fathom of its taste and of its principles of judgment, by its once unlimited condemnation of what was not then the fashion. Had the Parthenon been erected by Odin or Regner Lodbrog, it is easy to conjecture what its fate would have been. But it was the temple of Minerva and Pericles. We need not concern ourselves much about the architectural affections of those who can see merit in the architecture of Greece only; who can range the proud aisles of York and Westminster, or look up to the splendour, taste, and effect of Lincoln and Peterborough, without feeling that there is something here too, though it be not Greek; and that there are two things, known by a common name. But thus it must ever be.

Among the ruins of the monastery were the Sacred Black stones; but they are no longer to be found. Honest old Maclean, the Mystagogue of the place, was far from being an adept in the secrets of his trade; though combining within himself the joint offices of Coquinarius, Gardinarius, Portarius, Cellerarius, Eleemosynarius, and Sacrista. But though to swear on the Black stones of Iona, was proverbial for that oath which was never to be broken without infamy, this form, and even the stones themselves, were not thus limited, as Martin will assure us. What the peculiar power of this talisman was, in giving a conscience to him who was well aware that he had none of his own, is neither related nor to be guessed. But the Devil, who, as some wit says, is the father of oaths, has so contrived as to furnish, even the most barbarous of his followers, with some formula adapted to their capacity. The Ionians swore by cabbage; a Highlander has no kale to swear by. A fisherman swore by his nets; and the Greeks, generally, by any thing in their

houses; as they did by the plane tree, a dog, a goose, as well as by their own bodies. This last oath, with anatomical improvements, has descended from the Argonauts to our own Jack Tars. Plato, who has come before us more than once already, was as good a swearer as our virgin Queen. The Scythians swore by their swords, and by the air. Lucian tells us that they also pricked their fingers and drank each others blood in affirmation: and our Highlanders had once the same usage. If you choose to look into Æschines, you will find that some of the Highland oaths resembled the imprecations made by the Amphyctions against those who had profaned the temple of Delphi; the Cyrrheans and Acragallides. The variety and multiplicity of oaths are proportioned to the superstitions of a country, says some one. They belong, at least to the general class of human refinements. The Highlanders seem to have had but few. The Chieftain's hand, or the naked dirk, served most purposes; and the concatenation is here sufficiently intelligible. Capricious as these receipts for telling truth appear often to have been among wild nations, they certainly have answered better purposes at times, than to allow us to attribute them to the personage above named. The story is well known, of the Highlander who had no scruple in perjuring himself on the Bible in an English court of justice, but who refused to do the same, according to his own views of the nature of an oath. Those who find all knowledge among the Druids, suppose the stones to be a relic of Druidical superstition; the original oath having been taken on the sacred stone of a temple. When and where, we may ask. It is more ingenious to imagine the fashion derived from some similar respect paid to a meteorolitic Palladium in former days: this is the oath, "Per Jovem lapidem." Were I inclined to show much of this meteorolitic learning, I might tell you the story of Elagabalus, and describe the black stone of Mecca, and that worshipped by the Tyrrhenians, and much more. But Iona threatens to be long enough with-

out all these digressions. There was another stone in Iona, of which Martin tells us that whoever stretched his arm three times over it, in the name of the Trinity, would never err in his steerage. This should have been, at least, half Catholic. Such it is to be ignorant of the Druidical Religion. I forgot to say formerly, that the Druids worshipped the Trinity. But Cromer and Schedius have proved it; nay, that they worshipped the Cross also. They lopped an oak tree into the shape of a cross, and, on the three arms, they inscribed Thau, Hesus, and Belenus. And these are among the things on which antiquaries expect to be believed.

The remains of the ancient causeway are sufficiently perfect in some places; but in others, it has been dilapidated, like every thing else, to build cottages and make enclosures, the stolen materials of which, betray themselves every where. The "Abbot's fish-pond" is as likely to have been a mill-pond. A certain manuscript says that there were 360 crosses here in former days, and tradition says that the Synod of Argyll ordered 60 to be thrown into the sea: consequently, there are 300 to account for. Of those, there are the traces of four only remaining. Two are very perfect, and one of them is beautifully carved; the third has been broken off at about ten feet; and of the last, the foot alone remains, fixed in a mound of earth. Sundry fragments are, however, to be found, which have been converted into grave-stones; and which, from the sculptures and inscriptions on them, have certainly been votive. Pennant says that the Cross at Campbelltown had been transferred from this place; but I formerly showed that this was an error. It is in vain to ask where the rest are; if indeed they ever were. One of those remaining, is called after St. Martin, and the other after St. John; and, like the rest, they were probably of votive origin. Adam and Eve, with the forbidden tree, are represented on one side of the former. It is surprising to see the accuracy and freedom of the workmanship and design, in such a material as

mica-slate; a substance, which seems as ill adapted to sculpture as it is possible to imagine.

We must lament over the Crosses of Iona, whether they were sixty or three hundred and sixty. But all reformers are the same, be the matter to be reformed what it may. It is only the Spirit of Destruction let loose; whether it be Leo the Iconoclast, Omar, or Charlemagne, Greek books, or Saxon temples, it is all the same. Had the valiant Karl not been so hot a reformer, we might now have known somewhat more than we do of Saxon idols and Saxon temples; and might possiby have been as keen followers of Odin as we are of Druiyus. The Synod of Argyll may, however, find its authority in mobs, if it prefers them to monarchies: and the destruction of the Pagan temples by the early Christians, will prove that it had not the merit of discovery. If it did destroy the Library of Iona, it has its authority too, in the destruction of innocent libraries and inoffensive works of art, by those who professed the doctrines and practice of peace, and mildness, and forbearance, and forgiveness, and tolerance, and superior light. There is an Organ of Reformitiveness. If the early Christian Apostles destroyed all the Teutonic monuments, the Vikingr, in their turn, upset Iona. For other reasons, the Synod of Argyll turned it inside out again. Edward did what he could to reform Wales and Scotland; and Cromwell and Canute, laboured in their several vocations, to reform England. The Romans demolished Etruria and Carthage, and they were reformed in their turn, by Pope and Pagan. They overturned all the world as far as they could get at it, and what they could not effect, others have done for them. The Emperor Charles reformed his own subjects of Flanders, by the halter and gibbet; and Pizarro amended the Mexicans, by the ultimate argument of Kings. Alexander reformed Persepolis with a Torch, and Barrere and his crew medicined to the faults of France with the guillotine. Their fraternity reformed the Chemical Nomenclature with words; and the Americans convert the Dogribs and

Great Beavers, with rum and gunpowder. Thus, it also is, that, instead of following the system of Osmyn and Amurath, we reform the dangerous excess of property, by the multiplication of Laws and Lawyers: by Delay. But we have too much humanity. For, as a Sawny observed to me, when I was lamenting the fracture of one of these very Crosses, "If you Englishers had pulled down your Cathedrals too, you would not now have been troubled with the Archbishop of Canterbury."

The great collection of tombs surrounds St. Oran's chapel. This was the proper Polyandrium of Iona; but it is of no great extent. The stones seem to lie in rows, in a north and south direction. The story told by Monro, is repeated by Buchanan, who, though a Highlander himself, is, on all subjects of the Highlands, the merest of compilers. Its truth depends on the accuracy of a writer, who has buried here, forty-eight Kings of Scotland, beginning with Fergus II, and ending with Macbeth; ten of whom never existed. Besides those personages, this was also the repository of one French, four Irish, and eight Norwegian Kings. The Dean himself seems to have borrowed from an authority, the "Erische cronickels," not very solid at any time, and not likely to have gained much in weight or accuracy, by time and transmission to him. It would be no easy problem to discover who was the French Monarch that thought he should float with all this goodly company, when, "seven years before the last day, all the nations shall be drowned by a deluge, except Columba's holy isle;" all the nations of the proverb, consisting of Ireland and Isla. But to examine the Kings more narrowly, though Monro says that there were forty-eight Scottish monarchs buried here, the list, as given by Monipenny, amounts only to forty-five, commencing in the year 404, with Fergus II, who is reckoned the fortieth king, and whose real date is 503. It is not worth while to copy this list; which ends with Macbeth, the eigthy-fourth King of Scotland, according to this Chronology. That of the Colbertine

MS. differs, but is of equally little value. After all this, there are just two things which appear certain; namely, that Duncan actually was buried in Iona, and that, from Malcolm III, who was buried at Tynemouth, onwards, the kings of Scotland were interred at Dunfermline or Arbroath. With respect to the Irish Kings, it appears on record, that Neill Frassach only, the son of Fergal, who died in 778, was buried in this place.

The credulity, if it must not sometimes have a worse name, of all those historians, is, perhaps, often more ludicrous than censurable, as belonging to their age, and to the nature of what was considered history in those days. But that such tales should be repeated and believed now, when one moment's consideration would detect them, is scarcely, even amusing. Every one relates the story of the forty-eight kings of Iona, down to Pennant and Cordiner, and from them, down to us, without hesitation or enquiry; as if it were at least possible, if not true. Now Iona could not have been a sacred place till 570 A. D. if so soon, because Columba did not arrive in Scotland till 563 or 565; yet Fergus the Second is buried there in the year 404, (which is really 503, without improving the truth), and after him, Domangart, Comgal, Gauran, and Conal, the real names of the four succeeding kings; the last of whom died in 571, when Iona could scarcely have acquired its reputation, and the three former of whom were all dead and buried, while it was yet a desert and unknown island. What might be said further, of the Polytyrannium of Iona, as of much more that has here passed in review, on more occasions than one, may be said in the words of Hailes; "If readers can digest so many absurdities, it is an ungrateful labour to set plain truth before them."

These "Tumuli Regum, Hiberniæ, Scotiæ," and much more of the same nature, would be inoffensive enough, and the Kings would be as innocent personages as King Cophetua and the beggar Zenelophon, if all this was not repeated, and repeated without criticism, to those who have no interest in, or knowledge of, Scottish history, and who

repeat those tales without investigation, till they become standing articles of belief. It would else be an ungrateful labour indeed, to judge them; but nothing deserves neglect which tends to corrupt History. The fictitious British kings have found their level. Brutus, Locrinus, Hudibras, Gurgustius, Sicilius, Gorbonian, Gurguntius, Elynquellus, and Agrestes who assists Claudius in conquering those Orcades which he never saw, are fairly gone to sleep; and it is full time that the repose of Iona should at length remain undisturbed by Dean Monro, Monypennie, and Eugenius. Where else is this to end. Partholanus, king of Ulster, Munster, Connaught, or Bally O'Shaugnessy, is the son of Esra, Sru, Framant, Fathaclan, Magog, Japhet, and Noah, and landed in the Emerald Isle, 1973 years after the Creation. Odin lived in the time of Pompey, and nine hundred years before. Niall, King of Tipperary, consults with Moses and Aaron: Parsons proves that Jason came to Ireland in the Argo, and the Seven kings of Rome reigned 243 years, though three of them were murdered and one expelled. The Egyptians arrived in Scotland in the reign of King Mainus, says Boethius: a Messenger despatched out of the Ark, landed in Ireland after the Deluge, and carried away a handful of Shamrock, as a specimen. You will find it all in the Psalters of Cashel and Tara.

However all this may be, Monro says that he saw three chapels; what he did not see, the Erische cronickels told him; and he and his successors have guessed the rest. The description is not indeed very intelligible. Taken literally, it should mean that the several allotments of Kings were buried in three separate tombs: "tombes of staine formit like little chapels;" having each a broad slab of "gray marble or whin stone" in the gable, on which were inscribed the words "Tumulus Regum Scotiæ," "Hiberniæ" and "Norwegiæ." It is in vain, therefore, if this be the true account, to seek for those tombs, as has been done, in the open "fair kirkzaird;" and, of such tombs or chapels "of staine," there is not a trace.

So much for the "ridge of the Kings," as it has been called; with no great propriety, if the Dean's description be correct. Be that as it may, it would require a lynx's eye to discover the tomb of any King, among the infinite confusion of stones that have been taken up, and replaced to cover the much more orderly personages who now die quietly in their beds. "In the" present "Golgotha, there are sculls of all sorts;" and king Amberkelethus would probably be troubled to recognize his own again, were he to seek it among those of his clan who have attempted to get into better company, after their deaths, than they enjoyed while living.

But, with all this nonsense, there is a mixture of truth; as it is evident, no less from the number of ancient stones, than from the remains of sculpture and inscription, that Iona was a place of great posthumous resort, at least for the Chiefs of the Isles, even down to a late period. Some of the stones are finely carved with knots and vegetable ornaments, and with recumbent warriors and other emblems; but the greater number are plain. Yet if personages of such high note as Kings, whether Scottish or Irish, or even Norwegian Viceroys, or Sea kings, had been buried here in numbers, we ought to have found something in the nature of testimonial sculpture or inscription; whereas there is nothing. Two mutilated Erse, or Irish, inscriptions seem among the most ancient; and one of these belonged to a certain Donald Longshanks. Four Abbots, of about the year 1500, are sufficiently modern. If, as Sacheverel says, three hundred inscriptions were collected here about the year 1600, and deposited with the Argyll family, it is next to impossible that the originals should have disappeared, considering the durable nature of the materials, and the protection which the stones must have received from earth and vegetation in later days. These tales all bear dissection very ill. As to other details, a lump of red granite is pointed out as the tomb of the solitary French king. Lauchlan Mac Fingon,

formerly noticed, lies at the end of St. Oran's chapel, with his dated epitaph of 1439. There is also a Mac Donald; the Angus Og who was with Bruce at Bannockburn; whose son John was a great benefactor to this establishment, as the account of his life in the Red Book testifies.

But it is much more fortunate for the good old schoolmaster, that he can show off his own clan to such advantage, from the Doctor, John Beaton, upwards to old Torloisk. A Coll, a Duart, and a Lochbuy, fill up the intermediate stages with their appropriate achievements, namely, defensive armour, swords and pistols. Unquestionably, those heroes gave largely to the church, though it has not "canopied their bones till doomsday;" but if we may hazard a conjecture, it is probable they only gave what they were no longer able to keep: as some of them seem, during their lives, to have been as formidable enemies as the Vikingr, to the Holy Isle. According to the Dean, Rasay, which belonged to Iona by heritage, was then "perteining" to Mac Gilliechallum "by the sword." It is impossible to discover now, what were the islands that belonged to Iona, independently of the property which this establishment possessed in Galway. Out of thirteen islands, which, as the Dean says, formed part of this rich endowment, conferred by Scottish kings, he has given the names of seven only; and three of these have changed their appellations, so that it is now impossible even to guess at them. Canna, Soa, Eorsa, and Inch Kenneth, are the other four; and from the internal evidence afforded by the remains of cells or other establishments, we might venture to add the three Shiant isles, the three Garveloch isles, and the Isles of St. Cormac, which, with Rasay, will nearly make up the number; though it is probable that Staffa, the Treshinish isles, and Colonsa, belonged also to Iona, as it is equally believed that Tirey at one time did.

I saw no marks of mail armour in any of these sculptures: and it is doubtful if any other than plate armour

was ever used in the Highlands. Nor do I know if the sculptured ships will be taken as evidence of the state of navigation in those days: whether, in heraldic phrase, they are ships masted, ruddered, and sailed, "proper," or whether they must be classed with the fraternity of gryphons, salvages, mermaids, and blue boars. If they are real ships, the birlings had the prow and stern alike, prolonged like those of the Roman gallies, upwards, in long curves. The rudder is powerful, and the rigging consists of one mast a midships, with a single square sail; the yard being slung in the centre, with haulyards and after braces. The sail being fastened by four points only, they must have been small vessels, or rather boats; and there is neither bowsprit nor appearance of any provision for rowing. They should also have been clinker built; if we may judge from one of the best preserved of these sculptures. When a Greek hero had been drowned in some of the piratical adventures that seem to have been an inheritance of that virtuous people from the time of the Argonauts to our own, his tomb at home was decorated with a ship, to indicate what is told in much plainer language, by the celebrated epitaph, "Here we are, three brothers dear, Two lies in America and I lies here." Thus we may suppose the tomb of Maclean to have been his ἰχρίον or his cenotaph. But it was customary also to place the emblems of the occupant's trade on his grave. These were the σήματα μνῆματα; so that the ship had probably no other signification. The gentleman who writes on his tombstone in Tamerton church-yard, "Glazier from London," has something like Classical authority in his favour. The Greek Ghosts, like the Celtic ones, take great delight in contemplating their own "grey stones." The ψυχαγωγία is the "calling of the ghosts" in Ossian, as much as it is that of Æneas when he erects the tomb of his friend Deiphobus on the Rhœtean shore; and Ausonius, in the same way, tells us of the delight which dead men took in hearing their names called over. But enough of those antiquities.

The loss of the library of Iona has been a frequent subject of regret, like all inaccessible things; but its value was probably far less than its reputation. The fate of the Alexandrian library could scarcely have excited more lamentation. The only account of it which has been transmitted to us, is that of Boece; and though much of it must be received with suspicion, it serves to ascertain some facts respecting the nature of this collection; notwithstanding the neglected and ruined state in which many of the manuscripts were found even then; that is, between 1500 and 1520, about which time he wrote his history. That he used it in compiling his work, is supposed to be a proof that it contained ancient historical records; although this very fact is encumbered with a difficulty arising from his own assertion, that Alexander the first, had removed the records of Scotland from Iona to the Priory of Restennet, long before his own time. Of what value those records might have been, it is difficult to conjecture; but they cannot be rated highly, when we recollect that the use of letters was nearly unknown in those very periods respecting which our curiosity and want of information are greatest. By the loss of their Theological works, it is not likely that we have lost much, either in point of merit or quantity. It must be remembered in the first place, that the disciples of Columba did not engage in the theology of the times. The simplicity of his Rule limited him chiefly to the use of the Scriptures; and, from Adamnan's evidence, we know that he employed his monks in making accurate copies of these books. If they had collected the theological writings of their predecessors or contemporaries, we still possess, from other sources, all that was valuable among them; and I need not remark, that, excepting the writings of the Fathers of the Church, little value can be attached to the works of those ages. It seems indeed certain, that, in the ninth century at least, they had no other theological books than those of St. Chrysostom. Respecting the works said to have been written by Co-

lumba himself and his successors, they could not have been numerous, and it is not likely that they were very important. Columba's Life of St. Patrick, with his other writings, whatever they might have been, is lost; but Adamnan's Geography of the Holy Land, a work of hearsay, and his Life of Columba, are extant, as is Cumin's Life of the same Saint; and if these are to be taken as a measure of the rest, we have little occasion to lament that which is now irrecoverable. Those works of Columba and others, supposed to be preserved in Ireland, are now rejected as spurious.

It has been fondly conjectured that Iona must have possessed many of the classical authors; and, among other things, the lost books of Livy's history. Could this be proved, there would indeed be reason to lament the destruction of this library; but the evidence is worse than doubtful, though it appears to have made an impression on Gibbon. The original tale of Boethius on this subject, is not only awkward, but encumbered with Anachronisms. He reports that Fergus the second brought away from the plunder of Rome by Alaric, whom he assisted, a chest of books, and that he deposited these at Iona. Thus, this present must have been made to a monastery that had no existence; as the sack of Rome in question, preceded the landing of St. Columba by more than a century. It took place in 412, and Iona was not founded till 563. It is unnecessary to dwell on the other, less gross, mistake of a similar nature, which mentions this same king as having employed writers to transcribe these works, when letters were unknown in Scotland. It is not very easy to see how Fergus could have been at Rome in 412, when he died in 506: and it is therefore useless to question whether a half-barbarian king would have considered books as a property worth transferring to such a distance. The existence of classical writers in this collection, is another question; but we have little more evidence, even on this subject, than that of this fabulous and inaccurate writer, who asserts that he and his

friends inspected certain fragments which appeared to be more in the style of Sallust than Livy. It is also reported that Pius II. when in Scotland, intended to have visited Iona in search of the lost works of this last author, but was prevented by the death of James the first.

Such is the total amount of all this evidence respecting the library of Iona, historical, classical, and theological; and every one is equally entitled to form his own conjectures respecting its probable value and our loss. But I may remark generally, that the existence of large libraries, or of collections of classical authors, in our ancient monasteries, is a mere hypothesis. Letters were very little cultivated, even in those abodes; and the very few authors which they did preserve, were among the least interesting. Their own necessary, or official, libraries, were already expensive, as well from their bulk, ornament, and materials, as from the price of transcription; and there was as little temptation as there was power, to add to them, works of mere ancient literature. The Catalogue of the Glasgow library, and of that of Aberdeen, will probably convey a tolerably just notion of the nature of those monastic collections. The library of St. Victor may perhaps do as well; "Majoris de modo faciendi boudinos; Le Moustardier de penitence; L'apparition de St. Gertrude a un nonnain estant mal d'enfant; Sabolenus de Cosmographia Purgatorii;" and, to sum the whole, "Soixante et neuf breviaires de haulte greffe."

The dispersion of those books, whatever they may have been, is a question of equal obscurity. It is supposed that they suffered, together with the establishment in general, by the incursions of the Northmen, noticed in the History of the Isles formerly, or in the fire by which it was destroyed in 1069. But if that had happened, Boethius could not have consulted them many centuries after. The authors who report that they were carried off by the Norwegians, and that some were deposited at Drontheim, seem to have overlooked this obvious contradiction. Either they were not taken away, or

burnt, or there was no library in Iona prior to 1069. Edward the first, the Rawhead and Bloodybones of Scotland, is also accused, by Bishop Nicolson, of plundering Iona, among the other attacks which he is said to have made on the records of this country. But this is only a reasoning from the majus to the minus; and the truth is, that the unlucky Edward is the Cat who eats up all the missing bacon. Every country has its own monster, for these and similar purposes. The White ants in India used to eat hogsheads of Rupees, when the Governor found it convenient. Hailes, whose authority may safely be balanced against Nicolson's, says that the taking of some charters from Scone, and the tearing off of some seals, are the only well-vouched outrages of Edward's army. Next comes the Reformation; and here we might expect to stand on firmer ground. At this event, it is said, many manuscripts were carried to Douay, Rome, and Ratisbon, by the fugitated monks. Whatever the fact may be, it is certain that very few, if any, have been found. It is not in the least probable that the Gaelic manuscript of the Ossianic poetry, existing at Douay, was a part of this spoil; and, if it were, it would not go far to prove the general assertion. That the reforming mob itself did destroy many of them, is far more likely. In the western district, which included Iona, the execution of the act of the convention of estates in 1561, was committed to the Earls of Arran, Glencairn, and Argyll; and that they or their followers rifled and destroyed without mercy, is too well known. The term Gothic has been applied to this synod; but the poor Goths little deserve such a comparison: we may with great justice apply to our own countrymen on this occasion, Lord Byron's well known parody of a well-known pasquinade. To confirm this opinion of the dispersion of these works at that period, it is said, that a little prior to the time of Charles the second, many of them were in possession of the Argyll family, and that one was even found by some Duke of Montague, employed in a shop,

for the base purpose of wrapping snuff. If Calvin left any thing, Cromwell is accused of sweeping clean after him. But Cromwell, like Edward, is a Grumbolumbo, who has been condemned to father many imps besides his own. There is not the slightest evidence that his soldiers visited Iona; nor is it likely that their predecessors in purity left any thing to amend. But, as I have noticed in the account of Cairn Burg, it is said that some of the works which were taken from the monastery during the confusion of this attack, on the part of the Reformers, were deposited there by the Macleans, as in a place of safety; and here, it is also said, they perished by fire during the attack by Cromwell's people. Enough.

It is a heavy task to wade through the mass of miracles with which Adamnan and Cumin have embellished their lives of St. Columba. The date of the former work is 680; of the latter, 657. A specimen will be enough. A globe of light appeared round his head at the altar. He turned water into wine, conversed with angels, and exorcised the devil out of a milk pail. One of his contrivances was more valuable. It was a spit which caught deer and other game, of itself, when fixed in a wood out of doors, and which he presented to one of his friends; but its virtue was destroyed by the primitive cause of all mischief, the curiosity of his wife. These are matters for the Golden Legend. But when divested of that which belongs to the piety and credulity of the age, we imagine that we can discover the features of a character truly apostolic; a fervent and unwearied piety, united to an industry in pursuing his mission that knew no repose, and to an undaunted courage, which the condition of the ferocious and lawless people whom he attempted to convert, rendered indispensable.

It would be scarcely necessary to remark that Columba and Columbanus were distinct persons, had they not been confounded by a writer of yesterday, the rest of whose knowledge is of the same scale. The latter was Bishop of Leinster, and died, after many wanderings,

in Italy, in 615. Descended from a family which was allied to the Kings of Scotland and Ireland, and a native of the latter country, Columba commenced his career in 563, or, according to Bede, in 565, and in the forty-second year of his age; after having travelled in many countries, much esteemed for his piety and learning. He was accompanied by twelve Saints, as it is said, whose names I need not repeat; but who amount to thirteen, according to the enumeration. Landing first in Oransa, and then in Iona, he proceeded to the eastern parts of Scotland, or the territories of the Picts; where he converted their king Brude or Bridei, the extent of whose reign lies between 557 and 587, obtaining from him a part of this island. So says Bede; but the Annals of Ulster and Tighernac say that this grant was made by Connel the son of Comghal, king of the Dalriadan Scots. Innes sides with this opinion: and Jamieson wishes to reconcile them, by supposing that Iona might have lain on the confines of both dominions; and that it was given by the one king and confirmed by the other. This conversion, as his venerable biographer affirms, was not effected without many dangers and some miracles. In a few years, however, the greater part of the Pictish kingdom appears to have been converted to Christianity; churches and monasteries having also been built in many places. The Irish annalists, and others, assert, that, under his superintendence, 300 churches and 100 monasteries were founded; but the greater part of those were probably in Ireland, where he shares with St. Patrick, in the merit of extending the reign of Christianity. But these religious labours were not limited to Scotland and Ireland. In the reign of Oswald, Northumberland became the scene of the pious labours of Aidan and other monks from Iona, who cultivated the Saxon language for this purpose, and his people were converted to the Christian faith; but not without giving rise, in after times, to a miraculous history, in which a vision of St. Columba appears to Oswald, announcing to him a victory over the

Britons. The influence of Iona in England, did not cease with its first success; many of its religious establishments having, long after, been provided by teachers or monks from this remote spot, which was thus destined to extend its influence far beyond the bounds of its own narrow and stormy region.

But the zeal of the monks of Iona required a still wider range of action; and even during Columba's own life, they undertook voyages to the surrounding islands and the Norwegian seas, for the purpose of propagating the Gospel in countries which it had not yet reached. St. Columba is said to have made a voyage himself to the North Sea in his Currach, and to have remained there twelve days. This praise is equally due to the monastic establishments of Ireland; which indeed must be considered as almost children of the same parent, and fellow labourers in the same rude vineyard. Irish monks were found in Iceland by the Norwegians in 900; and they were so generally diffused, even through France, Italy, and other parts of Europe, as to have produced a remark from the Bollandists, that all the Saints of unknown origin were reputed to be of Irish or Scottish descent. Notwithstanding the zeal of Bede for the Church of Rome, he bears ample testimony to the ardour, the learning, and the simplicity of the monks of Columba's Rule; while, in acknowledging the advantages which Britain derived from their labours, he laments their departure from some of the rites of the Romish Church, and more particularly, their neglect of the Tonsure, and their irregularity respecting the time of Easter.

The exact nature or extent of this schism is not known. It is asserted that St. Patrick and St. Palladius, who were the supposed precursors of St. Columba in Ireland, were missionaries from Rome. As it also appears that Columba left Ireland under circumstances of political dissension, it has been suspected that some difference between his religious opinions and those which were then

universally entertained, must have been the cause: an hypothesis which does not agree with the undiminished influence which he appears to have retained in his native country. If it is difficult to develope the whole of this subject, we may still with safety conclude, that Iona preserved the opinions and practices of the Oriental Church whence it sprung, in comparative simplicity, and preached the Gospel with purity, long after the corruptions at Rome had diffused themselves over the surrounding countries. It has indeed been called the Rome of Ireland and Scotland; but the comparison does not render justice to that seat of a far purer Christianity. We learn from Bede's authority, just quoted, that they preached only the works of charity and piety which they derived from the writings of the prophets, the evangelists, and the apostles; a testimony the more valuable, as it is evidently given in the nature of a censure for differing from the orders and usages of the Romish Church.

The monastic order of St. Columba was sometimes called the Apostolic, and gave rise, in after times, to those institutions, of which the members were called Culdees. He had himself been educated under Theliaus, who, with several other Welsh Bishops, had been consecrated by the Patriarch of Jerusalem; and hence their monasteries adopted the Oriental system. The rules for the conduct of the monks of Iona, appear to have been rigid; no less as it regarded their public forms of worship than their own conduct. But I need not describe them, as they must be known to every one conversant in ecclesiastical history. It has often been made a reproach to the apostolic character in our own times, that in attempting the conversion of barbarous and ignorant people, doctrines, to them often cold, and too often unintelligible, have been enforced, to the neglect of practical morality and utility. From the first part of that censure, it appears that Columba was free; and that his life was spent as much in offices of worldly utility, as in the propagation of a pure and practical religion: improving the

condition of the barbarians whom he was desirous of turning into the paths of religion, by instructing them in agriculture, gardening, and other useful arts. That he was himself learned, not only in the Scriptures but in all secular learning, is pointedly remarked by his principal biographer, who also praises his medical knowledge, his eloquence and his conversation. The learning of his followers is admitted by their cotemporaries; and thus it was the fate of this singular island to diffuse, not only the blessings of religion, but those of learning and arts, among a people involved in the grossest darkness. The monks indeed are said to have supported themselves by their labour; unlike the monks of whom Mathew Paris writes, "but I can find in a furlong a hare, better than in Beatus vir or Beati omnes." But this statement has probably been exaggerated; if Iona was so largely endowed in their time, as it was said to have been afterwards. This practice, they derived from the Eastern establishments whence they had sprung. They also married, as celibacy was held in dishonour; and hence arose one of the chief oppositions to them on the part of Rome: while the celibacy, and apparently consequent sanctity of that Clergy, gave them at first a great weight in the minds of the people, in their contests with the Culdees.

There is much difficulty in tracing the history of Iona downwards from the time of Columba, whose death took place in 597, at the age of 77 years. In 714, about 150 years after the original grant, the monks were expelled by Nectan, another Pictish King, residing beyond Drum Albin, and, as is thought, at or about Inverness. From the Ulster Chronicle, if it can be believed in preference to Torfœus, we learn, that the establishment was afterwards twice burnt, first in 797, and again in 801, by the northern pirates. A third invasion took place in 805, when sixty-eight persons were slaughtered; but a new town was built in 806. It is said that the bones of Columba were removed by Kenneth the third, in 849, and subsequently transported to Ireland by John de Courcy, in 1185: an

obscure anecdote; since other records assert that they were carried to Ireland for fear of the Gals, or Pirates, in 877. But the most ruinous event of this nature appears to have been that which occurred in 985, when the Abbot and fifteen monks or "Doctors," were killed, and the whole establishment dispersed. In 1069, it was again destroyed by fire. Yet after that period, there is a list of Abbots and Bishops, in the same Chronicle, which is brought down to 1099, the period of the death of the Abbot Duncan. The first Papal Legate visited Scotland in 1126; but it does not appear that any material change in its institutions was made till 1203, when Ceallach built a monastery in it, which was afterwards demolished and suppressed by a Synod of the Irish Clergy. After 1203, a new order of things commences in Iona, and the preceding historical statement, meagre as it is, confirms that which the style and nature of the buildings themselves prove; namely, that they are all of a date later than the twelfth century. The list of Abbots in an uninterrupted line, amounts to 32; commencing with St. Baithen, who succeeded Columba, and died in 600. The death of the last, St. Caoin Chomrach, is marked in 945. There is then some obscurity, arising from the Coarbs, who seem to have puzzled the antiquaries as much as the Framea, but who appear to have been only the elective successors, followed by a list of Bishops, commencing with St. Fingon, who died in 964, ending in 1178, and intermixed with four more Abbots, beginning in 1004, and terminating in 1099, with Abbot Duncan, already mentioned. Some of these appear to have been of Norwegian and French, others being of Irish and Scotch, extraction; and their occasional connexion with Norway, is proved by the fact that they were sometimes consecrated at Drontheim. In the treaty between Magnus and Alexander III, there is a reservation of the patronage in favour of this Archbishopric; a fact which does not add a little to the confusion in which the whole history of the establishment of Iona is involved.

Among other obscurities in the history of Columba and his establishment, that is not the least which relates to his ecclesiastical jurisdiction. Although but an Abbot, he is said to have been Primate of all the Irish Churches; and it appears that the jurisdiction of his successors extended, not only over the Western Islands and the neighbouring mainland, but over many of the monasteries in Scotland, such as St. Andrew's, Dunkeld, Abernethy, and others: claiming authority even over bishops, as is remarked by Bede.

This confusion is perhaps not very difficult of solution. In the East, Abbots were originally of high rank; and some of the Greek bishops were known by the term of Abbots, exercising episcopal functions. An Abbey was a community, before the formation of Dioceses; and, in the primitive British churches, many Bishops resigned their charges to found Abbeys; as happened also in Ireland. In this last country also, Abbot and Bishop were sometimes names for the same person; possessing the rank of the one, and the charges of the other. The Bishops of Derry, were Abbots; and, in the thirteenth century, Malachias the Bishop of Down, made donations to a certain Priory, "reservato Abbatis titulo." Thus, the situation and charge of Columba, seem to be explained. He is even called Archbishop, by Conchubran, and Pontifex in the life of St. Mungo; an appellation never bestowed on the inferior Clergy. Though by the Council of Chalcedon, Abbots were subjected to Bishops, yet, even in France, many obtained exemptions, though that law had been enforced in the Capitularies of Charlemagne. Some of them had even permission to wear the mitre and carry the cross. If these were still subject to the Bishops, the Mitred Abbots had plenary Episcopal jurisdiction. In England, as is well known, there were Sovereign Abbots, who sat in Parliament. According to Sir E. Coke, there were twenty-seven of these. It must always be recollected, that the term Bishop had not, at first, the meaning which it has at present. In

Scotland, they had thus no Dioceses: while it appears further, that the Abbots of Iona were sometimes called, indifferently, Abbots or Bishops, and that the terms were even considered synonymous. It was not uncommon, in the early ages of the Church, to consecrate Bishops who had no jurisdiction; nor were there regular Dioceses in Scotland, till the beginning of the twelfth Century. The Bishopric of St. Andrews, established by Grig, is said to have been the first Diocesan erection.

The power of the parent institution appears to have declined after the last Danish invasion; when it came under the dominion of those conquerors. That event must have been accelerated by the loss of the considerable revenues which it derived from Galway, and elsewhere; which were taken away and granted to Holyrood House in 1180. Yet the Culdees became chiefly remarkable after the death of Columba, by their dispersion throughout Europe; being known, as the parent institution was, by the names of the Apostolic Order, and the Order of St. Columba. Their societies, whether fixed, or employed on foreign missions, are said to have consisted of twelve brothers and an Abbot. Their name has been derived from Gille Dee, servants of God; by others, from Kil Die, by Nicholson, from Cowl Dhu, on account of their dress, and from other sources; and it appears that they retained considerable influence to a late period, extending it even to the election of Bishops. Even when their Societies appear to have been entirely dissolved, the individuals continued to teach; as they had done long after the revenues and power of the ecclesiastical establishments had fallen into the hands of the Romish monks.

The influx of that clergy in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, at length supplanted the original possessors; and, as they professed celibacy, which formed no part of the rule of the Culdees, as I have just noticed, affected great purity of manners, possessed wealth to supply what these had lost, and adopted more expensive and showy ceremonials, they appear to have equally supplanted them

in the regard of the people. It was in 1127, that Gregory, Abbot of the Culdees of Dunkeld, was made a Bishop; the Romish Church having proceeded to effect by circumvention and reconciliation, what it had failed in carrying by force or open hostility. The creation of four Bishops by David the first, aided the downfall of the Culdees. The great step towards innovation, was the introduction of the Romish monastic order of Saint Augustin. When Cardonell says, that the original monks of Iona who were plundered by the Danes, were those very Augustins, he forgets himself, as he does when he says that they were followed by Cluniacs. It would not have been worth while to have noticed this blunder, had it not been often copied from a book as slender as it is popular. The Romish Church had no influence in Scotland at that date; scarcely in England. The year 785 saw the first Papal Legates to the Saxons. In 905 was the first bull issued against their heterodoxies. It does not appear that their influence was complete till the time of Wilfrid and the period of the Norman sway; however Hume and Whitaker may be at variance on this point. The Irish Church continued separate from Rome in the ninth century, and later. Notwithstanding these inroads, the Culdees continued to resist at Moneymusk and St. Andrews; and, as Sir James Dalrymple thinks, did not finally yield till the fourteenth century. By the transference of the Primacy from Dunkeld to St. Andrews, this Saint superseded Columba as the Patron of Scotland.

It is to the Romish Clergy, as I already remarked, that we must attribute the Cathedral of Iona, at least, and probably the Nunnery, whatever we may determine about St. Oran's Chapel. It appears that the monks were Cluniacs, and that the Nunnery, as I before said, was appropriated to Canonesses of St. Augustin; establishments which remained unchanged till the dissolution of the Monasteries. It was in the time of Edward the first, as I formerly mentioned, that the separation of the Isle of

Mann took place; when its Bishops assumed the title of Bishops of the Sudereys, or Sodor, and Mann, while those of Iona were known by the name of Bishops of the Isles. In 1617, Iona was annexed to the Bishopric of Argyll by James the sixth; and thus ends the history of an institution which, if it has occupied more space than I originally foresaw, must seek its apology in its own intrinsic interest.

I cannot however dismiss Iona without noticing the Clach na Brath, which are still remembered here, as in the Garveloch Isles. In former days, there was also one at Kilchoman in Isla; but I believe it has vanished. This talisman is said to have consisted originally of three globes of white marble, placed in three basins; but these, like the crosses, were thrown into the sea; from which we must conclude that the Synod considered them as Popish globes. A single stone, which the boys of the village take care to preserve, now serves the same purpose; although it seems to be forgotten that it should be turned three times round in the direction of the sun. When this globe is worn out, its great prototype will also be expended; though what particular interest any one can have in putting an end to the world, is not very intelligible; unless it be to try whether Iona will continue to swim, amid the general wreck of all things. To protect the Clach Brath from the depredations of the incredulous, it was held that he who should remove it would neither know peace nor sleep till it was restored; and this, says Mr. Martin, actually happened to a certain shipmaster. It is likely that we must seek for the whole of this superstition where all the rest are to be found. It belonged to the λιθομαντεια of the Greeks; and doubtless had its prime source, with all the others, among the Chaldeans and Egyptians, together with all the various "manteias" which the Demonologists have collected. The meaning of Clach na Brath is, the stones of judgment, or rather, of the judgment day. The literal meaning, however, of the term, is, conflagration. Hence we

discover that the Celts believed, like the Chaldeans and the Scandinavians and many more, that the world was to be destroyed by fire; although the prophecy respecting Iona refers to a general deluge. This is all we know of the Cosmogony of the Celts. Our Scandinavian ancestors have given us far better measure in the Edda. They appear to have borrowed from Berosus: but "I am weary of conjectures, this must end them."

The hour of departure at length arrived. The red sun was setting far beyond the towering and purple mountains of Mull, as, for the last time, I sat amid the graves of heroes long departed, and contemplated the crimson lights that glimmered on the ruins, and shot their feeble rays aslant, over the darkening sea. It was the hour of spirits; but I looked in vain to see the fair form of Iona's protecting Angel, standing on its topmost towers, and counting the surrounding islands to see that none were lost. But I saw the cutter rocking at its anchor. The blue flag was flying, and the wind was fair. I had fulfilled the proverb which says that

> There never yet came man to I
> Who did not come times three:

yet it was not without regret that I saw its tower diminishing in the horizon, as we coasted the rugged and desolate shores of Mull, and finally lost all traces of objects, the more striking from their solitary position amid the wide waste of rocks and water, where no sound is ever heard but the roar of the winds and waves, and the melancholy voices of the sea fowl.

The ruins of Iona are the soul and centre of the Painter's Landscape. Without them, that landscape is nothing; with them, it is every thing; because, in it, they are, themselves, every thing. But, still more, are they the centre of the landscape of the Poet; because History has surrounded them with a magic and an interest beyond the reach and power of the pencil. This is a distinction which the painter sometimes forgets. His

history must have measure; breadth, and height, and conspicuity; or it is nothing. Thus, in natural landscape, the representation is often nothing, where the reality is pregnant with life. This is the Poet's Landscape. The most ruined of ruins, the last grey stone that remains on another, may excite, in nature, the strongest emotions; because they are the emotions of the Poet. But Representation strives in vain; the painter fails, and wonders why: because he forgets that he is trespassing, and trespassing on the province of the poet. "Tell Sextilius that thou hast seen Marius sitting on the ruins of Carthage." What do the ruins perform here. No part of the painter's landscape, assuredly: he has tried it, and he has failed. But, in Nature, they are all. They speak, not to the eye, but to the mind; and it is the Poet alone who can teach them how to speak. Art labours in vain. The merest fragment of that building which tells us of past days, is important in the reality, because it says to us "Posteri posteri, vestra res agitur;" speaks to us of the flight of generations and of the unsparing hand of time, calls up the long train of vanished life, and animates with the eloquence of history, the rudest rock that lifts its head above the wild ocean. This is Iona.

ON THE GAELIC LANGUAGE.

It is a popular opinion that Beasts have no language; notwithstanding the authority of Pilpay and many other great men. This decision will admit of a question, by those who have attended a Parliament of Highland Drovers, or witnessed a squabble between two Welsh wives. To the non-adept, all languages are equally dark; though the Italian may sound smoother than the Gaelic, (which a genuine Gael denies,) or the bubbling of the Hottentot and the croaking of the Overysselander, appear to be the cries of different animals. A convocation of Turkey cocks, indignant at the intrusion of a scarlet cloak on its debates, resents it in language quite as intelligible as that of the Synod of Highland drovers, and, to common ears, equally varied and copious. Did not even Pythagoras, and that other quack, Apollonius of Tyana, pretend to understand the language of birds; while Sigurd also acquired the same knowledge, by drinking of Dragon's broth. Whether that be true or not, it is unquestionable that Animals possess language. Though the Roman centries did not comprehend the watchword of the Geese that assisted them as Videttes in guarding the Capitol, their own long files change front, advance, wheel into line, double up, form by Echellon, and call Officers to the front, with as much precision as if they had been educated in Dundas's Manual. Plaintiff and defendant appear in the Crow courts, and judgment is given and executed, with fully as much justice, doubtless, as in Westminster Hall; while, to us, the Judge but says, "what says he—Caw." Your Pig is a great master of language; giving notice of rain, asking for his meat and drink, leading his companions to ravage a potatoe field,

remonstrating with the butcher, and making love and war, all in good set terms, if not in all the metaphysics of the Greek Tenses. Unfortunately, he cannot write a grammar: besides which, his talents in philology have not time to develope themselves completely; as, before his education is half finished, we shave his hide, smoke him, and convert him into sausages and bacon. The remainder of my speculations must however be abandoned at present, for want of room. It is sufficient that I have established my point, by reasoning from the intonations of a Gaelic debate.

I have elsewhere, I believe, remarked, that a traveller in the Highlands, now meets English, in some shape, almost every where, and chiefly among the Children. It is fast spreading, even into the wild districts of Kintail, Sutherland, and Rossshire. In the Islands, this is a consequence of the communication between the natives and the Lowland fishermen and traders; and of the voyages and journeys of the former, from various places to the Low country, for the purpose of reaping or of the fisheries. It spreads along the Border, and in the vicinity of towns; the Steam boats export it from Greenock: the smuggler learns to squabble with the excisemen and argue with the justices, and pedlars and shopkeepers deal out English and haberdasheries in the same breath. Boatmen, guides, and horse dealers, contrive to cheat English travellers in their own tongue. Innkeepers, waiters, and ostlers, do the same. Writers to the Signet conspire to make ejectments, draw leases, drive, pound, replevin, and empty their Client's pockets, in good plain English; the tax-gatherer sticks up his Saxon warnings at every cottage, and woe be to him that cannot understand them; while the Drover, who has made twenty annual voyages to Smithfield or York, with the Northumbrian shepherd who migrates from the wilds of Cheviot to those of Knoydart, Moidart, Applecross, or Assynt, help on the general corruption of the language of Paradise and old Gaul. The first impression is made on the Children,

because pride, habit, and inflexibility of organs, check the learning of the old. I wish I could say that English schools gave much assistance in the spreading of this language among them; but of any schools, there are as yet few; and on the language that is to be taught in them, there are differences of opinion, and many prejudices yet to be surmounted.

If the object of language is mutual communication, that communication cannot be rendered too complete: but complete, it can never be, as long as the different inhabitants of one Empire are incapable of thoroughly understanding each other. It requires little discernment or reflection, to see or comprehend the inconveniences that arise from the present state of the Highlands in this respect: inconveniences that have been felt in every nation, where more than one tongue has been united under a common government. It was as much to the language of the ancient Highlanders as to the peculiarity of their manners and institutions, that Scotland was indebted for the long series of mis-rule, rebellion, rapine, and disorder, in which it was involved before the final termination of Highland independence. If those greater inconveniences have disappeared, there remain many others, which will yield only to the universal diffusion of English, to that change which shall unite the whole inhabitants of Scotland, or I should say, of Britain, under one language.

The opinion is not new, and it is that of sensible Highlanders themselves; for, in this case, as in most others, a spectator, such as you and I, has little to do but to attempt to hold the balance between contending Celts. The Gartmore MS., which I have elsewhere quoted as authority, says that the language "has a tendency to unite the people, and to disunite them from the rest of the kingdom;" "preventing them from making improvements in the affairs of common life, and in other knowledge." This is the opinion of 1747. The stickler for kilts, and Feudal justice, and Highland perfection, on the other hand, says, that "Highland eloquence," that

of the common people, "is unequalled in the British Empire," that "the mountains and vales of the Hebrides contain a greater command of words and ideas," than any part of Europe, and that the English is a "base bastard tongue, made up of mingled materials, huddled together accidentally into a barbarous jargon by the pirates and robbers of modern Europe, and composed of Frenchified Latin, Low Dutch, Danish, Swedish, Scandinavian, Saxon, &c." and "that the Celtic is superior in conveying ideas," and so on,—and so on. This is the opinion of 1808. And this "decissionnaire" is a Master of Arts and a Highland Clergyman. Voltaire says that the "sourds" are the only fit judges of music. And therefore we may proceed.

It is an effect of different languages, to produce a separation of interests and feelings among the inhabitants of the same country; and there is nothing surely now remaining in the habits or opinions of the Highlanders, as distinguished from Scotland in general, which is worth preserving; even were the requisite sacrifice much less. But, in truth, the superiority in knowledge, art, and industry, in every thing that constitutes the political strength and value of a population, as well as the happiness and wealth of the constituent individuals, is in favour of those who speak English: while I know not, that, in a moral view, the Lowland Scots, as a people, and comparing rural with rural population, are any way inferior to the Highlanders. The amalgamation of this mountain division of our population, with the nation at large, meets with an obstacle at the very outset, in the differences of language: and they unite only on the borders, where the English spreads, and as that is diffused. The dullest observer may trace the progress; not the joint progress of the language and of improvement, but the dependence of the latter on the former. The greatest inconveniences now experienced by the Highlanders, arise from a population, in many, perhaps in most places, too dense for the employment which it can com-

mand. This I demonstrated not long ago. I then also showed that migration to the Lowlands or to England, to the army and the navy, presented remedies which, if partial, are nevertheless available and advantageous to all parties. To this, the difference of language offers an obstacle, which is not only formidable, but sometimes insuperable; and of which the effect is fully experienced still, as it has been felt ever since the Lowlands and Highlands came into amicable contact.

But independently of this, it is the tendency of the Highland language to unite the people by one local bond, so as to prevent them from feeling a common interest with the nation at large. It was an inimical bond once: it is one of jealousy and repugnance still. While also it nourishes this distinctness of feelings and interests, making the Highlanders a minority of foreigners in their own country, it maintains or fosters those ancient habits and modes of thinking, which repel what the people cannot be taught to consider improvements; innovations which they despise, because they dislike those by whom they were introduced, or which they neglect, because ignorant of their value, or, which they abhor because they interfere with old habits, or lastly, which they consider invasions of their hereditary or habitual rights.

Every thing is matter of association; and there is no stronger bond by which usages and manners are united and preserved, than that of language. Opinions are formed in it, and consecrated by it; it constitutes, not only the vehicle of ideas, but almost the ideas themselves; and it will be in vain to attempt to change the current of thought and action in the Highlands, while the language is allowed to remain. Destroy this bond, and the charm is at an end. A change of terms is, proverbially, a test of truth. Make the people speak and think in another language, and the term which was once matter of pride or affection, becomes a term of reproach or disrepute. The charm is in the terms Chief and Clan. Translate them into Feudal Lord and Villeins, and it is

broken. To "lift" cattle was the act of a gentleman: to steal sheep is matter for the halter. To put a very plain, a very vulgar case. It is easy to imagine that the Highland term for what King James thought too great a luxury for a subject, might have conveyed no notions of censure or disgrace; it is very certain that it has not always done so. Translate it into English, rouse the complicated ideas which it carries to our minds, and the disease must vanish. It is superfluous to dwell on a subject so plain; much better arguments than this, would be wasted on those whose prejudices object to the introduction of English into the Highlands.

It is very certain that no nation will maintain two languages long, where the business of society can be carried on with one: still less, when the new one is more useful than the old. Hence the introduction of English, slow as it is, must, sooner or later, be the downfall of the Gaelic. Among other reasons for its abolition, I may name the inconvenience which so often arises from it in the Highlands, in the ordinary administration of justice; as it indeed yet does, also, in Wales. However the partiality of the natives may lead them to boast of its copiousness, the Gaelic, like the Welsh, is insufficient for the complicated wants of Society, in its present state in Britain. The difficulty of interpretation is hence so great, that it is often impossible to procure intelligible evidence in a Court: and that this inconvenience is frequently felt, is well known to the Scottish judges who make the Highland circuit; as it is in England to the judges for Wales. It cannot be supposed that those who are desirous of maintaining the Gaelic language, are not fully aware of these inconveniences: of some of them at least, they assuredly are. Yet, sometimes for want of reflection, at others, stimulated by prejudices, or by the more laudable feelings which are desirous to preserve the evanescent traces of manners and antiquity among a race to which they attach romantic virtues, they perhaps hope to gain one object without losing the other. That

is, assuredly, impossible; nor will any exertion prevent that from being soon forgotten, on which so many inroads are making. The manners and habits must change; and history and poetry will preserve, without fear of loss, all that it is desirable to preserve, of a condition of society which was, unquestionably, romantic and interesting, if not so very singular in all points as it has sometimes been thought. No effort will indeed preserve those manners and habits; and if any thing were wanting to prove that even the Gaelic language is in its death agonies, it is the vain exertion made to preserve it; exertion that never yet saved that, over which the progress of change had suspended the universal law of nature.

It is a question that may safely be asked, even by those who do not understand this language, what it possesses which is worth preserving. It is confessedly inadequate to that increase of ideas and objects and relations, which civilization has introduced; and although the Bible has been translated into it, its changes and corruptions in different parts of this country, are in themselves sufficient proofs of its inadequacy to the present uses of society. The several districts accuse each other of speaking a corrupt language. The Argyllshire men disdain those of Perthshire and Inverness; Sky is at variance with Lewis, Sutherland with Kintail, and Kintail with the whole world. But if we enquire rigidly where it is purest, we shall find the "genuine Gaelic" spoken, only where the people are yet in the most backward state; where, consequently, it is least efficient; the exact consequence that might have been expected. This is a case in which corruption is improvement: in the view of the Gael themselves, improvement is corruption; to those at least who fancy that imperfection and meagreness constitute merit in language, that the imaginary purity of antiquity, and not power and utility, are its essentials. That such purity can be united to perfection or copiousness, is the dream of those who know not what language is, who are ignorant how languages

have arisen. In this particular instance, as I shall have occasion to show again, the purity is quite imaginary: since the Gaelic, even in what is considered its purest state, is a compound tongue.

It must be admitted, that a language should be preserved, for the sake of those works which it may have produced. But the Gaelic has produced nothing, except the traditionary poems claimed equally by the Irish, garbled and interpolated, no less by traditionary reciters than by modern translators, and the merits of which, whatever they may be, are now fully appreciated. There is nothing more to be elicited by human research or industry; and should this become a dead language to-morrow, there can be nothing to regret, on that score at least. It must also be admitted, that the Gaelic tongue justly claims an ancient origin; that its connexions ramify widely, and that its study is important, in that very abstruse and difficult branch of philology which relates to the origin and connexions of languages. But, for this purpose, it is sufficient that it exists in the traditionary poems, in the dictionaries and grammars, and in the translated works that have already been executed: that it is found in the libraries of the philologists, lexicographers, and grammarians. For their purposes, it is always alive; nor shall we have any great reason to lament the day, when, like the Cornish, which is long since dead, and the Welsh and Breton, which are fast expiring, it will be found no where else.

To these fruitless attempts to preserve that on which the hand of death is already irremoveably fixed, we must, in some degree, attribute the establishment and maintenance of Gaelic schools, and to a certain extent also, the translation and dispersion of Gaelic bibles. There is no one who does not rejoice in every exertion that is made to spread the advantages of education through all the ranks of society: but the question here is somewhat more intricate, and has been viewed by different persons in different lights. It is asked, on one side, what benefits

are comparatively to be expected from furnishing those who cannot read Gaelic, with an instrument, of which the use, limited as it is, is fast expiring, which is palpably pernicious, and which is more difficult of acquisition than English. The old cannot learn to read if they would, and the young can learn any thing. Would not their efforts be far better directed to the acquisition of a language abounding in books, containing all the elementary works required for extending the objects of education, and which is, even now, among themselves, fast becoming the daily organ of general intercourse, and the engine of improvement. To this, the same objectors add, that the acquisition of Gaelic is by no means easy: that it is far less so than that of English; and that, even when acquired, it is inadequate to its professed objects. Even those who speak the language, have, it is said, little more facility in acquiring the art of reading it by means of the grammar and dictionary, than those to whom it is unknown; nor if two adult Highlanders were educated, one to read and write his own language, and the other to do as much in English, is it certain but that the latter would make the more rapid and effectual progress. With respect to Children, it is added that experience has ascertained the fact.

To all this it is answered on the other side, and with some appearance of reason, that the mere acquisition of reading in the Gaelic, will incite to the learning of English, and that the ambition of acquiring knowledge, will thus be generated. It is also added, in direct opposition to those opinions, that it is much easier for a Highlander to learn to read Gaelic than English, and that those who have actually learnt English in the schools established for this purpose, read without understanding. Some, even of those who are engaged in the present new translation of the Bible, consider that the diffusion of these translations and of a Gaelic education, so far from preserving the language, as some inconsiderate persons fondly hope, will produce precisely the reverse effect,

and hasten its downfall. It is not easy to decide between conflicting opinions; but, those are deceived who flatter themselves that their present efforts will maintain the language in a state of purity. They may thus record it for posterity: but that the living language can thus be preserved pure, when insufficient for the increased wants and knowledge of the age, is impossible. The corruption, or the improvement, of the Gaelic, is a necessary consequence of its being continued as a living language; because, being inadequate to the increased necessity for words, it must borrow. It is by its death alone that it can be preserved.

Nor is that the paradox which it seems. It is not till a language is dead, that it becomes immutable, and, like man himself, immortal. A living language must change, and it may perish: if it does perish, it is because it was a living one. What would Latin have now been, had it lived. Bracton or Fleta will tell us. What is the modern, the living and spoken Greek, and why is it not the Greek of Demosthenes or Xenophon, as our written Latin is that of Cicero. Of Cicero—certainly not; since we cannot keep, even to a much worse standard; since we cannot do this, even in writing, with all our efforts; because we have ideas which Cicero, or even Priscian, never entertained. Hence it is that some nations have adopted for their annals, a sacred, dead, or unpopular language. This is the only shadow of apology for our Latin Epitaphs, which I ridiculed formerly; though, in that particular case, it is inapplicable. This is true of the Hebrew of Scripture; which, though written at wide intervals, appears almost the produce of one period. It must have been, at length, the sacred language, a language of history and record, a Sanscrit. The pure Hebrew was preserved by the Prophets and the Priesthood. The Sacred writings and laws had been neglected during the idolatry and the aberrations of this people; and, hence, it is probable, that when they returned from the Babylonish captivity, those were to them a dead, or

rather, an antiquated language. What the Hebrew is now, every one knows. I may admit, as I have just done, that the new Gaelic Bible will, or may, preserve the standard of a classical literary style, of the best, at least, which the present age can produce; but as there is no past Gaelic literature to be cherished, and as there is no prospect of future Gaelic works, that will confer no advantages on the language, or on literature. It is thus that our own Bible has aided the vitality of Shakspeare; more, perhaps, than is commonly imagined. It has preserved a kind of standard, from a past age; it has rendered that standard universal and popular: and has thus embalmed the writers of that age. Hence a collateral evil that would result from a New Translation: it would shortly antiquate a whole body of authors: otherwise than as the innate vitality of our Great Dramatist might preserve himself from perishing, and thus uphold the minor stars that accompany his bright career.

It is not necessary to say much respecting the dispersion of Gaelic Bibles: on that of the Book itself, there cannot be two opinions. It has been said, that, under cover of the professed motive, the desire to preserve this sinking language was concealed; sometimes, openly confessed. The objection of those who have made this remark, to the general circulation of the Gaelic Scripture, is, that very few adult Highlanders can read, and that it is therefore, to them, a dead letter, bestowed on those who, as yet, can read no language. The aged will scarcely learn to read Gaelic, even for the sake of the Bible; and if they are inclined to undergo the labours of education, it may be better communicated in English, for the purpose of reading an English Bible. As to those who can read Gaelic, and who can speak English, there can be less question as to the superior expediency of furnishing them with English Bibles; or perhaps, what might be still better, with a translation on the opposite page; or with two bibles. Respecting the Children under education, whether they speak English or

not, there can be still less doubt that the circulation of the Scriptures, in English exclusively, is an act peculiarly proper and necessary. These arguments appear to have been brought forward as long ago at least as 1770, by some members of the Society for propagating Christian Knowledge, when a translation of the New Testament was proposed. It is well known that Dr. Johnson, so often absurdly blamed as inimical to the Scots, took up this question, in favour of the Gaelic translation, and of the Highlanders; and it is said that his interference had great weight in turning the balance. I need not give the answer to the arguments just adduced against the Gaelic translation; because it is already given in the remarks which have preceded.

Of the peculiar beauties or recommendations of the Gaelic, as a language, a stranger to it cannot form any opinion; except from weighing and comparing the opinions of those who do understand it, and from those facts which are alike open to all. The beauties of the other dialects of the Celtic, have been defended with equal vigour. Vallancey asserts that the Irish is the most copious language in the Universe. His decisions respecting language must be valuable, when he calls the Persian a jumble of Latin, Greek, Arabic, and Turkish. This is like Mr. Macdonald's clear arrangement of Danish, Swedish, and Scandinavian. Lucian, at least, is of a different opinion from Vallancey, when he makes Mercury say that he cannot invite the gods of the Gauls to the Council, because he does not understand their barbarous jargon. Julian compares the Celtic to the croaking of Ravens. Whatever Vallancey and Lucian may dispute, a language which has never been cultivated for other purposes than the ordinary wants of an ill-civilized, or half-barbarous people, does not, " a priori," claim much; one which has never been an organ of literature or of science, which can scarcely be said to have a medium of communication through books, is not likely to be very copious or estimable. It is a rule to which the

Gaelic cannot be an exception, that languages follow the course of nations; being rich, full, and abounding, in a state of high cultivation, meagre and imperfect in the savage state. As population, commerce, science, and intercourse, increase, so as to give a greater range to human intellect and human passions, the improvement of language keeps pace. It is a singular exception, in a philosophical view, without affecting this argument, that, in Greece and in Arabia, the improvement of the language was independent of that of the manners. It outran the career of general improvement.

It is said that the Gaelic is highly metaphorical, and therefore admirably adapted to poetry, and that it contains names for all the varieties of rivers, hills, and valleys, and, generally, of all natural objects. The last assertion is not true. It is not so abounding in terms for familiar objects as might be expected: in this respect, it falls far short of many rude languages, or rather, of the languages of many rude people. It is inmeasurably behind the Arabic. It has even borrowed, from modern languages, innumerable terms which it ought to have possessed; while it is absolutely wanting in others, so as to be driven to circumlocution and metaphor and substitution. As an instance in the very case which is produced, it does not distinguish sea bays, firths, and lakes; still less, as it ought, the varieties of these. It is the same for rivers; it is the same for colours. There are a dozen English or Scottish names for a coal fish, and the Gaelic has scarcely two or three. It possesses but one name for many birds; and thus, beyond enumeration. Even in this, its simplest department, it is a compound language; pure as it is the fashion to call it; since a great proportion, even of its familiar terms, is taken from the Scandinavian, not from the Celtic, as is vulgarly supposed.

Inasmuch as this presumed richness in terms may confer on it poetical powers, it would merely follow that it is a poetical tongue, as far as relates to the limited

circle of materials within the poet's reach; or that, like other imperfect tongues, it has paid attention to those minute distinctions in nature, with which its framers were principally conversant. As to the other species of reputed merit, its metaphorical richness, it proves its poverty by this very claim. Metaphor and substitution are the only resources of a barbarous or limited language. It is compelled to be circuitous, because it has not the materials for expressing its meaning directly; and thus, even the process of thinking is impeded: because the idea to be communicated is vague, like its representative. If language be necessary for the communication of ideas, it is no less true that it is necessary for their production; and thus, we shall not be far wrong, when we measure the intellectual powers and acquisitions of a people, by the copiousness and accuracy of its dictionary. It is not peculiar to the Gaelic to be metaphorical, because all analogous languages are so; and because every language has been metaphorical originally. But the metaphor, or substituted phrase, or term, becomes, in time, a simple expression of the idea; conferring on it, and at the same time receiving from it, accuracy. Thus metaphors disappear from a cultivated tongue, but their skeletons can still be traced; and hence, among other things, arise the metaphysical parts of grammar, concerning which so much unnecessary parade has been made by some authors, and by Horne Tooke among others, as if they had discovered something unknown to all the rest of mankind. We cannot turn a page of English, without finding specimens of those condensed metaphors; of what the Gaelic, like every other language, might have equally displayed, had it ever been that of an intellectual people. That no dialect of our European Celtic ever belonged to such a people, or to a literary one, requires no other evidence; and he must be a very shallow metaphysician who can, on this subject, imagine that poetry implies literature. But I need not, and indeed dare not, enlarge on this.

The case of substitution is analogous, yet different; and it is only by analyzing language, that we can trace the important part which it has acted, and be convinced at the same time, how it is connected with the augmentation and refinement of ideas in a people. To put a simple case or two, from the English, it would not be at first suspected, that the words truth and wit stood in this predicament; and, that the meaning of the first term, at least, was originally different from what it is now. Wit is what a man wotteth or knoweth: it is knowledge: truth is that which he troweth, or believeth. The term wit, has entirely departed at length, except in colloquial phraseology, from its original meaning: and truth, now, is what can be demonstrated, to compel belief. Thus also, to put a somewhat ludicrous case, the immoveable post from which a messenger commenced his journey, has become significative of the most rapid motion of travelling.

It is the character also, of all limited, or barbarous languages, to be powerful, or peculiarly susceptible of sublimity, within their limits. That is true of the Hebrew, which, whatever may have been said of it by those who idly suppose it the original Language and especially of Divine origin, stands, to a certain degree, in this predicament. In return for its poetical powers, nothing can be more meagre and dry than the Historical parts of the Bible. Its real imperfections are seen here; as they are in other cases which need not be pointed out to scholars. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between this Language and the French; simple, natural, avoiding allusions and figures, the language of reason. Hence the unpoetical nature of the French tongue. It is nearly as incapable of poetry as of Rhythm; however its possessors may flatter themselves to the contrary. That which really is Poetry in French, is not an exception to this criticism; it is the language of excited feeling.

Were it required to prove that the Gaelic does labour under this defect, poverty, it would be sufficient to consult its dictionary, which any one, though ignorant of the

language, may. But it is well known to the present translators of the Bible, that this is the fact: and they are fully aware of the difficulties which they have encountered in the translation of the Proverbs, and of those parts of Scripture in general, which demanded ideas beyond the range of intellect of a barbarous people. Here, they have necessarily been driven to the expedient last named, substitution: but it must be plain, that the ideas are not thus truly communicated to the people; and that much time must yet elapse before such words shall acquire that meaning which it is necessary that they should possess. There is a process of education first to be undergone; nor will the new ideas be easily acquired without a knowledge of the English language. There ought, however, to be no difficulty in translating into Gaelic, when, among the first forty words of a highly reputed Vocabulary, we find equivalents for such English words as Abactors, Ablacate, Ablepsy, Ablaqueation, Abnodation, and so on. Lest you should suppose that I have taken Gaelic words for English ones, by mistake, I am bound to inform you that the Gaelic for Ablaqueation, is "freumh chraobh a leige ris;" whatever the English may be. If these are the Philologists of the Gaelic tongue, we need not make ourselves very unhappy about their opinions. It must be hoped that the Translators will themselves give the world a Dictionary, and disclaim such supporters and defenders as this.

To pass from the metaphysical part of this question, it is thus obvious, that the translators are improving a language, of which they are at the same time acknowledging the poverty. Yet, as I have already remarked, this has thoughtlessly been called corrupting it: and it is on the same principle, that the most copious and useful dialects of the Highlands, as of the Celtic elsewhere, are called corrupt, because they have borrowed what they wanted from their neighbour tongues. It cannot therefore be justly said, as it has been asserted, that the purity of the Gaelic language will be preserved by this

translation. In their own sense of purity, every new term, and every substitution, are corruptions; and he who shall apply this tongue to any uses more than were known to its remotest antiquity, is its corruptor. To reason thus, however, is to have a most outrageous and misplaced fondness for the archæology of language. All tongues must undergo this process of corruption, if they are to be worth any thing, and all the refined languages of the world have suffered it. But the subject is becoming too obvious to deserve another word.

The Gaelic language is said to be very melodious; by some enthusiasts, to be softer than the Italian. It is very certain that we cannot, with justice, dispute about ears, more than about palates; and it would be imprudent indeed, to enter the lists on this question, with those who find the melody of soft soothing sounds in the strains of a bagpipe, and whose organs are probably differently constituted from ours. All that can be said on such a subject is, that, to ears of any other structure and tune than those of a Gael, the snuffling guttural tones of this language appear to be as unmelodious as any collection of sounds can well be. There is however, a degree of truth in the opinion just quoted, though not known to the ardent Gael to whom we owe the remark; as the dialect of Bologna possesses a sound, to the ear of a stranger, which strongly resembles that of the Gaelic.

It is lastly said, that this language is peculiarly expressive, that no other can effectually be substituted in its place, or, that it cannot be translated. That is a position which no one will deny. The expression of every language, of every word in it, is the result of innumerable associations, known to those only, with whom it has formed the language of the nursery, in whom it recalls the thousand ideas of infancy, youth, and manhood, with which it has been connected. To such associations, translation, in all languages alike, is death; and it is not therefore, to be wondered at, if the Gael, like the Frenchman or the Spaniard in parallel cases, is unable to feel in

English as he feels in Gaelic; if he finds that the word which is given him to express the same meaning, seems feeble and tame. It is feeble and tame, because it means, to him, literally what is requisite, and no more; divested of every corresponding or associated idea from which all the expression of every language arises. The Abbé du Bos has misapprehended the cause of this, when he says that it arises from the circuitous translation which we are obliged to make into our own language. It is, that the word, or expression, is not associated with all those primary and original, those habitual feelings and impressions which constitute all its power and effect; though we are not always in the habit of tracing a cause, not understood, or even imagined, by the mass of mankind. He who has taken the trouble to learn Spanish, for the purpose of reading Don Quixote, (the advice which Harley gave to Rowe, and an experiment which others have tried,) will not be long in convincing himself that he might nearly as well have read it in his English translation. To him, the Spanish is as English; since, unless it could make him a Spaniard, it can do no more than the translator has done before him. The English read the Waverley novels, and they fancy that they feel the full force of them: truly, they feel them very much as a Frenchman may do, and, as far as their national peculiarities are concerned, not a great deal better. I do not, however, mean to say, that it is useless to acquire a language for the purpose of reading an original author. The advantage and pleasure arise, in a great measure, from the defect itself; from our imperfect knowledge of the language in question. Something is thus left to the imagination; and the very vagueness and uncertainty, allow of a play of feeling, and of associations, if different from those of the author, often, possibly, more pleasing; but which are excluded, when the definite language of the translator, from which we cannot escape, is placed before our eyes. Many of us can read Dante with pleasure, who could not translate him as well as Carey; and who yet, frigidly turn the English

pages of this author, with little of pleasure or excitement.

Much heat and acrimony have been displayed respecting the antiquity of the Gaelic, or Erse, as a written language: revived by, if not originating in, the Ossianic controversy. I had occasion to speak respecting it, when on that subject. Irish Antiquarian Truth seems to lie peculiarly deep: and Ledwich maintains that there is no Irish Manuscript older than the eleventh century. In spite of Vallancey, Irenæus calls it a barbarous language. So does Adamnan, in 700; himself a native. I need not recur to the antiquity of existing manuscripts, to a question long disputed, and never likely to receive more light. Nor need I dive into the shadowy, the visionary obscurities of ancient Irish literature; since there is nothing of real information to be procured. But passing by that subject, and recurring to the simple question of the ancient use or possession of letters among the Western Celts, Ledwich must have suffered his wrath at the outrageous Antiquaries of his own country to mislead him, when he denies, absolutely, any early knowledge of written characters. The whole question involves that of the alphabet, and the early use of letters among the Gothic as well as the Celtic tribes. When I say that I have read volumes more than I can name, on this subject, you will not expect me to condense all their matter into two pages; particularly as they all differ. Yet I must say something. But it is all respecting Ireland; for the Highland Gael go for nothing in this question. They have no concern in it; because they have no antiquities in the matter of their Language. Whatever belongs to the remote history of this, must be sought in Ireland. Yet they need not be very angry. The Laws of Greece were not written till the Archonship of Draco. Rome had no historian for five hundred years. She could not write her own records for three hundred years after her foundation. Few could write in Germany and France, in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; Kings of England could not write their

names, even when England was a great and powerful country; and the French laws were reduced into writing, only under Charles the seventh, in 1454. It was the same in Spain: whence the meagreness of Spanish history before Ferdinand and Isabella.

When Whitaker says that Ossian wrote, in the third Century, in the Roman character, we may begin by dismissing him. He labours under no want of decision at least; on any subject. I remarked formerly, that Cæsar had said of the Druids, that they used Greek letters. These were made use of for common business; it was only the Sacred matters which were not committed to writing. Hotoman chooses to suppose the word "Græcis" interpolated. I answered this sufficiently on a former occasion: it is not worth another discussion. The leading mistake of these antiquaries has been to suppose that Greek letters, or Greek characters, implied the Greek language. That does not follow. If Lucian says that a Philosopher of Gaul conversed with him in Greek, it proves nothing, any way; as this person might easily have learnt it at Marseilles. Of his Hercules Ogmius, I can make nothing, and have not room to speak, in such a sketch as this is. In confirmation of Cæsar, Astle has shown, from a monument of Gordian in the third Century, that the Gauls had letters somewhat similar to the Greek. The Roman alphabet succeeded gradually to them. It was the same with the Spaniards; and Strabo says that the Turditani had letters, which they boasted to have possessed for 6000 years. The Franks had written characters before they received Christianity. Cornelius Agrippa says, that, in the time of Marcomirus and Pharamond, those were Greek. All this proves that the Western Celtic colonies had letters, or possessed an alphabet; and these, they probably brought with them. Therefore the Irish might have inherited them also from their Celtic parentage.

If the Irish had a Druid priesthood, as is probable, and if the Druids of Gaul possessed Greek letters, or any letters, as Cæsar says they did, there must have

been early letters in Ireland. It cannot be answered that the Druids of Gaul had borrowed Greek letters from Marseilles; because they could not have borrowed an alphabet, without learning the language also. They could have borrowed the one, but as part of the other; and that they did not do this, is proved by Cæsar's writing his letters in Greek, to prevent them from being read, had they been intercepted. This alphabet must have been the original Celtic one, introduced at their migration and settlement, together with their other knowledge; and, of course, preserved by those who were the depositaries of all the rest; by the Priesthood. The conclusion, "a priori," should be, that whatever alphabet can be proved to have belonged to the Great Celtic nation elsewhere, should also be the Irish one. We must therefore seek the resemblance in the Pelasgian and the Phenician: and, consequently, in the Greek. Thus we approximate to Cæsar's testimony. He says that the letters of the Druids were Greek, and those Priests were Celts. The Phenicians spoke a dialect of the Great Celtic tongue, and they lent their alphabet to Greece through Cadmus. But even if the Pelasgians had introduced it, the conclusion would be the same; because I shall presently show that they were Celts, and that the alphabet was probably the same. The connexion appears as simple as the conclusion seems certain.

This reasoning is confirmed by an examination of the alphabets themselves. That I may shelter myself under authority, Bochat says that there can be no doubt of the antiquity of the Irish alphabet, as it contains only the seventeen letters of Cadmus. The conclusion therefore is, that the Irish Celts brought their alphabet, and therefore the use of letters, in their original migration. Had they procured them from Greece in after times, or from the Roman alphabet, there could not have been this singular coincidence; as they would have taken a greater number, or the whole. Hence, therefore, we must conclude that their knowledge of letters, is as ancient as is pos-

sible. The question of the original Greek alphabet is obscure and disputed, I admit; yet without affecting this argument. To examine all that has been written respecting the Pelasgian, Etruscan, and Phenician letters, would lead me far astray, without throwing any advantageous or further light on this question. When Gori reckons twelve, and Swinton thirteen, letters in the Etruscan alphabet, even the simplest part of the question cannot be very clear. It might well occupy a volume, as this enquiry has already occupied many. But, under any theory, the question, as to Ireland, will remain the same. As Celts, it is indifferent whether their alphabet came from the Phenicians or the Pelasgi; or whether it came from a higher, or a more remote, source; the common source of the whole. When Mabillon, and Ledwich following him, deny the early knowledge of letters in Britain and Ireland, they offer nothing which will avail against these arguments. Stimulated by his usual, but not unreasonable anger, Ledwich supposes that the Irish letters are not older than the Belgæ; that they borrowed characters from the Romans, and introduced them into Ireland. In that case, the Irish should have had the Roman, not the early Greek, alphabet; as I have just shown. Or, had they borrowed from the Saxons, as has also been said, they would have taken the whole. The mere borrowing of Saxon and Roman characters, proves nothing, as long as the number and the powers of the alphabet remain the same. He ridicules the pretended antiquity of the Irish Ogums. And so he may. Those were Runic, unquestionably, and imported by the Scandinavians. Those who argue against the antiquity of the Irish alphabet, because the Ogums are Gothic, are ignorantly confounding, as usual, the Celts and the Goths; and are arguing against the latter, when they imagine it is against the former. The very advocates have themselves made the same blunder, and have thus injured their own cause. Vallancey is here foremost; and hence his theory, as far as it depends on the Ogums, is baseless. It is this which

has produced nearly all the confusion of this subject. All these may be seen in Hickes; and their origin is clear. They have nothing to do with the question of a Celtic alphabet. Celsius thinks that the Runes, or Ogums, were perverted Roman and Greek characters. Venantius Fortunatus is the first who mentions them, in the sixth Century, and they appear to have been introduced about the third. All this therefore leaves the Celtic letters, or alphabet, untouched; and their remote antiquity will be confirmed by the remarks I shall presently make on the language itself. On the Ogums or Runes, themselves, I shall say no more; because our own Gael have no interest in this part of the subject.

While the Gaelic orthography admits of some observations, even from a stranger to the language, it also demands them: as its formidable appearance, and the discrepancy of the written from the spoken words, serve to terrify beginners at the outset, and are also obstacles to the progress of the natives in learning to read. That which first strikes a stranger's eye is, that there are, not only numerous dormant vowels, as well as consonants, but that whole syllables are so. And although the latter is not the fact, in the estimation of the natives themselves, the effect, to an unlearned ear, is rendered precisely the same by the mode of pronunciation; so that, thus far, to those who are to learn, they are truly dormant in practice. Few Sassenach eyes would recognize the names Mac Nair and Mac Gilony, in Mhic an Fheabhair and Mhicalonabhaidh. One example from a common word will illustrate this. Cly is so nearly the pronunciation of the word for a sword, that it is usually spelt so when displayed among English: but, to be more accurate, it ought to be C.ay or Cl,a,i. Now this is a real disyllable. of a sufficiently terrific appearance, spelt Claidheamh. To analyze this word, we must first cut out altogether the dh, acknowledged to be dormant, as well as the i, which, for some other reason, is suppressed. The ea has then the power of an e, or of a French i, and the mh is a v

which, though not theoretically dormant, is inaudible by untaught ears. Thus we come to Cl,a,i; if not carefully pronounced, a monosyllable; and which might be spelt as one, even out of the original word, by making use of the two first vowels, of which one is placed for show and the other for use. Thus the whole syllable, dheamh, is, to English eyes and ears, dormant.

This example will serve generally as an illustration of a point on which it is not necessary to be a Gael to be allowed to judge. In reality, as may be seen in this specimen, there are dormant consonants, dormant vowels, modifying vowels and consonants, as they are considered, and combinations of consonants used to represent those single ones which might as well be substituted, as is done in all other European languages; particularly as they are actually used in this very one. A general grammarian can see no reason why the sound v should sometimes be represented by that letter, and sometimes by mh; although Gaelic grammarians have reasons of their own for this practice. On what involves general principles in language, every one may give his opinion; though submitting it, on those which are absolutely peculiar. I need not instance more words, as illustrations of modifying consonants, which also occur, nor of complications of letters to represent aspirations, which might better be done by accentual marks; as it would carry me into details, when it is only with the general principle that I have room to intermeddle.

The opinion respecting the expediency of a change, is supported by Llwyd, whose knowledge will not be disputed. He argues against the mute aspirates dh, mh, th, &c. and against the necessity of this practice, as adopted for the sake of preserving the possessive, or initial letter, and indicating the radical, or primitive. It is not done in the collateral Welsh and Cornish, and the want is not felt. Moreover, it was not practised by the ancient Irish, and has not, therefore, the reputed merit of antiquity, more than of utility, assigned to it. With them,

in former times, one letter served different purposes, as in the French and Spanish. It is absurd to introduce a novelty, which is, at the same time, useless, superfluous, and disagreeable. No evil could arise from taking the v for the mh. All nations have borrowed letters as they wanted them, and thus, even the Greek alphabet itself was formed.

There is no language, it is true, which will not admit of the same censure to a certain degree; not even the Italian, beautiful as its orthography is; but there is not one, except this, which has not acknowledged the fault, and made gradual and progressive improvements towards a remedy. If, as is said in defence, the quiescent vowels and consonants sometimes affect the neighbouring letters, being the modifying ones just noticed, the obvious answer is, that it is an operose method of producing a slender effect. The aspirates, it is said, are inflexions; but these also might be represented by a less cumbersome contrivance. Assuredly, the nation which adopted such a system, wrote little, or had little value for time. The quiescent consonants, it is also said in defence, are introduced for the purpose of preventing the meeting of vowels in compound words. This is a spelling to the eye only; the necessity of which belongs to the general false principle on which this orthography is chiefly defended; and which, to its other inconveniences, adds this, that the same method is not followed by all writers, and hence, that, with its other faults, it combines that of being unsettled. That such is the fact, is well known. Shaw says that every person's orthography differs from another's, and that all are wrong. He attempted to reduce it somewhat nearer to convenience, and has been abused. Such is the effect, possibly, of feelings, which, in this, as in aught else, will not admit improvement lest it should acknowledge a fault.

The general ground of defence above alluded to is, that the present orthography must be preserved for the sake of the radicals; that we may be enabled to trace their

whole filiation through all their descents, modifications, and modes of composition. Thus, for example, the dormant consonants may indicate the root in declinable words, or else the primitive; and so on. It does not appear very difficult to answer this, on general principles. If the Gaelic has any other and better reasons for departing from the common usage of other languages, those who are engaged in the present translation of the Bible, are competent to explain them; and it is right that they should do so, to satisfy many, who, like myself, object on the grounds here stated, and others who do the same, because they do not understand. In the mean time, all languages might set up the same defence; yet all refined ones have rejected the practice which the Gaelic scholars defend and follow, and have continued to change their orthography as they increased and improved their grammars and dictionaries. Let any one examine the Greek from the time of the Pelasgi to that of the Athenians, or the change which took place in the Latin from the period of the Decemviri or the twelve tables, to the Augustan age.

Certainly the Gael have little respect for the opinion of Quintilian. "Ego, sit scribendum quidque judico, quomodo sonat; hic est usus literarum, ut custodiant voces, et, velut depositum reddant legentibus; itaque id exprimere debent quod dicturi sint." Marius Victorinus would have told them "Bis peccatis, quod aliud scribitis et aliud legitis quam scriptum est." Orthography ought to be the picture of pronunciation. The very object of writing and of letters, is to represent sounds. The Romans acted on this principle, when, in borrowing ἄγγελος, ἄγγυρα, Ἀγχισης, they wrote angelus, ancora, Anchises. And it is plain that this was a progressive improvement; because Varro informs us that they first wrote aggelus, agcora, Agchises: and that they also used the g for the n, in such words as aggulus, agceps, iggero. The Gael reverse this plan: finding a difficulty already, they study to make it greater. It is a

misfortune that we have lost what Cæsar wrote on this subject.

The Gaelic tongue, as it now stands, carries in it the evidence of its own barbarism; and in resisting the change, expresses a determination to preserve that. There is no reason why we should not argue respecting it, as we do about all the present languages of civilized Europe. I know not what exemption it possesses from common rules. Not to enter too deeply into a question which would lead me far astray, it is, among other things, in the nature of languages as they improve, to compound short or monosyllabic words, for the expression of new ideas. Thus, even sentences become words. It is in the next stage of this process, to abbreviate or condense them in the pronunciation; and lastly, as the language becomes literary, to do the same in the orthography. Before this final process, yet unattained in many languages, we find those quiescent letters on which no nation but the Gaelic prides itself, and which all are glad to reject as opportunity offers. These were not always such: commonly, they are the remains of the original words; the very certificates of origin which the Gael are so anxious to preserve. It is thus that the orthography of a nation gradually adapts itself to the pronunciation; although numerous causes are always at work to impede the perfection of the process. Thus also, what is more important than facility in writing and reading, languages become refined, enlarged, and generally improved: making work for metaphysicians, grammarians, and etymologists, and for such supposed discoveries as I formerly noticed. To retrograde as far back as possible, through this process, I know not that I can select a better example than the languages of North America, including that of Greenland; of which, the Mohawk is a splendid specimen, since it displays a majority of words, if words they may be called, reaching from five to eighteen or twenty syllables. Those, in reality, are compound terms, sometimes amounting to sentences; and they offer an extreme case of the

system which all, except the Gael, hasten to forget. Not but that, even now, languages, from wantonness or necessity, are making occasional use of the same machinery: and those who wish to see how language has grown in this way, may turn to the catenations of the Morning Post, if not satisfied with a line of battle ship, or the multifarious twinned progeny of modern poetry. Whether the heaven-born-and-never-enough-to-be-admired adjective of the former, a worthy rival of the American siniyeyoderighwhinoughneyontkaghthogsk, be ever destined to subside into one manageable word, lies hid in the womb of time; but, on the Gaelic system, that could never happen. The Germans how pride themselves on the facility with which their language admits this species of composition; and hence an abuse which almost makes the author of a new work in it, the inventor of a new language. When time shall have condensed those compounds, if that is ever to arrive, the German will be the most copious language in existence; and will then lose what almost outweighs the advantages, but what, on the principle under review, it would for ever retain. The extension of that principle, it is plain, would lead the Gael back to the original types, could they discover them, and their language might then become a rival of the Mohawk.

It does not require five minutes inspection of any modern or ancient classical language, to see what effects would result from persistence on the Gaelic principle, in a system of radical or derivative orthography. Words meet us at every step. Mine, for example, should be spelt my one, manly manlike, but be out, blame blaspheme, (in this instance, producing confusion), and so on; and, as a specimen of a sentence, that strange-looking adverb, duntaxat, should be still spelt, dum talis casus sit. The final result would be to sacrifice all the metaphysical parts of speech, and to return to the original nouns and verbs. If the English still retains the dormant guttural, in though, through, and many other words, it has dropt that in many more, and will probably part with

those also, in time; as it ought. The Latins followed the practice of condensation, in converting vexillum into velum, maxilla and axilla into mala and ala, and picinus into pinus; as all languages have done, in examples which might, if quoted, fill a page or two.

With all due respect to the personages engaged in the new Bible, it really seems, to a mere spectator, like myself, a subject of regret, that, with the power thus fortunately come into their hands, they did not attempt a reformation; if, at least, the object is to preserve and facilitate the acquisition of the language. If it be to die, it is of no great moment: but, to give it every chance of living, its acquisition ought to be rendered as tempting as possible. Comparatively, the preservation of its derivation, is a trifling advantage; to the people, as a language for use, it is none; and future grammarians can never be at a loss. Nor can it be objected that ancient books would thus be rendered unintelligible, as has happened in the other European languages; because it possesses none. The scholars in question have now a power that never yet occurred to any one. They are almost the founders of a written tongue, since what has previously been published, would easily be superseded: they are at least Dictators whom few would question, and there are not many who would have to toil through the difficulty of forgetting. They have a golden opportunity, by which they might surely diffuse, with greater ease, that work which it is most important to spread, and by which also, the Ossianic relics, which comprise nearly all of their original literature worth preserving, might become far more widely known. Certainly no Englishman, in a similar case, would labour to retain, even the orthography of Chaucer and Gower. If it be intended to preserve or even to spread the Gaelic tongue for temporary purposes, and that, under circumstances too, where the time required, or the poverty and inconvenience of the parties engaged, which amounts to the same thing, is the main impediment to its acquisition, it would be matter, even of

policy, to render that as easy as possible, and thus to diminish the time and the expense. It is difficult enough, with all the aids of "Spelling made easy," (instead of its being, as in this case, made difficult), to teach the snivelling urchins of a village school, that d, o, g, do not spell cat.

Thus they might also introduce or borrow any letters which they might want for their purpose. They say that the Roman letters are imperfect, and will not convey the sounds. Surely what cannot be conveyed by the twenty-four letters of the Roman English alphabet, is still less likely to be represented by the eighteen of the Irish or Celtic one. But there is nothing to prevent their borrowing from the Greek also. This was tried in Ireland, and Llwyd adopted it. But it is a misfortune of all alphabets, that they are inadequate to their purposes. They are all deficient in the necessary sounds, and almost all have superfluous signs: two characters performing the same office; while some of the simple ones, further perform that of doubled letters, being virtually dipthongs. If the Greek is among the best, nothing can be more capricious than the order of its arrangement. To be deficient in vowels, as are all the Oriental alphabets, is, perhaps, of all defects, the greatest. Certainly, our alphabets, in no language, have been the production of philosophers or grammarians, or even the result of a moment's thought: they have arisen in barbarism and chance; and, by a strange and unaccountable respect to antiquity, they have been followed, though being the cause of more than half the difficulty which impedes the acquisition of languages. It seems extraordinary and inexplicable that they are not reformed. The difficulty could not be very great; and we have ourselves witnessed one change, in the distinction between the u and v and the i and j, long loudly called for. Yet the pertinacity with which this absurd confusion of vowels and consonants was so long upheld, may, perhaps, prove the difficulty of adopting more effectual alterations. Here, the scho-

lars in question might almost be any Tyrants they pleased.

Whatever may be judged as to the justice of these general views, the original orthography of the Highland Gaelic is admitted to have been copied from the Irish language, till after 1750. Bishop Kerswell's work is of 1567: and a translation of the Psalms was also published in 1664, on this principle. In 1753, there was another, and, in 1767, the New Testament was again translated; while, at that time, some changes were made, for the purpose of adapting the language better to the Highland dialect; some Irish idioms being also rejected. It was afterwards still more improved; and the present Bible professes to make some further changes for the better. Yet I understand it to be the declaration of some Gaelic scholars, that it admits of still further improvements; while it is also their opinion, that a very essential one would be the substitution of the Irish and original alphabet for the Roman. This I have answered already: they may borrow, if they please, in addition; or substitute a letter of one power for another; or, if they like it, may take the χ for the ch: but how eighteen letters can perform more than our alphabet, even admitting that it possesses some duplicates, is not easy to discover. But to acknowledge what they do by this general declaration, is quite sufficient, by the way, to settle the question respecting the antiquity of Highland manuscripts; since, as late as 1664, a Highland Gaelic work was, in fact, an Irish one, though executed in Scotland. It amounts to a confession that the Gaelic was, in the Highlands, an unwritten language, till a recent period: what they borrowed in 1664, they had borrowed before, if indeed they had any thing written; and from a people whose very ancient use of letters cannot be questioned.

The very fact, of an orthography remaining stationary for so many centuries, proves, for Ireland as well as the Highlands, literary poverty. If the nineteenth century must, or may, go back to the ninth, or to the twelfth, for

a model, it is proof enough that such a country has produced nothing intermediate, or the spelling and forms of the words must have undergone modifications. We need ask no stronger proofs of an illiterate people; illiterate in their own tongue at least. We need not ask what the orthography of this very page would have been, had the English and Scots possessed no works of the period that lies between Chaucer or Blind Harry and the Lady of the Lake. In the Gaelic, as in every other language, speech has gone on improving; but the changes have not been recorded in books, because there were none in which they could be recorded. Thus, taking an extreme view, for vocal sounds, comparatively modern, we must resort to ancient symbols. Thus also, here as elsewhere, the written and the spoken languages are constantly tending to separate, till at length the orthography comes to hang in rags about the pronunciation; "a world too wide for its shrunk shanks."

But this subject must not be indulged in longer. I must now answer an objection made by the Highlanders respecting the Northern invasions and conquests, on the score of language. It has been said that if these invasions were so numerous and long continued, and the conquests as complete as they have been represented, the Scandinavian ought to have been the language of the Highlands, and not the Celtic. Hence also, it is said, those that speak Celtic must be Celts.

To answer this, let us look for parallel cases. William failed in introducing the Norman into England, though he was the chief despot among a horde of despots of his own importation; possessed of all the rule and much of the property of the country, and that property including the very people; establishing a species of jointly and severally tyrannical oligarchy. That he attempted it, by force and art both, is well known, from other evidence than his law language. Not only indeed did the Normans attempt this, but the very people themselves lent their aid, in hopes of ridding themselves of oppressions,

and to avoid the disgrace of being thought English. They did the same in the matter of dress as in language; and hence the proverb "Jack would be a gentleman if he could speak French." Hearne says that "the Normans did all they possibly could to destroy every thing that looked like Saxon, and yet they were not able to bring their ill design to perfection." Higden says that the children in schools were compelled to learn French, and "haveth, siththe that the Normans came first into England. Allso, Gentelmennes children beth ytaught to speke Frensche, from the tyme that they beth rokked in her cradel," &c. And again he says "And uplondish-men wole likne hemself to gentil men, and fondeth with grete bisynesse for to speak Frensche for to be the more ytold of." But this was all abandoned; and, in 1385, the schools had given up the French, and taught English. Trevisa says that it was then wearing out. Richard spoke French only, and the Nobles in general could speak no English; while the middle ranks also used French, and the Poets, down to Chaucer, wrote in it during a space of three centuries; yet all was unavailing. For, in spite of all this, the Norman children became English, and spoke that language, even in William's time. Thus, in effect, the Normans recovered a language possessing an affinity to their original tongue; that tongue which they had lost, in France, in far less time than the 150 years which intervened between Rollo and William; while they had also even adopted the French names which figure in Battle Abbey Roll: genuine names, whatever that record may be. So complete was the change, that even when buried in Normandy, whither they were carried from England, the inscriptions on their tombs were in English.

Had William been a better philologist, and more attentive to his own history, he would have seen the futility of his attempt, from the experience of his own people and country. Yet there were many things in favour of his plan; as French was already established in England,

having been the court language of Edward the Confessor, as it was that of Scotland, even in the time of Alexander the third. Yet in spite of such an example of failure as this, there are antiquaries who still choose to suppose that the present Scottish tongue was introduced by Malcolm and his Queen; forcibly established over the universal Gaelic of the country. It is fruitless to offer other arguments to prove that such a process was impossible. Reasoning and facts both, are thrown away on prejudices like this. The Southland Scots indeed, were Saxons already: but the North-eastern were the offspring of the Picts, and their language that of this people. Hence it was that the other Scandinavian and German tribes amalgamated so easily in a common language; and hence the marked resemblance of the Scottish dialect to the present Swedish, rather than to the Anglo Saxon. As far as it is Saxon, its superior purity is thus also easily accounted for. The conquest of Kenneth was that of a Gael; in tongue at least: and the Gaelic probably remained the Court language, till superseded by the French. But the Picts, as a people, retained their own tongue. This is the simple and just theory of the Scottish language, as far as it can be stated within such confined limits. The language of a people never was thus changed; and it has been well remarked that "the patient indocility of the multitude must ultimately triumph over the caprice and tyranny of the rulers." It is not even indicated in History, that Malcolm attempted, or wished this; and how could he, indeed, have thought of it, when the language was already established, when it was the very language of the country. It would have been somewhat singular also, if he, and his Queen Margaret, had brought the Saxon from a Court, of which the language was French. It was not known there. It is more likely that they were compelled to learn it themselves, after their arrival in Scotland.

In the same way, the Franks, long before William, who conquered Gaul, were unable to introduce their lan-

guage, which was German, or Teutonic, and were obliged to adopt the Roman of that day, then the tongue of the people whom they overcame. The language of Sicily is essentially what it was before the conquest of Harold. It was equally out of the power of Raoul, or Rollo, to force his Scandinavian on Normandy; and he also was compelled to adopt the language of the conquered. The vanquished French of Neustria drove out of the field, in the space of less than a century, the language of the Court, the army, and the law; as the Saxons afterwards, in England, did that very tongue, and against the same advantages. The Romans held Britain for centuries, yet they never introduced the Latin. I might easily illustrate this still further, from the conquests of the Goths in Italy and in Spain, from that of the Moors in the latter country, from those of the Arabs in Persia, the Persians in India, the Tartars in China, and many more. I might also illustrate it from Roman conquests, beyond number: and so far was this people from establishing its own language, even in Greece, that the Greek excluded the Latin from the Eastern Empire.

The fact is an established one; nor has any thing short of overwhelming superiority, of an enormous disproportion between the civilization and numbers of the invaders and the invaded, or of political extermination, as in the case of the British under the Saxons in England, or in the much stronger one of America, produced the effects of substituting the language of the conquerors for that of the conquered. Nor can it well be otherwise; neither force nor activity can avail against dispersion and indocility: it is far easier for the minority to acquire a new language than the majority; while it also finds an interest, or rather a necessity, in so doing. Gibbon, in arguing against the vulgar, or popular opinion, respecting the extermination of the Britons by the Saxons, overlooks this important circumstance. It is not necessary that they should have been literally exterminated; but, had they not been reduced to a very small number, the Saxon

language would not have been established and the British excluded. This rare instance, among those which I have just enumerated, like some others which History furnishes, does prove that the Saxon conquests were marked by a ferocity almost unexampled; and though this argument has been overlooked by all historians, as well as by Gibbon, it is one that cannot easily be controverted.

It has been a prevailing theory among antiquarian historians, that the similarity or identity of language is one of the strongest proofs of the original connexion or identity, and of the descents of nations. It has even passed into a kind of law, which no one thinks of disputing, and which, as such, has misled almost every one who has treated this subject. History, as every one of those writers asserts, offers no proof of the descents of nations, because such history is necessarily defective or wanting. It is language, say they, which affords the only and the safe guide. Sheringham calls it "præcipuum, certissimumque argumentum;" and Pinkerton, more lately, has laid undue stress on it, in his Dissertation on the origin and progress of the Goths; a work in which he has too often allowed his theory to mislead him. Doctor Johnson, to go no further, lays it down also as a law, and reasons on it as an established axiom. I might extend this list, not merely to a tenfold length, but to almost every author who has treated this subject; though it is disproved by the whole current of history, by facts at our own doors, which it is marvellous that any one should have overlooked. It is assuredly surprising that so many persons, of the highest attainments, should have forgotten, how often and how completely, this evidence becomes deceptive, in consequence of the changes of language adopted by nations, and, very notedly, and commonly, in this case of conquest. History is so full of this, that we can scarcely turn a page without being convinced of the fact; but the instances which I have just adduced are sufficient. Had the maxim been true, our Normans

would have been reckoned Saxons, but for their history; Romans would have been Greeks; Tartars, Chinese; and so on beyond all enumeration. Nor can we examine Antiquarian discussions on the subject of the descent of Nations, without perceiving that this theory has been the leading cause of the obscurity in which that subject has been entangled, and of the voluminous writings to which it has given rise. But when such Antiquaries have so far suffered themselves to be misled, it is not surprising that the Highlanders should still imagine themselves Celts; and this, not only where they have more than an equal portion of Gothic blood in their veins, but, in some cases, where not one trace of a Celtic origin remains.

But in cases of an amalgamation between the conquerors and the conquered, the language of the former becomes often superinduced on, or mixed with, that of the latter. This happened in England with the Norman; and thus also the Franks introduced a portion of German into the mixture of Latin and Celtic which was the tongue of their Gallic conquests. Thus also may the Norwegians have modified the Gaelic Celtic of their Highland possessions. But in attempting to judge of the extent of that, we are somewhat checked by the knowledge of another affinity subsisting between the Gothic and the Erse, or Gaelic, tongues. What portion of the whole resemblance belongs to those conquests, is a point which we have no means of discovering. Adelung, as well as Llwyd, from whose decisions few will appeal, have determined that one half of the present Irish, which is also the purest dialect of the Celtic in their estimation, is Gothic. The Welsh, the Cornish, the Manx, and the Armoric, are variously corrupted, besides, by French and English words: as the Highland dialect is fast becoming. It is easy, thus, to see, how little reason the Gael have to boast of a purity which is perfectly imaginary. To call a language pure, which is equally compounded of two distinct tongues, and to adduce this imaginary purity as a reason against further innovations, is a species of igno-

rance, united to prejudice, at which we may safely smile. To quote those opinions, to enumerate but a small portion of the passages in which the Purity, as well as the many other supereminent perfections of this mixed language, as well as its copiousness, are stated, might amuse the reader: but I am unwilling to amuse him at the expense of an appearance of criticism and controversy, to which a rational enquiry into languages, which is equally the property of all scholars, must not condescend. It has been the fashion for this people, to suppose that no one has a right to speak of their Tongue, who is not a Native, and that Natives possess the exclusive right. Had this been the Canon Law of Language, it need not be asked what the consequences would have been as to half the languages of the world. He who knows but his own, may safely keep his opinions to himself. It is from this mixture, that these Celtic philologists have committed so many mistakes, in deducing the affinity of their language to the Greek, the Latin, and the Sanscrit. The great and leading affinity in this case, is between the Gothic portion of the Erse or the Gaelic, not its Celtic one. But I must inevitably bestow a few words more on a subject into which I have been thus dragged; though not a little troubled to give, in a page or two, any intelligible sketch of matters which have occupied volumes—libraries.

Parallel tables of the Celtic dialects to the Greek and Latin, and to some other languages, have been so often republished, that it is fruitless to repeat them, even if I had room. Three fourths of them, moreover, are erroneous, from the cause which I have just pointed out. The Celts have mistaken the parentage of their language; and none so much as those who, like Pezron, Pelloutier, and the Irish antiquaries, have written most about it. Sir William Jones's simple view, is the best basis for this enquiry; and I must state it as briefly as I can before proceeding. Sanscrit was the language of the first race of Indians; and hence descended that of the first race of

Persians, of the old Egyptians, and of the Goths; from which, chiefly, branch the tongues of the Greeks and Romans, and, more purely, those of the Picts, Saxons, Scandinavians, Franks, Germans, and so on. The other radical language was that of the Assyrians, or the second Persian race. In this, the Chaldee is perhaps the most ancient; and hence ramify the Hebrew, the Syriac, Phenician, and Carthaginian, the Arabic, the Abyssinian, some of the Tartar languages, some African tongues, and the Celtic. Hence the Celtic and the Gothic tongues are from distinct roots; and it is necessary to keep that important fact in sight. Thus much for the general and leading division of the European tongues.

Pelloutier therefore commits a gross error, when he says that the Celtic is the mother of all the European languages. It is the prior in Europe; but it is only in part parent. He confounded it with the Gothic. Boullet has done the same, and worse; when he derives the Gothic from the Celtic. Whitaker, more unpardonably, has even confounded the Celtic and the Anglo-Saxon. Pinkerton is by no means clear on this point; nor Bochart, nor many more whom I need not enumerate. Vallancey generally contrives to be wrong. But, through the parent Celtic, arises the resemblance of the Welsh, Irish, and Armoric, to the Hebrew, on which so much unfounded ridicule has been thrown. Rowlands, Pezron, and many others, have tabulated the words. Hence also the celebrated resemblance of the Irish to the Carthaginian speech in Plautus, which Bochart equally explained by means of the Hebrew; the resemblance of which to the Carthaginian is pointed out by St. Augustine. This is the true solution: it is folly to seek it in Pheni and Phenician colonies. Hence the Phenician words of the Cornish; idly supposed to have been introduced during the commerce for Tin, by antiquaries who ought to have known their subject better.

Hence also the resemblance which Vallancey has, truly, in this instance, traced between the Calmuc, the Shilhense,

the Maltese, and other African and Asiatic languages, and the Irish. This also offers the true solution of the celebrated dispute about the Basque, or the language of Biscay and of ancient Aquitaine or Gascony. One party asserts that it is Celtic, and that it resembles the Welsh and the Irish; another utterly denies this, and says that it is an African tongue. Both parties are right; it is African: it was the language of the Iberi and the Mauri who peopled Spain; but it is, like the language of the Berbers, a remote branch of this great root the Assyrian, and the stock of the Celtic: and therefore it has happened, that while it bears a real resemblance to our own Celtic dialects, that resemblance is slight, like that of the Carthaginian. Hence the mutual understanding, asserted to exist, and again contradicted, between the Welsh, and the Moors and Maltese. You may consult Chamberlayne and Adelung on those points of correspondence; since I cannot venture further, without making this sketch a treatise.

The Basque or the Cantabric, had been remarked as a singular language, by Pliny, Mela, and Ennius. It was Llwyd who first called it Celtic; and it thus proves that he was radically right. Ledwich denies the resemblance; in which he is plainly wrong. He would not have denied it had he understood this branch of his subject: he did so, by a sort of prior reasoning; because he did not choose to admit of the Iberian colonies to Ireland. It is plain that this connexion explains away the Milesian, as it does the Phenician colonization. They are no longer required for solving the resemblance between the Irish and the Carthaginian. It is far more remote.

I may pass over the general modern languages derived from the Gothic, or from the Sanscrit radical, as there is scarcely any obscurity on this part of the subject. Hence arises the resemblance between the Persian and the German, between both those languages and the Greek, (and of course the Latin,) and between the Greek and the Sanscrit; a resemblance strongly marked, even

in the grammar, and, most decidedly, in the inflections of the nouns and verbs. If it is chiefly through this connexion that the Erse resembles the Greek and Latin, as I have remarked, yet it appears that the Greek itself has been, like that very Erse, compounded of the Celtic and Gothic tongues.

Here, most of the antiquaries are against me; which I cannot help. To pass over Pinkerton and fifty predecessors on this subject, Jamieson, the last writer on this question, says that the Pelasgi were Goths, and their language Gothic. I have noticed this subject at some length in another place; nor can that origin ever be considered as proved, until he, or those who support it, will explain why the Greeks are a dark, sallow, black-haired, race, a Celtic race, when the Goths were a tall, fair-haired, and blue-eyed one. Nature is, in this, unchangeable; and till she does change her laws, I must ever be convinced that the Pelasgi were Celts. This is an argument which the whole race of philologists has overlooked, and it is an insuperable one.

Leibnitz, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus before him, are on my side, to a certain extent, when they say that the Latin is a compound of Celtic, or Barbarian, and Greek. If the Romans derived the Celtic portion of their tongue from the Etrurians, Osci, Umbri, and Ausonians, it was from the very Pelasgi themselves; and therefore the Pelasgic of Greece, and the early Greek itself, must have been Celtic. But as the classic Greek is compounded from the Gothic and Celtic, those Celtic words found in the Roman tongue, are not all necessarily thus taken from the early settlers of Italy whom this people conquered. Quintilian reconciles the two components of the Latin in this very manner, by deriving it from the Æolic Greek, as does Varro; and it is remarkable, that when he finds a difficult etymology, it is always in a Celtic word. Had those writers, or Plato, known the Celtic dialects with which we are acquainted, they would have illustrated their subjects far otherwise than they

have done. Ennius says that the Latin was originally the same as the Greek. The Æolians were Pelasgi and Celts: though Pinkerton also chooses to consider them Scythæ or Goths. He, at least, ought to have known a Goth better. I shall shortly prove it, as I trust, in examining the origin of the Highland people. Llwyd is with me also; for he says, decidedly, that the Celtic was spoken by the Osci, Læstrigones, Sabines, Umbrians, and Ausonians. So is Stiernhelm, when he says that the Celtic, Etruscan, and Phrygian, are "ex una fonte" "nec Græca longe distat." So is Vossius. So, I should think, is Herodotus, when he says that the Pelasgian was a different language from the Hellenic Greek. The Hellenes were Ionians. The Ionians were Athenians; or, rather, they were the same people. This was the fine people of Greece; and these were the true Scythians, or Goths, who mixed or refined the language, and who also produced the greater part of what Greece has done towards its fame. Herodotus also calls the language of those colonies of Pelasgi who remained distinct in Italy at his day, barbarous. This was the Celtic tongue of the various people already named.

It has been asserted that the Pelasgi were Phenicians: and it has been again contradicted. If they were such, it explains the nature and connexions of their language: and, what must be remarked here, the history of their early Alphabet also. Some indeed have thought fit to say that the alphabet of Cadmus, or the Phenician alphabet, and the Pelasgic, were different. There seems no ground for that assertion. There would thus be two early alphabets in Greece. The Irish or Gaulish one, I have shown, is the early Greek, or that of Cadmus; omitting the letters of Palamedes and Simonides. This is the Celtic alphabet, and it should therefore be the Pelasgian, on the grounds of the common nature of the people and the common nature of their languages. If the Phenicians and Pelasgians were radically one people, it is not likely that they should have possessed two alphabets: while,

as there is an admitted coincidence between them, and as there is also a coincidence with the Irish alphabet, the unity of the whole seems as satisfactorily proved as such a case is ever likely to be. Besides, Herodotus says, distinctly, that the Greeks first used the Phenician letters, or those of Cadmus, and that he himself saw them engraved on the tripods in the temple of Apollo at Thebes. Whence then could any other or distinct Pelasgic alphabet have been derived; since they did not receive this till 1045 A. C. There was none before; and there could have been none after. The resemblance of the Greek characters to these Oriental ones, and their changes, have also been traced. Those were made by the Ionians. It may perhaps reconcile these theories to remark, that the Pelasgi need not have reached Greece from the Syrian shore.

Plato, is, I think, with me also, when he says that the Greeks had many barbarous words, which he supposed to be Phrygian. This is probable, as the Trojans were of the Celtic root. The remark is in the Cratylus: where he names πυρ, ὑδωρ, κυνας, and others, which he says do not accommodate themselves to the Greek. Had the antiquaries who have engaged in this dispute, been aware of the radical origin of this Celtic branch, or whatever it may be called, had they known the real nature of these Pelasgians, and the root whence they had spread, it is probable that the controversy would never have been broached. Much of it is little more than a controversy of words, when the real cradle of the Pelasgians is understood. This question has been misunderstood, chiefly on account of the erroneous theory respecting that early people. Had the Pelasgi indeed been Goths and not Celts, the produce of the first great division of Asiatics, instead of being that of the second, they ought to have possessed, or they might, at least, have had, an alphabet which was not the Phenician one introduced by Cadmus. As it is, they may also have had one, independently of this: it might even have differed in some points: but

though that were satisfactorily proved, which it has not, both would still be radically the same.

To conclude this very brief sketch. The arguments which have been brought on the other side, and most of which are mustered over again in the Hermes Scythicus, (which I name here, merely as it is the latest work), are as nothing against all this evidence. They are less than nothing, when the Breed is taken into consideration. A dark, sallow, race was the earliest known Greek Colony, and it continues to occupy the same country still. It was a Celtic race, because we can trace it still, among acknowledged Celts. It was the Pelasgian race. It spoke a language which was not Hellenic: which became Æolic Greek, in time, which was called barbarous, which was Pelasgian. The early Italian colonies also spoke Pelasgian: they were thought to be a colony from Greece; so much were the people and the language the same. That point is indifferent: they might have been the same people from a common source. This was the Etruscan and Ausonian. Rome borrowed from it; and it is proved that she has borrowed Celtic. The Pelasgian, or Etruscan, was therefore a Celtic; it was probably The Celtic tongue, which we have received, and now possess in a corrupted state. And here there is a double argument. It is doubted whether Rome borrowed those words from the Etruscan or from the Æolic Greek: and the cause of that doubt proves that the Æolic Greek and the Etruscan were both from the same root, which root must have been Pelasgian, or it could not have comprised both: and thus again we arrive at the same conclusion. The Hellenic race was the Gothic one, and hence the resemblance of the Greek and the German, to each other, and to the Sanscrit, or first division of Languages. Thus, if the German seeks his language in the Greek, it is in the Hellenic, or Ionic: the Celt seeks his own in the Pelasgian, or Æolic. Both find their languages in the Latin. Such is a summary of the argument: and such the true parentage and nature of the Gaelic tongue.

MULL. TOWNS AND MANUFACTURES.

You, and all the rest, must now be so wearied of the descriptions of islands, that I must begin "contrahere vela;" to take a reef or two in the mainsail. I am wearied myself. And I know not where I could have done it better: partly because Mull is now as well known as Edinburgh, and partly because there is very little in it worth knowing. It is a detestable island; trackless and repulsive, rude without beauty, stormy, rainy, and dreary. All this is true of the interior at least; the shores, in several places, afford striking objects, and, to Geology, an interest which does not lie in our present track. I may venture to describe, in fragments, a country which I know too well; leaving the geography to Mr. Arrowsmith's map. That map, I may here say it once for all, must be the companion of those who are desirous of following the geography of this book. No map within its own compass, could have served any possible purpose; and it would be an ill compliment, to Scotland and to readers, alike, to suppose that the general position of the Highlands and Islands was not universally known.

Mull is a heap of rude mountains, and almost every point on its shores is rocky or precipitous; while, with slender exceptions, it is an entire mass of trap rocks. Ben More is the highest mountain, and the ascent is neither very tedious nor difficult. I found it to be 3097 feet high. The view is various and extensive. Staffa, Iona, The Treshinish Isles, Coll and Tirey, with Ulva, Gometra, Colonsa, Eorsa, and other objects, are seen beautifully diversifying the broad face of the western sea, distinct as in a map; while, to the southward, Scarba and Jura, with the smaller isles of the Argyllshire coast,

recede gradually in the distant haze. The rugged surface of Mull itself, excludes the objects to the eastward; but Loch Scredon forms a beautiful picture beneath our feet; its long and bright bay deeply intersecting with its dazzling surface, the troubled heap of mountains.

An accident happened on the top of Ben More, which is worth relating, as showing how discoveries may be the result of accident; provided we keep our eyes open. A hail storm came on, and, in a few minutes, the ground was covered. It became piercing cold, though in August; and the seamen produced some whisky in a tin cup. Being too strong for ordinary throats, I attempted to dilute it with hail. In an instant it turned so cold that I was obliged to drop it: the surface became covered with ice, and it froze to the grass. This was a case of cold generated by the solution of the hail in the alcohol of the whisky; a fact before unknown, but analogous to many other chemical phenomena. On pursuing the subject afterwards, in a correct maner, with alcohol, I found that the degree of cold thus produced, amounted to 39 degrees. With the temperature of Zero, therefore, mercury might be frozen at one operation, and in a mauner far more "genteel" than by means of acids.

The southern coast of Mull is nearly one continuous range of lofty precipices, well known to those who visit Staffa. There is little interest in Loch Don and Loch Speliv: but the former is the station of the Oban ferry. Loch Buy is equally uninteresting; and the cliffs of this shore will disappoint him who has seen those of Sky. On the western extremity, where the trap ceases, they become much more interesting, though less striking at a distance; forming the low granite point of the Ross, whence there is a short transit to Iona. I might indeed spend a few pages in describing the singular wildness of this strange shore; its labyrinths of red rocks and green waves, the fairy scenery of its deep recesses and shrubby ravines, its thousand bays and dells and glades, where thousands might live, each in his little paradise.

unknowing and unknown. But you all tell me that I have described too much already. So might I have told of the Lady's Island: but Dr. Johnson has told the tale already, and Miss Baillie has again brought it all before us with her own pen: and we all exclaim, "Shall we for ever make books by pouring out of one phial into another." Thence must I be "brief," and thence also, obscure. What else can he be, who is condemned to crowd into pages, that which has occupied volumes upon volumes; who deals in Druids, Potatoes, History, Goblins, Bagpipes, Planting, Language, Pigs, Matrimony, Shopkeeping, Herrings, Goths, Leeks, Celts, Castles, Chiefs, Cockles, Codfish, Coal, Churches, and heaven knows what more; chained down, like a Highland cow, to a narrow circle that he dare not and cannot pass. If I had passed it, there would have been a fifth volume. Thus it is, that, of the half of the present discussions, I can say only, that they are "obstetrices animorum;" as Socrates said before me. "Il faut faire penser;" and I have often furnished little more than the "tire tete and forceps;" since, as Tristram says, there was no room to bring the birth fairly into the world.

On this coast, there arise a comfortable new mansion house, and, near it, a weather-beaten, old, grey, tall, thin, dark, uncomfortable, square tower. These are the old and new dwellings of the Chief; and they are typical of the several possessors. The Chief of the elder days, was doubtless contented with his tower. When his castle was besieged, he ate salt beef; when the siege was raised, he made a creach on his neighbour's cows, and ate it fresh. When he had the upper hand, he killed as many Macdonalds as he could catch, and when the Macdonalds were uppermost, they killed him. "Money there was none" "in this republic:" laws, as little; the rents were paid in blood, and the next generation "was like the former." But the good old times being past, the young Chief eats beef and mutton in any way he chooses to dress it; his walls are papered by Mr. Duppa, and his

furniture is "of the silken sheen." Sympathetic mahogany smoothly slides, where firm oak once stood immoveable; "his hills are white over with sheep," and his rents are paid in notes of the Bank of Scotland. He may awake on any morning he chooses, with his throat uncut; and if the Macdonald should take a fancy to his castle, he will employ an army of peaceful and well-wigged lawyers, to besiege it in the Court of Session, instead of a crew of warlike and breechless Caterans. But who is ever contented. The Chief cannot deal any longer in pit and gallows; he cannot raise a regiment of ruffians and a flock of sheep too; he laments that he cannot have rent and power, bank notes and influence, that a Dugald or a Donald will no longer "cut his bones" for him; and forgets that he cannot combine the comforts of his new mansion, with a dark and troubled residence in a narrow tower. But "Blanche, Tray, and all the little dogs," are barking at me, and I must stop. Polonius, indeed, thinks there is "no offence;" and so do I.

The Sound of Mull is far too familiar to demand much further remarks than those which were formerly made on its Morven shore. It is a dreary strait, excepting at its entrance, where Duart castle is an object of some note, though now familiar as Dumbarton or Edinburgh. It seems to stand here, the tyrant of the strait, the wild palace of wilder chieftains; and, in contemplating the barren hills around, the rude rocks, and the ruder waves, we are carried back, through centuries, to the days of warfare and piracy, to Norwegian tyranny and feudal ferocity. It is a strong military post, while it is a picturesque object; and it was occupied as a barrack, to a late period. The great keep is of Norwegian strength; the walls being nine feet thick, and the inner area thirty-six by twelve. The corbels show that it was divided into two stories, by a wooden floor. The additional buildings seem all to belong to 1664, from the attached date, and are of a much slighter construction. Hence to Aros, there is nothing interesting, excepting Scallasdale. This house

is remarkable for its beautiful ash trees, which meet us, like an Oasis in the desert, giving an air of summer to all around, and recalling to mind what weeks past among stormy seas, and barren rocks, and regions of Mullish dreariness, had almost obliterated. As to the interior country, it may be called impenetrable: being a heap of trackless mountains, offering no temptation to quit the beaten road. But the little Bay of Aros is not deficient in beauty, though of a wild character; while the valley, like the bay, derives an interest from its castle, pitched in a very picturesque manner on the summit of a rocky hill of no great elevation. Hence, there is an irregular, dreary valley, which conducts to Loch na Keal and to Staffa, by a road well contrived to give the strangers who frequent it, an unfavourable impression of Mull and of the Highlands in general. But I need not trouble myself further, with describing what there is not to be seen in Mull.

Tobermory, the chief point of interest, comprises an upper and a lower town: the former, being a black one, and consisting of thirty or forty huts, is the seat of a half-employed population. The lower town, built near the water's edge, is backed by the cliff that supports this Acropolis; and is disposed in a sort of crescent, containing some public buildings, and twenty, or more, slated houses. The former include a custom house, an inn, a post office, and a pier; and some of the houses used for coopers' stores and other purposes, are of a large size. A few boats are built here; but all the other business of Tobermory, which is very trifling, depends on its Custom House; as it is the place where the legal forms connected with the herring fishery must be complied with. This establishment owes its origin to the same causes as Tanera and Ullapool, formerly noticed; but it remains as it did, a warning proof, if fond experimenters in political economy could take warning, of the difficulty of counteracting the habits of a people, or of hastening, by forced means, the natural progress of a country in arts and commerce. The cause of its failure has been sought

in the arrangement made for the new population that was enticed to it. The establishment included two thousand acres of land, and an allotment was made to each house, at a very low price, as an inducement to the settlers. Hence the idle, rather than the industrious, flocked to it; while the want of ambition and industry, too characteristic of the Highlanders, combined with their agricultural habits, made them bestow on their lots of land, the little labour which they were inclined to exert; neglecting the fisheries and manufactures which were the objects in the contemplation of the Society. But there were other faults; consisting in the inconvenience of its position and its distance from the fishing grounds. On these, as too minute, I need not dwell.

With respect to manufactures, the Projectors of Tobermory followed the outcry of the day; patriotically imagining that Emigration, the eternal bugbear, was thus to be prevented, and that they had only to will all sorts of impossible events. It is not only here, however, that shallow economists have conceived the collection of a mass of people to be the only requisite for the establishment of manufactures; that, like the plants which vegetate by the brook, they must necessarily spring up wherever that brook was capable of turning a mill. Unquestionably, there is wind and water enough in the Highlands to turn all the cotton mills in the universe; but there is another more essential moving force which those worthy and patriotic visionaries appear to have forgotten. Capital does not seek new outlets till it is dammed up to bursting; nor is it easy to see what temptation there could have been to transfer raw materials to a distant workshop, to a country conspicuous for want of steady and industrious habits, and when the manufactured articles must have been returned to the place whence they were brought, to be sold, if not consumed. Many events must take place, before a paper mill or a carding engine will be erected under the water-falls of Tobermory. The Highlands produce scarcely any raw

material but wool; and, even of that, not so much as is commonly imagined; since breeding is the great concern of the sheep farmers. They consume still less; and it is therefore futile to suppose that even a woollen manufactory could advantageously be established here, in competition with capital and machinery already at work where the great market for the produce, and the market for industry also, lie. I may further add, as a portion of this general view, that if, to establish manufactures here, or elsewhere, were to create capital, there would be valid reasons for the proceeding. But, to establish, is merely to transfer capital and employment, from places which those would not have chosen, had they not been the most advantageous. The change is a source of loss, not of gain; unless there were countervailing advantages in the cheapness of fuel and labour, or in the superior industry and knowledge of the people. In all of these, the Highlands are notedly deficient: and if a Highlander is to be taught mechanical dexterity and industry, those will be best learnt, where also he may best earn his living, among manufactures already established. I need not go deeper into these obvious arguments.

But whatever difficulties there may be in the way of establishing regular manufactories, or in promoting systems of this nature on broad and commercial principles, there is none in the introduction of such petty domestic manufactures as might be carried on, with little or no capital, by individuals or families, and chiefly by the application of their own unoccupied labour and time. There are, in this climate, much bad weather and many short days, in which the people cannot employ themselves out of doors, and during which, their time is spent in idleness, and assuredly not happily. It would be an absolute blessing to discover work to do, "frigidus agricolam si quando continet imber;" and such domestic manufactures would probably be found not less amusing, and somewhat more profitable, than reciting tales of ghosts or of Ossian, which, we are assured, whether we believe

it or not, forms their favourite occupation. Even where the labours of fishing and agriculture are united, and still more where this is not the case, there is always a considerable portion of the year unoccupied; confirming, if not producing, that indolence which is so inimical to the improvement of those people. Of such dormant time and labour, the value is nothing; as that for which there is no demand, can have no price. It would form but a slender charge therefore on the manufactured articles; and thus the Highlanders, even without the advantage of machinery, might often compete in the market, with those who can command its aid. But putting a remote market out of the question, they might thus supply themselves and their immediate neighbourhood with their produce; at such a price, in many cases, as would be fully sufficient to command a sale and reward them at the same time. Under such a system of manufacturing, any price beyond that of the raw produce is clear gain; but when the capitalist comes to interfere, and labour itself finds a price, he must be remunerated, not only for the wages which he pays, but by a profit on them, added to all the other profits incidental to a commercial system; and thus the structure which he was to support or extend, speedily falls to the ground. It is thus that the spinning of wool and flax by the hand wheel, or even by the distaff, is, in the hands of the women, in countries of this kind, a source of profit as well as of occupation; even when the same articles can be produced by machinery with a hundredth or a thousandth part of the labour. But no price, however small, which a capitalist could offer for that labour, would enable him to bring such commodities to market in competition with the produce of a mill. It is the same with the knitting of stockings, which long formed an occupation in Shetland, Aberdeenshire, and Wales, and which yet survives to a certain extent.

This is the system of manufacturing, therefore, which it would be desirable to cultivate in the Highlands, as

long as they remain in their present state, and until the division of labour, if that is ever destined to happen, shall take place. To dictate either the mode or the subjects, would be to trespass on the supposed rights of those, who, perhaps, may, in time, think of exerting themselves. The most obvious ones, and which require to be rather extended than introduced, are the spinning of wool, flax, and hemp, and the manufacturing of such ordinary articles of consumption from them, as require neither much capital nor machinery. For such a purpose, it would probably be found advantageous to extend the cultivation of flax, and almost to create that of hemp; the demand for which article, in nets and lines, is incessant. Independently of profit, the moral effect of giving employment to the idle, would be advantageous in more ways than one. It would operate as a stimulus to a people whose industry is rather dormant, from want of a motive or an object, than dead; as all experience shows. The very mind is enlarged and the character improved by those means; the possession of unexpected gain furnishes new means of gratification, and excites a spirit of ambition which is not long in raising the man from a state little better than that of his domestic animals, dreaming out a stagnant existence, forgetful of the past, heedless of the present, and reckless of the future. We must here also remember, that the corruption of morals which is the consequence of manufactures, does not occur in systems of this nature, even when conducted on a much larger scale; as it is peculiar to those where the labourers are crowded, either in towns or in appropriated buildings. The experience of every country, as well as our own, proves this. Another good collateral effect, which is not so immediately obvious, would follow from such a plan: it would be that of exciting a taste for other occupations than those of agriculture, which engrosses too great a proportion of this population; while it would also demonstrate to them that it is possible to find the means of living without the possession of land. There is no na-

tural tendency in the present system to correct itself; nor is there any thing desirable in a condition which is, alternately, one of severe labour and of idleness. To attempt the establishment of manufactures or fisheries by force, are projects only for inconsiderate benevolence. Whatever is to be done, must be done gradually; by following, as much as leading, the changes of opinion and practice which time and circumstances produce, and by presenting new motives and creating new wants. This is the natural order in which alone improvements can proceed, without exciting pain, inconvenience, or discontent, on one hand, and without producing ill humour, loss, and disappointment, on the other.

If, practically, so little of this has yet been done that there are but few proofs to offer in favour of such a plan, it must be recollected that a business which all the Highland economists have overlooked, is a case in point; though not rigidly so, as it is neither voluntary, nor the occupation of idle time. This is the making of kelp, already noticed, which, in another sense, is a domestic manufacture. Even as it is necessarily conducted, it is an advantageous source of wealth to the people; and it would be far less exceptionable, were it possible to carry it on during the seasons of repose, instead of pursuing it at a time when there are many other things calling for attention. Were it not for this manufacture, there are many places where the people could not possibly pay the rents of their farms; that labour which it demands, paying, in itself, a large portion of these. It is the great misfortune of the Highlands, that, from the nature and divided state of the farms, there can be little surplus produce from which to pay rent. Those therefore who have the advantage of this people at heart, ought to adopt every means for this purpose, in addition to that fishing which is the leading resource; while it is certain, that whatever they do in this respect, will be advantageously reflected on themselves, in the increase, both of rent and of security.

But, to pass from these considerations, there is no demand, even for towns, in this country: and the argument applies nearly to all the Highlands alike. The articles required for the ordinary supply of an agricultural district, are the principal cement of the small towns everywhere. But the Highlanders have neither the habit of consuming these, nor the means of purchasing them. Their agriculture is both slovenly and limited: and they are either content with expedients, or, having sufficient leisure, are able to supply themselves with utensils by the labour of their own hands. They have no superfluity to spend in luxury or ornament; nor does their ambition yet stimulate them to improve their condition. It is a richer and a more improved rural population which has recourse to the industry of towns; and thus there is promoted that division of labour which is mutually advantageous, but which must be the gradual result of many circumstances, and cannot be forced. If there could be any doubt of the validity of this reasoning, its justice would be proved by examining almost all the attempts which have been made in the Highlands to force the growth of towns. They offer various instances of failure; of failure which all might have foreseen, except those who forget that the town does not make industry, but that industry makes towns; who begin their operations at the wrong end, and then wonder at their disappointments. There is another circumstance, arising from the character of the people, which renders towns inexpedient in the Highlands, unless under circumstances of an absolute demand for that species of industry which they encourage or produce. They cultivate what are called the social habits of the people; in other words, their propensity to idleness and all its consequences; a fact, of which any one may satisfy himself, by visiting those repositories of indolence and filth and neglect; even if it were not matter of common and daily remark, by the most strenuous defenders of Highland virtue. When I quote Mrs. Grant, as a printed authority, it is one from which it would not

be easy to appeal, on the ground of the Judge being a severe one. But I am willing to pass from a subject which is not agreeable.

Yet I must add a word on Highland shops; because the tobacco at Tobermory, my usual bribe, bore double the price which it did in Glasgow. How else should such shopkeepers realize large estates, after a few years of dealing in pins and tape, and scythes, and stockings, and all the miscellaneous matter of a shop that sells every thing. The prices of the most ordinary articles, are often rated, nearly in as exorbitant a manner as the tobacco; an extortion for which there is no excuse, as no credit is given, and no peculiar expense of distant carriage, or of rent, incurred. But, from some cause or other, there is either a want of competition, or else there is a combination, a monopoly of some kind, wherever these shops exist; so that we Southrons need not be much surprised at being imposed on by people who are so rapacious towards each other. It has been said, and repeated, (and therefore, "fas est audita loqui,") that the landholders, or principal tenants, are here the monopolists; sharing with their mercantile tenants in the profits, and preventing competition upon their own estates, or leases, with this very view. How easily this may be done, need not be said to those who know how Highland estates are divided and managed. Whether this censure be founded or not, I do not know. But so much blame has been thrown on Highland proprietors and tacksmen, and that has often proved so unfounded, that I am very unwilling to believe what is not confirmed by facts. This accusation is ancient; and it is said, in the reports to which I have here alluded, that the conduct with which the Superiors are thus charged, (with what truth, I know not) is a remain of the former tyranny of the chief persons of the Clan, during the prevalence of that System. According to the Gartmore MS., written in 1747, the small heritors and substantial tacksmen "play the merchant," and the "poor ignorant people are cheated out of their effects for one

half of their value, and so "kept in eternal poverty," possessing no money, and dealing by barter. In those days, these landlords purchased their cattle from them at their own prices; and it was from the abuses thence arising, that the trade of Drover originated. There is a remedy however, which, though as yet but partial in its operation, may in time give the unfortunate Highlanders the advantage of that fair market, which assuredly no people can require more, when their general and extreme poverty is considered. Vessels are occasionally found cruising round the sea coasts, and supplying them with the various articles for their wants, by means of barter; a plan, which, if fairly conducted, possesses a double advantage, inasmuch as it gives them a double market at their own doors. The poor Highlander finds often as much difficulty in selling as in buying; and, in both, he is too often subject to be defrauded. Should the Steamboat navigation be materially extended on these shores, this will not be one of the least advantages accruing to the people from it.

The establishment of these shops has nevertheless been of great use, and they are found every where; so that Dr. Johnson could not now remark, that if a female were to break her needle in Sky, her work is at an end. By holding out new temptations and conveniences to the people, their industry has been stimulated; and in discovering wants before unknown, they have also discovered that it is better to work, than to lie under a dyke all day long or lounge about in the rain. The activity of commerce thus produces advantages to all parties; as has been long ago remarked on more momentous occasions; worming itself in, like a screw, wherever it can find a hole. It was at John o'Groat's house, on the walls of the very Houna inn itself, that I saw displayed the great names of Day and Martin; and in a land which shoes had scarcely reached. What a sudden transferrence of the affections; from Houna to Holborn, from the blue streaming of the Pentland Firth, to the black gutters of Fetter Lane

I could not help imagining the Bill-sticker with his wand of office and his box of paste, marching nine hundred miles from Holborn to John o'Groat's house, to fix a blacking bill on the walls of Houna inn. Messrs. Day and Martin deserve their chariots and curricles, were it for nothing else. But they deserve it for better reasons. It is thus that the Highlands will be civilized and improved, or improved and civilized; as I hinted formerly. Even to know that there is such a thing as liquid blacking in the world, may excite the desire to possess it: and the fisherman may become ambitious to render his Sunday boots a substitute for a looking glass. Blacking, like oranges and Gingerbread Kings, cannot be obtained without money; and he who desires to purchase an "eighteen-penny bottle," will labour to catch an eighteen-penny fish more than his usual number, that his boots may dazzle the sunshine and the eyes of the favoured fair. And if Blacking is now sold at Houna, and Carraway comfits at Brora, is not Rouge to be bought at Blair in Athol, and is there not a milliner's shop at Kingusie. The Cowherd boy cannot buy an orange, nor the Calmuc-cheeked lassie adorn her protuberance of angle with carmine or red ochre, unless they have laboured for an equivalent. If she is to cast aside the horn comb and the snood, that she may flaunt in a Kingusie cap and ribbons, she must go into the harvest-field at six instead of twelve; and thus luxuries produce desire, and desire industry. Nor does the chain end here. If there is a new muslin gown and a suit of ribbons purchased for Sunday, or a pair of white cotton stockings and "caulf shoon" for kirk and market, there must be a "kist" to keep them in, and an umbrella to preserve them from the rain. Thus one want produces another: the Highlander, or his wife and daughter for him, become first discontented, then ambitious, then industrious, and finally rich. And thus too, he learns at length, to be clean; since the muslin train will not pass the midden, nor sit down on the creepie, nor lie among the milk tubs and porridge pots, unscathed. And

thus, in time, the hairs disappear from the butter, and the dubs are filled up, and the cows are put into a byre of their own, and the people learn to speak English, and the Highlands, alas, succumb, with all their pristine virtues, to rouge and ribbons, blacking and sweetmeats, tea and umbrellas, vanity and luxury.

That the excitement of the industry of the people, whether by these or other means, must form an essential part of any attempt to improve the Highlands, is unquestionable. There is much however to be done in other ways; and there are many things which are hourly operating their expected effects. Local improvements, such as roads, bridges, harbours, ferries, and posts, have done much: not only by facilitating internal communication and commerce, but by introducing to the people the opinions and habits of their more improved neighbours. The war has acted in a similar manner, by returning disbanded soldiers; and its effects will be long perceptible. The introduction of Lowland tenants has been useful, by introducing better examples; and much benefit has also resulted from the late general revolutions in the total agricultural system. Similar good consequences have flowed from the extension of the fisheries; but perhaps nothing has been more extensively or suddenly operative, at least in the maritime Highlands, than the steam boats. We can trace almost their weekly effects on the habits and opinions of the people. The advantages to result from the new schools are obvious; particularly as they will now be coupled with all these parallel innovations, so as to bear more immediately on human life. To all this we may add the impending abolition of the Gaelic language; that obstacle, which, as long as it remains unremoved, will render all other efforts vain, but which no fondness of exertion can now preserve from its natural and hastening death. But I need not dwell on this subject, nor protract the enumeration. It would be to produce a formal and tedious dissertation, by bringing under review much of what has already passed before

us, and which must speak for itself, as best it can. It ought not to be less impressive because it has been stated as circumstances gave rise to it; and if it has often been stated with apparent levity, it is not the less likely to be equally well noted, and much better received.

During the northern retreat of some ships belonging to the Spanish Armada, one of the vessels, the Florida, was lost off this harbour, and her timbers are still occasionally brought up as they work loose. In 1740, Sir Archibald Grant and Captain Roe attempted to weigh her, by means of divers and machinery. The attempt was unsuccessful, but some guns were brought up. The brass ones had the mark of an English founder, R. & I. Philips, 1584, with a crown and E. R.; so that it may be doubted if they belonged to the Spanish vessel. The iron guns were deeply corroded; but on scraping them, they became so hot that they could not be touched: and it is easy to imagine the fright of the Donalds, on finding hot guns five fathoms deep; guns too, that had been cooling for more than a century to so little purpose. If ever Highlander had reason to believe in Water goblins, he would have been justified on this occasion; though the Fire King must here have usurped the dominions of his rival fiend.

Now, here is one of those Physical facts which no one would have believed "a priori," however strong the moral evidence. It may offer a caution against a philosophical incredulity which has become fashionable among certain reasoners, because, having acquired a portion of physical knowledge, they conclude that every thing must needs be known. There is nothing physically impossible, except that which is contradictory in itself, or contradictory to some demonstrated physical axiom. This scepticism has, in particular, been displayed with much ill-placed triumph, in the cases of the prodigies recorded by ancient historians. Whether Numa brought down lightning from heaven or not, it is now known that he might have done so. Had Livy or Pliny related that an iron

anchor had been brought up burning hot from the bottom of the Tiber, or from beneath the sea at Ostia, where it had been left by the galley of Æneas, and that the omen had terrified the whole Roman people, or had been followed by a plague or an invasion of the Gauls, (as it might have been,) we should have ranked it with the angel warriors of Constantine, even down to the year 1812. We should have ranked it with the showers of stones, and the Palladium. Yet the same generation that has proved the possibility of the death of Tullus Hostilius by the Franklinian experiment, has proved that the showers of stones were true. It has now proved that what the Highlanders could not explain and no one chose to believe, in 1740, was also a fact; and the year 1812 has demonstrated that burning hot iron may be fished up from the bottom of a deep sea. I will not pretend that I was more ready to believe than those I have blamed, when I accidentally met with the same appearance, and was the first to discover and explain the cause.

There is some coppice wood near Tobermory, which adds much to the beauty of the situation. Mull was once celebrated for its woods; but, like those of the Islands in general, they have long since vanished. Yet the remains of oaks, found in many places, intermixed with birch and hazel, show that care and attention, if care and attention were here the fashion, might again restore them to a respectable appearance. I am almost unwilling, even to allude to a subject which has often before crossed me, because I have no room to dilate on it as it deserves. Yet it is unfortunate that those who plant in these difficult climates, do not know the value of the Plane tribe, particularly of the common Sycamore, in resisting the winds, even on the sea shores. No violence from these, ever causes it to turn a single branch; a fact easily witnessed in numerous places. The same ignorance has led to the planting of firs and larch in those situations, where they invariably fail: and this has been done here, in Mull. If a Scottish farmer, whether in the Highlands or

the Lowlands, could be taught the value of hedge rows, even of birch, alder, or the meanest bushes, in sheltering the land, by checking evaporation and cold, this country would soon assume a far different appearance; and he also would soon discover that he would save more in his total crop, than he loses by the pitiful economy of land, as he imagines it, which here defeats its own ends. There is far more injury done to his crop, by the want of shelter, and by consequent exposure to the chilling effects of the winds in such a climate, than ten times the amount of the loss of land which would arise from enclosures, or the diminution of produce on the line of trees, that would follow from planting them; while it is also forgotten, that the trees themselves have a value, which, probably, replaces that of all the grain which they prevent from growing. He is equally ignorant that the common Elder forms, in this view, a most valuable enclosure; growing in any situation and elevation, attaining its full stature in a tenth of the time which a hawthorn hedge requires, and requiring no protection or expence at the beginning, because detested by cattle.

With respect to the Larch, the value of the timber and the adaptation of the tree itself to the climate of the Highlands, are daily rendering it an object of increased attention to Planters. Yet the frequent failures of this tree demand a remark, because those persons do not seem to have been yet aware of the cause. It becomes rotten in the heart, in certain situations; and hence considerable disappointments have arisen. The cause seems to lie in a physiological character peculiar to all alpine plants; among which the Larch must be ranked. The whole of these require a constant supply of water, and as constant a drainage. In their native situations, they are perpetually wetted, and again dried; and when we attempt to cultivate them in our gardens, we are compelled to imitate this natural process, which may be considered as analogous to Irrigation, in which draining is as assential as watering.' This is apparently the feeling of the Tree in

question; and hence it is that it thrives on mountain declivities, and that it fails on flat ground, unless the constitution of that is so porous as to give a ready passage to the water. This is a General Principle, which, if I mistake not much, the Planters of this tree would profit by keeping in view for each particular case, as a guide to their operations.

The western shore of Mull is known to all those who know Staffa, but it merits much more attention than is commonly bestowed on it; being by much the most interesting, as well as the most picturesque part of the Island. Mac Kinnon's cave, visited by every tourist, is of great dimensions; and, like many others, has arisen from the wasting of a trap vein. It is so lofty, that the lights which are used are insufficient to show the roof; and, from its general depth, it is equally impossible to form a notion of its dimensions from any point of view. Thus, although it may appal the imagination by its darkness, its silence, and its vacuity, it offers no forms; nothing, as Dr. Johnson would say, but an abyss of unideal vacancy. Near to this spot there is a very magnificent excavation in the face of the cliff, of great breadth and height, though not deep. The form is beautifully arched, and the streams of water that trickle through the calcareous strata which constitute its roof, have ornamented it with huge stalactites. The outside is variegated and adorned with ivy; and ancient ash trees spring from the crevices above, overshadowing the opening, and producing, with the lofty back ground of the cliffs, a scene of great effect. The affection which ivy bears to the basaltic rocks, is often a source of great beauty in many parts of Mull, particularly along its sea shores. From their greater durability, the veins often remain, long after the surrounding materials have disappeared; rising like irregular walls, and, when thus partially covered with ivy and other plants, scarcely distinguishable from the remains of ancient towers and castles. There are some very picturesque examples of this kind in Loch na Keal;

and, on the east coast, in the Sound, there is one of enormous dimensions, generally pointed out to strangers. A simple wall of an hundred feet in height is an object which art has never yet produced; and as long as we are deceived with the notion that these are works of art, the effect is most striking; but when once they are recognized to be natural productions, their peculiar power over the imagination vanishes.

I have no room to describe all the singular scenes that occur along this shore; but there are some caves surrounded by basaltic columns, further to the southward, which are exceedingly curious, if not properly picturesque. Near them is also to be seen the trunk of a tree, enclosed in the rock, and converted into that sort of coaly matter called Cologne earth; presenting a subject of speculation for geologists. Here also is a pavement of the most beautiful and regular basaltic columns, on a small scale, that exists in the Islands. Loch Scredon is a long and extensive inlet; but the shores are too low and the mountains too distant, to admit of its forming a picturesque object, on a general view. Yet some striking scenery may be found along the shores, among the promontories which project into the water, and the long ranges of basaltic columns which skirt it on the southern side. Among the granite rocks near the western extremity of the Ross, and on this shore as well as on the southern, there are many strange and wild combinations of rock, trees, and water, in that peculiar style of composition so well known in the works of Salvator Rosa. I almost grieve that I must pass so much untold.

Of Inch Kenneth, there is little to remark. Dr. Johnson's visit has conferred on it a celebrity to which it has no claim from its own merits. The chapel has been a small building, and is accompanied by the remains of a cross. Many ancient sculptured grave stones cover the burying ground; but, as usual, the enclosure is broken down, and the monuments encumbered with weeds and rubbish, the haunt of the plover and the curlew. St.

Kenneth, its patron saint, was a friend of St. Columba, whom he is said to have rescued by prayer, from being drowned, during a storm "in undosis Charybdis Brecani." It was this Kenneth probably who died Abbot of Achabo in Ireland in 600. The remains of Sir Allan Maclean's house still exist; but Inch Kenneth is no longer inhabited.

In hoisting the peak, to get under way, one of the blocks split, and fell upon the head of a man in the galley. The Captain called out to know who was hurt; and though the men on deck had not seen, either the injury or the person, the answer from all hands was, "I'm sure it's Archy"—"It canna be any body but Archy"—"It must be Archy." And Archy it was. Poor Archy; if there was a block or a yard to fall, or a sheet to give way, or a handspike to fly out of the capstan, or a pair of trowsers to be washed overboard, it was always Archy's head, or legs, or arms, or trowsers, that were to suffer. His face was a very presage and preface of mishap: it was the fatal physiognomy of James the second, the mark that Nature or Fate has stamped on him who has been selected for misfortune. Archy's luck had pursued him from his birth; from the cook room to the mast; in the West Indies and in the East; in a man of war and in a coasting sloop. He was the only man of the crew who had suffered from the yellow fever, the only man whose leg had been broken, the only man who had been washed overboard, the man who had borne the accidents of a ship for all the rest; and now, where the fall of a block was as unlikely as the fall of the moon, it had selected Archy's head to fall on, though he was the only one of the whole crew who seemed out of its reach. He never was seen to smile, seldom spoke to the men, and, when on deck, he stood or sat retired, a melancholy man. What is the meaning of this; is it true indeed, as the French say, that there are only two things in this world, good luck and bad luck. Voltaire might have given Archy a parallel and episodical place in his commentary on the fortunes

of the Stuarts. So he might to Byron; who, like Archy, was the football of fortune, who never had a fair wind in his life, and who, at last, resigned the command of the Channel fleet, for no other reason than his uniform bad luck. It was with justice, indeed, that he was nick-named Foul-weather Jack. There is more truth in this matter of luck, or fate, than three classes of philosophers, whom I do not choose to name, are willing to allow. He was a wise man who said, "I always employ a lucky General." "Chance, High Arbiter," orders it all. "Let Clotho wash her hands in milk, and twine our thread of gold and silk," and we need little care what wind blows, for it will always blow to port. I know not if it was Archy's luck or my own; but so it was that we had not one wind during this whole voyage, which was not right in our teeth; though, for six weeks, we cruised on every one of the thirty-two points of the compass, and every day on a new one. So, however, it was. Our ancestors held that the Witches and the Evil ones ruled the winds to evil. So did Archy. "The Devil sends bad cooks," proverbially; and Archy maintained that moral science and human experience are embodied in proverbs. We admit him a share in morals; our progenitors, whom we now disclaim, gave him a share in physics also. Archy could not discover the difference. He held with his Ancestry, and with "Martin." The Captain was of the opinion of Cacambo. To be sure, Archy had never considered whether the doctrine was invented by Manes in the third century, or by the Gnostics before him, or whether it sprung up among the Greeks, as Plutarch affirms. Yet so it was, that he was a Manichean. There is some excuse for these aberrations, when a man gets his head broke by every block that falls, loses his breeches in every lurch, and has a foul wind in his teeth, like the Tracys, on whatever quarter of the compass he sails. Besides which, Archy had the Ague. Who would not be a Manichean and a Fatalist upon such terms.

ORIGIN AND RACES OF THE HIGHLANDERS.

The Highland fair have been generally accused of wanting those qualities which are so apt to make fools of us who boast of superior wisdom. I must enter the lists in their defence, that I may have at least one side in my favour; and he who has the Ladies on his part, may defy the world whenever he chooses. Of Isla, in particular, I may say, that I have never found finer models or more beautiful women, even at Rye or in Lancashire. I have seen more beauty in Sky alone, in one week, than in a whole Olympiad spent in the Low Country; and if I dared to name those Helens, there is not one of them all who would not bind these volumes in Morocco and gold, and treasure them, even beyond Ossian. I mentioned Morven with similar honour formerly: and even that abominable Meg Dods was compelled to acknowledge the beauty from which she would doubtless have pulled the caps, had she dared. The Highland borders of Perthshire deserve equal distinction: and, generally, it is true, that the beauty of the females predominates on the line which allows the high and the low countries to intermix.

Philosophically speaking, I must now remark that this beauty is generally found in the tall and fair race, or else in that mixture where Gothic predominates over Celtic blood. I cannot explain why the blue eyes and fair complexion should be more common among the women than the men: but I made the observation so constantly, that I think I can scarcely be mistaken. I know not that I ever saw a pretty woman of the Celtic blood. The dark race produces beauty, in Spain and in Italy; more rarely, I believe, in Greece. Whether Japhet had black eyes

and hair, and communicated his defects to Gomer and the rest of the "Japeti genus" is a question that I must leave to Pezron, and to the Titans. Certain it is, that whichsoever of this original family had blue eyes and fair hair, he has been the founder of beauty and energy: of Circassian charms and of Teutonic spirit. If all Highland beauty is Scandinavian, all the beauty of Greece was Ionian, or Attic: and unquestionably, this was a different race from the Celtic Pelasgian. Of Celtic beauty, History has no certain records. Not Elisa, assuredly: or the pious Æneas would not have fled from her, Sir Charles Grandison as he was. As to Camilla, she had a Celtic foot, probably.

And that reminds me of a French wit who travels in duodecimo, and who has been marvellously pathetic on the subject of the feet of the Scottish fair. As far as his anatomy may touch Glasgow or Edinburgh, I must abandon the field: but on that tender point of beauty, I must defend the nymphs of the Highlands in general. They are very commonly, unexceptionable in this part so interesting to our neighbours of Gaul. The heavy charge made by this philosopher, is not, at least, a Celtic error; for the limbs of this race, are generally delicate and well drawn; as is the case with so many of the Oriental and Tartar tribes. If Report says true, France has not every where to boast of Parisian tenuity of foot; as the ladies of Toulouse are "largement pattées comme sont les oies," and as the Queen of Sheba, who was noted for spread of foot, is the Reine Pedauque of this southern capital. I cannot, however, pretend to go through all the female anatomy of the Highlands in this categorical manner; satisfied if I can conciliate the mountain fair, by a decision from which I am sure they will not appeal, on whatever else we may chance to disagree; and not deciding till I have assured them, that, after a careful study of the antique, and various measurements of the ancle of the Medicean, the Callipyga, and the Victrix of Canova, I have seen sights which would have ravished the eyes

of Monsieur Nodier, and which even the Callipyga might have boasted of. I hope, now, that I have made my peace; and that I shall be forgiven, even the Middens and the Parallel roads. With respect to this said foot and ancle indeed, the balance is clearly on the side of the Celts. Venus herself, the beloved of gods and men, owes her thick ancle to her Hellenic blood, to her Gothic parentage. All the dazzling tenuity of this organ, all Parisian boast, is Celtic; and if it is to remote British blood that the Fair of Britain must resort for what they would so often die to obtain, so does the Belgic ancle of Wales betray its Gothic origin; true rival of the taste which even yet, in Greece, swathes it in bandages till it emulates the produce of a turning lathe. Such are the varieties of opinion.

It is easy to see also, that the misfortune of the Highland fair in wanting that which poets praise and lovers adore, is the consequence, more of their breeding than their birth. There is not a finer and ruddier race of children than the chubby, white-headed, bare-legged varlets of both sexes, that are seen daily dabbling in the dirty pools round a Highland hut. To the age of ten or twelve, the girls grow up with as much beauty as can be found, even in the towns of England where they are best treated. But the labours of harvest and the toils of the peat moss soon commence; and those begin their operations on a face which has been, for ten years, smoked like bacon in doors, and which, out of doors, has braved the wind and rain, and the sun too, whenever it condescends to shine, for the same period. The hair is tied back with a long comb, as in a well-known Chinese punishment, till the skin is stretched like a drum: the rains descend, the winds of heaven blow on it, the sun burns it,—when it is hot enough; and it is not wonderful, that, when the only refuge from all this is a smoky cottage, and the only food a little porridge and potatoes, the bones learn to project, and the whole physiognomy acquires that habitual expression which we all put on, when riding in the teeth

of a storm over Coryaraick or through the black defiles of Glenco. If, in a few years, the aspect of forty is impressed on the countenance of eighteen, you must "accuse the elements of unkindness:" and cease to wonder if you cannot find the lily of the valley and the bank of blue violets, breathing the odours of spring, on the stormy summit of Ben Lomond, or amid the granite wastes of Cruachan.

Because Pennant has quoted a case at Luss, where, at the time when he wrote, there happened to be a few very old people, it has been the fashion to imagine that Longevity was an inheritance of the Highlanders. This is a notion which an Englishman would readily adopt in travelling through the country, where the old and infirm are to be seen every where. Reports of Longevity, as Johnson has remarked, are greedily swallowed by him who is tottering on the verge of his own climacteric. There are few points on which we are less willing to be undeceived, and few tales more readily believed, than those which produce examples of human existence protracted beyond its ordinary period. In the Highlands, as indeed in Scotland at large, the cause of this erroneous opinion is obvious enough. No Poor Laws have yet destroyed those bonds of affection by which families are united in one common interest, through all their living generations: no rates and overseers and church-wardens, have striven, as by law ordered, to supersede that Commandment which Nature herself confirms. The claims of a Parent are no less sacred than those of a child: and the grandmother, tottering on the verge of fourscore, spins her thread by the side of the fire in winter, or basks at the door in the short sun of her last summer, secure in the affections of her children and her grandchildren, even when no longer able to exercise herself in assisting or directing that household over which her claims are never superseded till she can no longer exert them. In the improved and highly civilized coun-

try of England, we thrust our parents into workhouses, and they are forgotten.

It is easy to trace the differences of character above noticed, in the persons of this people; and though it is not very often that we can find specimens of the pure and original breed of Celts, they are still to be seen in various remote districts. The differences of the Northman and the true Gael are strongly marked: and it is to the infinite gradations between those, that the confusion of the Highland form and physiognomy is owing. The pure Northman is tall and stout, with round limbs, and inclining to be fat when well fed; his complexion is fair, ruddy when young, and his face full; while his eyes are blue, and his hair sandy, or, sometimes, red. A fine specimen of the Northern descent, offers a striking contrast to the pure descendant of Celtic stock, bred "in and in," till he has been reduced to a size and physiognomy not much more respectable than that of Chimpanzee. Small, slender, and dry, with eyes of jet and a sallow skin, his cheek bones are acute, his lips thin, and his expression keen and wild; the small head being covered with long, shining, straight, locks of coal-black hair. Take the handsomest specimen of these "men of Ind," clap a turban on his head and a pair of loose cotton trousers on his heels, and he might pass for some Tartar or Afhgan. A woman of the same descent, with a few black rags of ostrich feathers and a silk bonnet, would hardly be distinguished from our purest specimens of Gypsies. Yet, in general, the physiognomy is far from disagreeable; melancholy, yet resolute, and, commonly, intelligent; whenever at least the possessor is engaged in active life. If otherwise, nothing can well look more averse to thinking or action, than the face of a dark Highlander, as you may often see him by a dyke side in the rain, or lounging by his crazy and neglected boat on the sea shore. Though the stature is small, the limbs are well formed, and the muscles marked by power

and activity. There are few who can row against a practised Highlander, either for strength or time. I have often been obliged to keep my boat's crew at the oar, for twelve, and even fifteen hours, in a heavy sea, without rest or relief. A walking Highlander will perform his fifty or sixty miles in a day; and when it is done, he will probably be found lounging about among his friends, instead of resting himself: ready to begin again the next day.

Such are the two leading distinctions of form and feature among the Highlanders. It is also very necessary to remark, that the Gothic blood predominates among the Magnates, or Duine Wassels, as the Celtic does among the common people. This is a fact that must be well known to those who will take the trouble to recollect their own observations, and to reflect a moment on what, possibly, never struck them before. If my own Theory should render my opinion in this matter suspicious, there is a testimony on record, which is free from any such suspicion, because the writer had no Theory. This is the Gartmore MS.: where it is remarked, that the Principal people of the Highlands are of a different race from the Commons; being "larger bodied than the inferior sort." They are, in fact, taller and stouter; and the writer might equally have added, that the fair complexion is generally found among them, and very rarely, the Celtic cast. This circumstance is important, in another way; as confirming the historical fact of the conquests of the Celts, or original Highlanders, by the Northmen, and another, not less important, that the power and the wealth fell into the hands of the Gothic conquerors, who have retained it in their own race and hands to this day, while the Celtic race became their vassals, as they still continue their tenants; barring, of course, such exceptions as must naturally have arisen from that subdivision of property, which, by degrees, drove the extenuating progeny of Norway, or the North, into the ranks. It is also worthy of note, that this distinction is not limited to the

Islands. The writer here quoted, is speaking of his own immediate vicinity; and it will, in reality, be found that throughout the country, the superiority of wealth or station, as of person, belongs to a Gothic race; and that the Celts are every where the lower caste of society. Exceptions, arising from intermarriage or other causes, must be allowed their due weight in modifying this general conclusion.

It is proper however, now, to remark, that for one of either distinct character, among the common people, there are hundreds which have no decided one; but in which either the Celtic or the Northern stamp is alternately distinguishable, if not predominant. If we meet with power, and with beauty of stature and form, under various aspects, it is always greater as the Norse leaven predominates, or when the hair is not black, and the eyes are blue, or fair. In fact, the Gothic race has done for the Highlands, just what it has done for England. It is the same in France, where almost all the beauty of the nation is comprised in Normandy. We, who talk of being Britons, and who affect to despise a little black Highland Celt, forget the equally contemptible remains of our original forefathers that may still be found in the recesses of Wales, Cornwall, or Brittany. The true Bull Briton does not recollect that he is the offspring of Romans, Belgæ, Cimbri, Jutes, Angles, Saxons, Danes, and Gallic Norwegians: and that not one of the qualities of which he boasts, belongs to the name he bears. This is alike the blunder of the Highlander, with his Celtic clubs and his Celtic tongue. But, for this reason, Donald may retort on his brother John whenever he likes.

But I must examine this question in somewhat more of detail. There is not one in the whole range, not only of our own antiquities, but of antiquities in general, which has produced more authors, more controversy, and more confusion. And it has been its fate, like many more, that a hundred ignorant and presuming writers have thrust themselves into a subject, not to be discussed as if

it was a Dupondius, or a Roman mile post; thus misleading ordinary readers, and darkening the light which had been diffused over it by such labours as those of Pinkerton; to pass over a whole host of prior great names. Yet there is not one who has not had some favourite system to support; while controversy and anger have aided prejudice, in obscuring the judgments, even of men, of whom we might have thought that they needed only to will, to discover the truth.

Did I not hope to reconcile some of these statements, and to correct others, I would have stated this question, even more briefly; but in the character of antiquarian bottle-holder which I have before assumed, I hope to do so by means of an argument which every one of those Authors has very strangely overlooked. I have said more fully, in speaking of Language, that the changes which it undergoes in a people that makes foreign conquests and settlements, prevent us from tracing their descent by the similarity of Tongues. If it be a canon as false as it has hitherto been received for true, it has been one of the greatest sources of error in those investigations. It is the Breed which is the only steady criterion of national descent. Mixture may often introduce difficulties into the use of this test: but it will not often cause any that are insuperable. Here, as I formerly insinuated, Nature cannot err: and had the Philologists in question been equally Physiologists, we might have been spared half of the never-ending volumes which I have waded through, wading through fiction and nonsense. As well might we hope to see a Negro race become white, as to find a Goth converted into a Celt, through any descent. It is not the Jew alone who is condemned to bear the stamp of his race to eternity: if he has borne it with peculiar inveteracy, it is because he has the most carefully preserved that race from mixture. It will shortly be seen, among other things, how this simple argument overturns the whole laborious system of Pinkerton and Jamieson and many more, respecting the Greeks.

I may here equally give battle, at the outset, to another fashionable dogma, because I may have occasion to question it where the examination would be less convenient. It is, that the progress of all nations is necessarily from hunting to pasturage, and then to agriculture. It is a school-boy's Thesis, as much related to the real history of the world, as the triplet, Divinity, Law, and Physic. It has corrupted the half of these antiquarian theories. I choose Ledwich out of the whole, because of his good sense, as a criminal for display here, when he assumes, proceeding on this theory, that the British Celts were a wild people, living in woods. Hundreds, of less note, have reasoned respecting them on the same fallacious principle. If the Goths were an agricultural people, as is admitted, why should not the Celts have been such before them. The word Cruithneach, used as an argument, proceeds on a false etymology. They were equally Asiatics, equally migrators. Because we find American Tuscaroras hunting, it is presumed that all early nations must begin by the Chace, or by living on animal food. It is a pure hypothesis; and is without the advantage of geographical support, even as it relates to the ruder people of the world. It is not the state of the South Sea, nor of the African nations: it probably never was. Though Hercules vanquished wild beasts, it does not even follow that early Greece was a hunting nation. The Celts, moreover, were not Autochthones, and they had migrated from the centre of civilization. Hunting nations do not migrate. Migration is the consequence of crowds, and crowds are the consequence of agricultural and other improvement. It is New York or Philadelphia which migrates; not the Slave Lake or Nootka. Cæsar has told us how the Helveti migrated; and that is a specimen from which we may judge of other migrations. The migrating Gothic races were all agricultural nations. The Officina Gentium, as it has been idly called, ploughed with the share, as well as with the sword and "framea," and the keels of its "black ships." So much

for this common and unfounded theory; which, were it here proper, might have been illustrated at great length.

There are three leading races in Europe, the Celts, the Goths, or Scythians, and the Sarmatians; and the order of their appearance in Europe is that in which I have named them. To simplify this question, I shall first examine and dismiss the latter; as, however important they may be, they took no share in the early settlements of our islands. I need scarcely say that they include the Sclavonians, and comprise, of course, the Russians, the Poles, the Huns, the Lapps, and the Finns. Hence the analogy, often remarked, between the languages of Hungary and Lapland. It would almost have been unnecessary to have noticed this race, had not Dr. Macpherson and Mr. James Macpherson introduced confusion into this subject, by their dreams respecting Sarmatian colonies to Britain. The Germans were not Sarmatæ, as those two writers suppose. It was the Sclavonians that were such. The languages are utterly different: the Russians have borrowed Greek characters merely. Tacitus distinguishes them decidedly: and their settlement was posterior to that of the Goths or Scythians. When Dr. Macpherson calls the Celts, tall, fair, robust people, with blue eyes, we may conjecture how well he was qualified to decide upon Sarmatians. The casual mention, by Tacitus, of Silures in Britain, as a dark people with crisped hair, has been used as an argument in favour of Sarmatic colonies. There is some error or misinformation here, on the Historian's part; because we have no traces of such a race, and cannot even conjecture his meaning. Having dismissed these imaginary colonists, we may also dismiss, even with less ceremony, the visionary Phenician and Iberian colonies to Ireland, of which I have said more than enough on various incidental occasions. The real source of the error, and the answer to the only argument brought in support of this fancy, is given in the remarks on Language. Respecting the Romans, and the share which they

might have taken in British colonization, nothing is necessary, as their history is known to the whole world.

I have noticed, in the remarks on the Gaelic Language, almost all that is requisite respecting the original connections of the Celtic peoples. As far as the present purpose is concerned, we might assume them as the Aborigines of Britain and Ireland. It is quite fruitless to dispute, as has been done through volumes of idle controversy, whether they migrated from Ireland to Scotland, or the reverse, or whether Ireland was peopled from England. It is impossible to find, even a shadow of evidence, direct or analogical, on which to build an argument; and to write systems without this, is to construct dull romances. The moral probability is, that a people arriving over the sea from a continent, would settle the nearest island first; and, hence, Scotland and England should claim the priority, and probably, a joint one. The dispute is not worth another word.

But the Celts themselves demand and deserve a further examination; if indeed it be possible to clear this subject from the infinite perplexity in which it has been involved by a host of conflicting and careless writers, ancient and modern. To leave even one morass in the path, would impede our progress over the firmer ground which is to follow. Hence, I must go further back, and enter somewhat more deeply into this subject, than the immediate question before me seems to demand. It will be the shorter road.

Ammianus Marcellinus, (to commence with him,) derives the name from a certain King Celtus, the son of Queen Galatia, who gave her name to it. And so on. Appian says that Celtus was the son of Polyphemus. This is equivalent to our own Brutus and Scota; and I need not quote more of this kind of learning. The origin of the name has found abundant food for the Etymologists and the Cabiri: and I trust that I shall be excused from giving a page on this fruitless subject, though that page would be only the representative of volumes. Pezron says that

the Celts were the Titans, and that Saturn and Jupiter were their Kings. That is enough for four volumes more. Were I to show, from ten more authors, how they were derived from Japetus, Japhet, Gomer, and Peleg, and how Gomer gave his name to the Cimbri, and Peleg to the Pelasgi, whom they married, what they did, how Orpheus, Hercules, Pluto, and the rest of the Gods majorum et minorum gentium, how were descended from them, and where and how they settled, I should do it in one word. Conceive it done. There is something more important to come. Let all that learning take its appropriate place in the dream book.

In the writings of the Classical authors, we find great confusion respecting the Celts, from an occasional, or rather a frequent, misapplication of the terms Κελτοι, Κελται, and Celtæ, to the Gothic tribes. It will be better to examine them first where they have not committed this error. Cæsar is the most distinct of all, when he divides the inhabitants of his Gaul, into Celtæ, Belgæ and Aquitani. Those Celtæ were truly our own Celts, speaking that language, of which the Erse is a dialect: the Belgæ were Goths, and the Aquitani appear to have been an African people, sprung from the Iberi and Mauri; yet originally branching from the great Eastern Celtic root, and speaking that language which is the present Basque; whence the disputed resemblance, already explained, between that tongue and the Irish.

As the countries occupied by the Belgæ preserved Celtic local names, they must have been the posterior colony; as is indeed a necessary consequence of the relative order of the two Great Races; and thus the extent of the Celtic nation in Gaul had been reduced by their intrusion and settlement. Some confusion of religion and usages also remained; and, from these different causes it probably was, that the ancients so often confounded the new Scythians or Gothic, with the Celtic, under the name of Celtæ. Cæsar is almost the only writer who seems to have been fully aware of the distinct

tion; and, for that, we are probably indebted, in some measure, to his philological knowledge. The Helveti were also Celts; and it is probable that the Volsæ and Tectosages were the same. Tacitus is far from clear on this subject; and, apparently, from the want of local knowledge. Yet he marks the Gothini as a Celtic people, when he says that, "Gothinos, Gallica lingua coarguit non esse Germanos." It is hence plain, that he knew of such a distinction, and was aware of its real nature. We must take care, here, not to be misled by the term Gothinos, so like our own word Goths. The remains of the Helvetic Celts still exist, as a separate race, in the neighbourhood of the Valais.

This very term means Gaul, like our own Wales; the W, V, and G, being convertible letters. It is a term of some importance in the present enquiry. The Highlanders imagine that Gael and Gal mean two distinct people. But the word is the same; and whatever confusion lies here, is of another nature. It is a generic term, though often misapplied. In the Saxon Chronicle, Kent, Sussex, Hampshire, Dorset, Somerset, Cornwall, &c. are called Wealas and Walen. Galloway, Galway, Waldenses, Galatians, are all from the same word. The principal confusion has arisen from applying the term Gauls, and that of "lingua Gallica," to the Gothic tribes who settled in and on Celtic Gaul. Hence the Gauls are not always Celts, any more than are the ancient Κελται. Both mistakes are of a similar nature: the writers of whatever period, having been often misled by the Geography, sometimes by the transmutation of Language resulting from conquests. There were German Gauls, as there were German "Celtæ." Cisalpine Gaul was German or Gothic. The Gauls of Brennus were Goths or Germans: and so were many more, whom History has recorded as Gauls. Galatia was Gaul in name; but the Galatians, of whom we alone know, were Goths, not Celts. These remarks might serve to explain a confusion which pervades volumes; volumes which they might have saved;

but its extent and nature will be more fully detailed immediately, in examining the ancient writers, on their use of the term Celt.

The other Celtic people of early Europe, as far as we can discover any thing respecting them, may be comprised under the general term Pelasgi; as, following some ancient authors, I include under this race, the early settlers of Italy. Now, as I formerly hinted, Pinkerton, and Jamieson more recently, in his Hermes Scythicus, attempt to prove that the Pelasgi were Scythians or Goths. They have followed Sheringham; but I need not name the other authors who have maintained this theory; and I could not go through all their arguments, in much less space than that of their own volumes. Pinkerton's judgment here, seems to have been warped by his unaccountable wrath against the name of Celt. His own reading ought to have shown him that he was wrong. Jamieson concludes that the Hellenes and Pelasgi were originally the same people, and that the Pelasgi were not Phenicians, any more than Celts. Had this been the fact, the Greek could not have been the language which it is. I shall show that they were different races; and if the proofs have been somewhat anticipated in the remarks on the Gaelic tongue, there is yet much to be done.

The physiological argument must serve me in lieu of a minute analysis of these two writers. While such an examination would be endless, it would also be superfluous; because such is the force of this argument that it is impossible to escape from it. There are few now who do not know the aspect of a Greek. In particular, the Mainotes are precisely the pure, dark, small, black-eyed, black-haired Celts, which we can still find occasionally in the Highlands and in Wales; and, much more decidedly, in the hills of the Valais, and in Brittany. The raw-boned, tall, light-eyed, fair-haired, Scythian, or Goth, never could have furnished this race. It is, simply, impossible. Languages may be cast off and assumed; but

the form and constitution, never.] On the other hand, the Ionians were probably the Scythians, or Goths, of Pinkerton, and of Greece, and the second Colony; though Athenian pride and conceit thought fit to suppose itself prior and autochthonous. Megara was Ionic, as well as Attica. Isocrates, and the Athenians also, boast that theirs was the most ancient city of Greece. But Pausanias says that Lycosura in Arcadia was older; and Dionysius of Halicarnassus decides, positively, that Arcadia was the parent colony of the Pelasgian tribes. Hence the Pelasgic must have been the prior settlement; as it ought to be, from general considerations respecting the priority of the Celtic race in Europe, and independently of historical testimony. The Spartans, Dorians, and Æolians, as well as the Arcadians, were Pelasgi and Celts, as we know from other authorities. All Peloponnesus was Celtic, because it was Pelasgian. Strabo says that all beyond the Isthmus, except the Megarians, Athenians and Dorians, were then called Æolians. Now I have shown, under the head of Language, that the earliest Latin, the "Prisca" of Isidore's Origines, resembled the Æolian Greek; which contains numerous Celtic words. It was thought to have been derived from that; but it probably came from the Pelasgic colonies of Italy, as I then remarked. That these were all Celtic people I shall presently show; so as to add a double confirmation to this view. On the other hand, the [illegible] Menelaus and Achilles, and all the Glaucopes, were Goths. The very description proves it. So probably were the [illegible], the well-limbed, or legged, not the well-booted people. They may be found still, if less abundant.

Such is the general argument from the Races or Breeds. There is no other mode of explaining the dark population of present Greece. It is not the Gothic race. There is no other mode of explaining the double origin of the Greek tongue, of accounting for its Celtic portion, or its Pelasgic words, and its Gothic, or Sanscrit, grammar. And the one confirms the other; so as not to leave

a rational doubt, "a priori," behind. There were two languages; there were two people. The languages find their resemblances still, in those of two modern races of Celts and Goths; and two breeds, or two corresponding physiological divisions of People, are still attached respectively, to the same two divisions of language. The Pelasgi must have been Celts.

But this view of the settlement of Greece seems capable of more minute confirmation, by the testimonies of ancient authors, and by historical facts. Greece was at first subjected to considerable changes, and to frequent settlements. There was no general union before the Trojan war. Pelasgium was the oldest and the largest division or region. The Hellenes followed; and it was this race which accompanied Achilles to Troy. Hence it is that he was ξανθος, a ferocious and warlike Goth; a worthy rival of Odin or Regner Lodbrog. Helen herself was, doubtless, a Scandinavian Beauty; a Goth. The predominant number of the Greek warriors against Troy, seem to have been of this race; and as the Trojans were, with equal probability, a Celtic people, we have here a type of the contests afterwards carried on between Scandinavian and Celtic tribes, with similar success. It was when "Greek met Greek," when Goth was pitched against Goth, that "came the tug of war." If this be a somewhat fanciful, it is at least an amusing parallel.

As Attica became the most powerful state, by attracting others, the name Pelasgi was at length lost in that of Hellenes, just as the Picts were replaced, in name, not in person, by the Scots. As to the Pelasgians, the dispute respecting their Phenician origin seems thus easily settled; and I more than hinted before when speaking of the Gaelic tongue. Astle, arguing from language, says that they were Phenicians. That alone would not prove it; because, as I then showed, the Phenicians and Pelasgi, like many other nations, were from the common Celtic stock. But his position has been disputed, solely, or chiefly, because his opponents thought fit to suppose the

Pelasgi Scythians; and as the Phenicians were Celts, it was not convenient to admit this theory. That objection is thus removed; and the same view, as I have also remarked, reconciles the dispute respecting the supposed difference between a Pelasgic and a Phenician alphabet, while it confirms the Celtic nature of the Pelasgi. It is, however, probable, that the Pelasgi were really Phenicians, or rather, that they branched from the Syrian Celtic stock into Greece. It is generally admitted that the Carians and Phenicians peopled all the Isles. Pelops arrived from Asia, and gave this name to Peloponnesus. This was the opinion of Thucydides; and he believed also that this origin was proved by the opening of some ancient graves, in the expiations that were solemnized at Delos, and by finding that the bodies had been buried according to the Phenician mode. Among other things, the heads were laid to the west, instead of the east. To shorten the references and quotations in support of the Celtic origin of the Pelasgi, I shall only further add generally, that Pausanias, Herodotus, and Dionysius of Halicarnassus, say, that the Pelasgic colonies continued, 500 years before Christ, to inhabit the shores of the Hellespont and the south of Italy, retaining their barbarous manners and speech. A barbarous speech could not have been the Greek of that day. It was the Celtic.

Though all this historical evidence seems positive, I am bound to add that there is much confusion among the ancient writers on this subject, and much obscurity respecting the colonization of Greece, of which advantage has been taken by those who had favourite systems to support, and who seem to have been more anxious about those than about the truth. The three authors whom I have last quoted, for example, state certain Pelasgic colonies as differing in speech and manners. It is easy, however, to reconcile most of these difficulties, if not all, where truth alone is the object. The same misapplication of terms in the case of Pelasgi as in those of Celts and Gauls, will reconcile the greater part. We must allow

something for the retention of the ancient geographical names, something for the changes of language in consequence of the repetition of Colonies and Conquests; and, with these aids, there will be little left that we cannot explain. If I have succeeded in doing it, it is a subject far too extensive for my limits, and I must exclude it from this place. Let the physiological argument be held as a perpetual check over all these investigations, and there will be little left for future volumes on this subject.

What remains to be said on the Pelasgic Celts, belongs chiefly to the history of Rome, and is partially noticed under the head of Language. Here, the same confusion has been made, and from the same causes. The Celtic portion of the "lingua prisca" of Rome, must, as I have shown, be sought among the Sabines, Etrurians, Umbrians and Ausonians. The ancient inflexions of the words are Celtic, though the modern are Greek or Sanscrit; and the cause of the latter is apparent, in the borrowing of the Romans from Greece. I must condense the ancient testimonies on the subject of these early Italians, as much as I can.

Polybius proves that the Celts settled in Italy, from the foot of the mountains to the Adriatic; and he remarks that the ancient language differed so much from that of his time, that it could not be understood. It was not Greek, therefore, at that day, but Celtic. He doubted if he could understand even the treaty of 505, with Carthage. Even in 260 A. C., the inscription on the Columna rostrata differed from the language of Julius Cæsar. Pugnandod and prædad were the ablatives; the d being dormant, as the dh is in Irish. The genitive, in a similar manner, was pennai. That the Etruscans were Pelasgi, has, perhaps, been sufficiently shown by the correspondence of the alphabets. Florus says, that the Umbrians were "antiquissimus Italiæ populus." Dionysius Hal. says, that they possessed a great part of Italy, when the Pelasgi settled in Greece in 1500 A. C.; and as this

was, prior to the appearance of the Goths in Europe, they must have been Celts. Ælian calls them indigenous. Pliny, Solinus, Julius Firmicus, and others, confirm the same opinion. Herodotus indeed says that the Etruscan language was not Pelasgic. His testimony cannot be of much value, when he was not acquainted with either; but, if it were true, it would prove nothing, when the Welsh and the Irish, equally derived from one root, and that a Celtic one, also, are mutually unintelligible. He would have equally called these different languages. But this venerable Historian is equally confused as are most of those who have mentioned this subject, respecting the early colonization of Italy. His errors on one subject, confirm this view of his errors on the other, because both are of the same nature. Some ancient authors, and many moderns following them, bring the Pelasgi from Arcadia into Italy. They were aware of the similarity of the languages; and hence, if the Pelasgi were Celts, so must the Umbri and the rest of those nations have been. On any view, these opinions confirm the Celtic origin of the whole, equally in Greece and Italy. Others choose that Etruria should send colonies to Greece; and here the artists interfere, because it involves the History of Greek Art. Thus Winkelman, Lanzi, D'Arco, and others, are at variance with each other, and sometimes with common sense. This particular subject I must pass, as it would form a dissertation itself, only remarking, that Winkelman must be wrong, because, in addition to the opinion of Dion. Halicarn. just quoted, Thucydides says that Greece was in a state of comparative barbarism, when Etruria was in a high state of civilization and far advanced in arts. Pliny says that Marcus Flavius, in 489 A. C. brought 2000 statues from Bolsena to Rome. It was already a declining nation, a nation declined by luxury from previous prosperity and power, when it was overwhelmed by Rome; and this alone would suffice to show that the Italian colonies of Celts were at least as early in date as

the Greek Pelasgi. They should, in fact, be earlier, on this ground: and that remote state of civilization confirms the opinion of Dion. Halic. just quoted. It is not necessary that Italy should have been colonized from Greece because the people were the same. This is the Irish blunder respecting their own Phenician settlements in another form. They were the same people, or resembled each other, because they were from a common stock. Yet there might have been many interchanges of colonies and settlements. That there were many in after times, we know; and there might have been earlier ones. Those alone who wish to make confusion in this subject, for the purpose of supporting their causes, may easily do so, by misapprehending this portion of History. That Etruria taught its arts to Greece, seems a fact as nearly proved as the nature of the subject admits; not merely by chronology and history, but by the characters of Etruscan and early Greek Art themselves: a subject on which I cannot here enter. If this proposition has been reversed, that seems chiefly to have arisen from the Artists and Antiquaries confounding the produce of Magna Græcia with the works of the Etruscans in the same country, and from their thus mistaking modern Greek for ancient Greek art; but still more perhaps from habitual veneration and prejudice towards that country. I think that it cannot be necessary to examine more evidence to prove that the early Italian settlers were Celts. It would be easy enough to protract this view to the length of its predecessors.

One incidental remark, I must be allowed to make here. As Pinkerton, chiefly, but others also, have stated the Celts as a savage people, not only deficient in civilization, but incapable of it. The very name Celt has been held forth as a stigma, and as another word for a Savage. To repeat all the injurious language which that able Antiquary has thought fit to use, is unnecessary; but it would be impossible to find a very soft term for this most unfounded accusation. To name Phenicia, in

government, enterprise, and arts, is a sufficient answer. To name early Greece, bold, warlike, and piratical Greece, is sufficient. To name Etruria and the associated states of Rome, in Art, in agriculture, in policy, and even in arms, is sufficient. The Nobles of Rome were sent to Etruria for education. Livy says that they were taught that language formerly, just as they were instructed in Greek in his day. It was spoken in Rome in the Augustan age. Troy was Celtic; Carthage was Celtic. Allowing a great deal for fable, the Turditani of Strabo must have been a civilized people. Since the Jews possessed a language from this leading Root, they must also be classed in the same division of Original Nations. They were fundamentally of the race of those whom they long after conquered, under the Divine orders and protection. Distinct as they were thus rendered, they were still historically and physically affiliated to the other Celtic tribes of Classical antiquity, as they were to their Pagan neighbours of Palestine by language: and hence one of the great causes of their aberrations into the surrounding Idolatry. Thus much for that division of this great people, whose history, as connected with Greece and Rome, and with Holy Scripture, has come down to us; since I must not extend this enquiry.

With respect to the Western Celts, we have but very imperfect information, from various causes, of which some are sufficiently obvious. Yet, in Europe, they were the miners and artisans in metals to the Goths, as they had been before. Every fable and every fact prove that they possessed, at least those arts. They are the Dwarfs who figure in the Kæmpe Viser, in metals, mines, and precious stones. Possessing those arts, it is scarcely possible but that they should have had many others: as the Arts are all mutually connected. To suppose that such a people were not agriculturists, is idle. A Celt was not necessarily a "savage, incapable of education." The Celts of Britain however, and possibly those of Germany, had not made such advances in Society as those of

Italy and Greece had done. Yet we must not be too certain, even of this. The Goths were their exterminators. This is proved by History; it is proved by the fact of their disappearance. In Britain and Ireland, in particular, they were subject to the successive ferocity and conquests of Belgæ, Romans, Picts, Saxons, Danes, Norwegians, and Normans. They were so far diminished in numbers, that it is scarcely too much to call this, in a political view, extermination. If they had possessed arts and civilization, those must have been destroyed also. We have no right to conclude that because we cannot discover them, they never possessed any: since the want of records is not a proof. Mexico is a recent example in point. The very traces of an ancient civilized empire are vanished. Had the Spaniards been the Goths, had the æra been the first century, we should now have known no more of the Mexicans than of the Western Celts. But the conquerors of America who saw, could also write; the Celts of Britain had no Clavigero in their enemies. The examples are endless. Had it not been for the Sacred writers, we should never have known, even the names of the Syrian tribes which the Israelites exterminated. Asia is full of the remains of people, respecting whom we can scarcely conjecture. The Scythians, at some points, both of ancient time and of place, were a highly civilized people. Greece itself borrowed from them; but it is only by the most incidental records that we know it. This is the apology for the history of Abaris and the Hyperboreans, which I brought forward for ridicule, formerly. Much has been lost, unquestionably; but, in this and similar cases, while we admit the general fact, we have no right to invent our own solutions. The history of early Egypt is preserved in its Pyramids alone. They happened to be indestructible. Almost all else must be sought in foreign writers; since, like the Celts, it has not recorded in letters, its own strength and fame. Had the Architecture of Egypt been that of modern Britain, putty and paste, brick, and chalk, and sand, had

its funereal usages resembled our own, had there been no Moses, no Herodotus, no Greece, no Rome, the Nile would now have been known but as the child of barren rocks and burning sands, the parent of Crocodiles, and Plague, and Papyrus, of marshes and Mamelukes, and misery. Chaldea, Assyria, Phenicia, admit of almost similar remarks. It was Rome that preserved Carthage for us: Troy must be sought in Homer. The history of the splendour of Etruria, has been slenderly preserved by the notices of hostile writers. Yet, like pristine Egypt, it has also handed down to us the history of its arts in its works: but, unlike that wonderful country, in the most fragile of materials, in records unexpectedly immortal. Pottery, medals, stone, lime, clay, rubbish, rust, and dirt, those are the historians of Nations; in those we must almost seek, even for Babylon the Great, the Queen of the world.

The Irish Antiquaries might have made much of this argument; but they have overlooked it. I do not mean to do for them what they have themselves neglected; to lend them conjectures. Let them conjecture for themselves: for that which is possible may not be true. The civilization of early Ireland which is actually recorded, and which they have so grossly misplaced, begins with the sixth Century, and is Saxon or Gothic. This is the geometry, music, arithmetic, and grammar, which they taught to Charlemagne. This learning was, assuredly, as little Celtic as it was "Milesian" or "Persian:" and it is this misrepresentation, this confounding and misplacing of dates, which has so justly brought their antiquities into contempt. Yet perhaps the present observations may explain what Tacitus says, when he remarks that the Irish ports were more frequented by foreign ships than the British. They exported woollen manufactures. Huet chooses to doubt. So does Ledwich; but he was angry, and it did not agree with his system. A Celtic civilization in Britain is possible; and I mean to demand no more. If there really was no such thing,

perhaps it may be explained by the nature of their abominable governments. The principles of freedom were established in all the Celtic governments of eastern and southern Europe. Etruria was singularly free. There were twelve governors of provinces, who formed an aristocratic council, and the Chief was elected by the Nation. The Etrurians were notedly jealous of their Liberty. The Priestcraft of the Druids made the Celts of the west a caste of Pariahs. Nothing could have thriven under such a detestable system. Even in the matter of war, the Poet's judgment might have taught him that it was in vain for an idle priesthood to preach immortality to its warriors, when itself refused to put its own timid hand to the spear. It was not thus that Mahomet rendered his promises availing, and his Sword biting.

But I must suffer these reflections to make such weight as they may, and proceed to examine the mistakes of authors ancient and modern, respecting the Celts. It is unfortunate that more than three-fourths of this enquiry must consist in the correction of errors, and in the disentanglement of the confusion which the mistakes and rashness of careless antiquaries have introduced into it. But it is here the shortest road to truth. To destroy the enemy at once, is better than to be condemned to fight him at every new position. When once the rubbish is cleared away, the truth will shine out, of itself, with little effort.

It is indifferent which of the moderns we begin with. The Chronology of error is not worth arranging. Pezron completely confounds, even his own Titans, by supposing that the Celts settled upon the Germans, whereas the reverse is notorious. This is a good foundation for the History of Saturn and Japhet, of Gomer and Pluto. Pelloutier sets out by confounding the Celts with the Scythians. This is an equally valuable basis for two volumes. But each Abbé was a Bas Breton; each derives all Europe from his favoured brethren. "On a bien dit, que si les triangles faisoient un Dieu, il lui donneroient

trois cotés." He is extremely "learned" also; and he confesses that he read his authorities "apres souper," just as he read the "Gazette." Which is probable enough. There is some justification for Pinkerton's wrathful judgment on Celtic intellects. He may include a few more. Mallet's work is almost useless, for the same reason: unless, like Pelloutier's, whenever we meet the word Celt, we substitute Goth for it. Dr. Percy has exposed his error; for it was he who saw it first. Bruker may rank with the rest. He confounds every thing: Celts, Scythians, Germans, Gauls, Britons, Spaniards, and many more. Whitaker is worse, if possible; since, in addition, he confounds the Saxon and the Celtic tongues, as I before observed; and, confident in his own strength, abuses Dr. Johnson for deriving from the Icelandic what he should have sought in his imaginary Celtic. Some of these persons make, even the Francomanni and the Marcomanni Celts. It is not easy to compare superlatives; or perhaps Borlase might stand one step higher; since he even confounds the religion of Odin with that of his favoured Druids. "The learned" Dr. John Macpherson, as he is called, has proved, among many other things, as I have already been obliged to remark, that the Celts were tall and fair, and had blue eyes, and so forth. This is but a sandy bottom for twenty-one "dissertations." But it is Pelloutier, quotations and all, transplanted to Sky. Boullet,—I have marked him elsewhere. Leibnitz and Lipsius are not blameless; nor Bochat, nor Le Court de Gebelin, nor many more. But enough of the moderns. We must see what the ancients have done.

Briefly, as nine-tenths of them call the Goths, Celtæ, they ought to be right, because they are the majority and "the ancients;" and we should be wrong in opposing them. That would be a very easy way of getting rid of the subject and the difficulty together. But it cannot pass. They had not paid that attention to the distinctions of ancient nations which we have done; because those

were scarcely an object of interest to persons who considered all but themselves as Barbarians. While also they had not the same advantages as ourselves, in historical and geographic knowledge, this subject was not in the list of their sciences. How little they have done in this branch of Archæology and Philology, is well known to every scholar.

There can be no question respecting their errors in this matter, when really examined. There were two leading divisions of People in early Europe; dark Celts and fair Goths; the primary and the secondary migrants. The distinctions and the relative priority of those two great nations have been proved. We prove the majority of the ancient writers to be wrong, by means of themselves; we can prove it by Cæsar alone. He knew the Celts, and he knew the Belgic Goths: he knew the distinction of their languages. Tacitus, and others, have described their persons; and we cannot allow the less accurate classical writers, either to transfer the names, or to confound the races: which they have done. I may therefore as safely examine ancient errors as I have done modern ones. Had those moderns exerted the same criticism, these mistakes could not have been propagated. To take them in a mass, for the sake of brevity, the following authors call the Gauls, Celts; Κελται, Κελτοι, or Celtæ. Herodotus, Aristotle, Polybius, Diodorus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Dionysius Periegetes, Strabo, Plutarch, Arrian, Pausanias, Ptolemy, Athenæus, Stephen of Byzantium, Livy, Pomponius Mela, Pliny, Lucan, Silius Italicus, and Cæsar. Cæsar alone is always right, because he made distinctions. The rest are oftener wrong than right, because they confounded the Belgic, or Gothic, with the Celtic Gauls. This is the blunder from geography, to which I formerly alluded. Appian, Suidas, and Dion Cassius, are among the worst: because they almost always call the Germans Celts. Some of the others also commit the same error. Tacitus, among other mistakes on this subject, describes the Esthonians

as settling in Prussia and Livonia, and retaining the "Celtic" tongue. This was the Gothic. Justin describes the multiplication and conquests of the "Celts," under the same error; calling them, "aspera, audax, et bellicosa gens." Florus and Livy describe their courage. This was the courage, and these were the conquests, of the warlike and fierce Goths.

It will be sufficient to prove a few of them wrong, by their own testimony: as it would almost involve the history of ancient Europe, to go through the whole. Diodorus says that the Κελται are tall and fair, and have yellow hair. His error is strongly marked by his own criticism. He says that the inhabitants of Narbonne were Κελται, and the other people of that country, Γαλαται, but that the Romans confounded them all under the name of Gauls. Κελτοι and Γαλαται are the same words, and Gaul is Galatian: so that it is plain from this, as well as the description, that he applied the term Celt to a Goth; while it is equally evident that he was aware of their being two distinct races, and that his Galatians are the real Celts. Arrian says that the Celtæ are "proceræ staturæ," and Silius Italicus uses the same term. Strabo says, that the Κελται had yellow hair and were ανδρες ευμηκεστεροι. He confounds them again, when he says that the Germans, Γερμανους, and the Celts, lived beyond the Rhine, but that they resembled each other in form, manners, and mode of life. This is the description of Goths only, not of Goths and Celts. The Personal marks here enumerated, are the very marks of the Germans, which Tacitus, Pliny, Claudian, and many more, have given. "Magni artus," "truces," "cæruleï oculi," says the former of the Germans. This author, Strabo, further says, that because of the celebrity of the Celts, the Greeks applied this term to all the Gauls. He is here committing an error, as well as the Greeks whom he criticises. He blames them for calling those among the Gauls who were really Celts, by the name Κελτοι; himself applying that term to the Gothic Gauls: while

it is plain that he, like Diodorus, knew that these were two distinct people. Livy says that the Celts had "fusa et candida corpora." This is more than enough to prove that the other authors were describing Goths under the name of Celts. Posidonius calls the Allobroges, who were a Teutonic tribe, Celts. If there could yet be a doubt, Polybius proves the certainty of this confusion, by naming the tribes of the "Celts" who sacked Rome under Brennus. They were the Semnones, Boii, and Veneti; and these were Gothic Gauls, or Germans.

Some of the authors, however, whom I first enumerated, are not always wrong on this point; being correct to a certain extent, respecting the inhabitants of Gaul, and thus confirming the opinion which I deduced from Cæsar's knowledge; namely, that the real distinction between Goths and Celts was actually known, though the two people were often confounded; and that the Celts of those who were truly aware of the distinction, were the very Celts of our own system. Cæsar, indeed, confesses that they confounded the Celtæ, Aquitani, and Belgæ, under the general name of Gauls; and in this case, he was aware that there were three languages and three people, the real European Celts, the African Celts, or the offspring of the Iberi and Mauri, and the German, or Belgic Goths. His term Celtæ is correctly applied, and is our own authority for the name of those people whom the Goths conquered, and who spoke the language of Armorica and Ireland. I may confirm this by Pausanias, who appears to be right, though perhaps more from chance than design, when he says that the Gauls lived near the western sea of remote Europe, but that their ancient name was Celts. It is plain, therefore, that those Ancients did not use the term Celt for Goth, designedly, as the real denomination of that Race, but from ignorance; and consequently, that we are not wrong ourselves in restoring the former name to its proper owners.

Though the certainty of this confusion is thus completely proved against the Ancients, a few words more

on this subject will not be uninstructive, while it will render unnecessary any minute remarks on the Goths hereafter. The Gauls of Bellovesus who attacked Rome in the time of Tarquin the elder and built Milan, were Goths; as were those, under Sigovesus, who settled in Germany and Galatia, receiving the latter from Nicomedes. Hence, as I formerly remarked, Galatia is Celtic in name only. The Insubri were Belgic Gauls, like the Semnones and Salluvii; and it was those tribes which beat the Etruscans and settled in Italy. This was one of the conquests of Celts by Goths. The Gauls who plundered Thrace, Byzantium, Macedonia, and Delphi, in 279 A. C. and whom Cicero mentions in his Oratio pro Fronteio, were Goths, as I before noticed. This was the warlike and restless race which drove the Celts before them in Europe, and which, under various names and forms, has been the main source of our present population. It is evident, from all this, that the term Gaul, like Celt, was often applied by the ancients to a Gothic people.

We may, therefore, turn to this race; having cleared up the history of the Celts, and removed the confusion in which they have been involved, both by the ancients and the moderns. So much has also been now said respecting the Goths, that, as far as the present purpose is concerned, little remains to be added. Pinkerton has made this question so clear, that it is fruitless to go over it. The work is done to our hands; and it is not my purpose to transcribe what may better be read in the original solid and satisfactory Essay. It is sufficient to say that the Goths were the Scythians of the Ancients. Nor need I enumerate the various names by which they were known to those writers, or by which their several tribes were designated. I need not repeat where I can neither correct nor elucidate; and, for the object at present in view, it is sufficient to notice those tribes which were concerned in the settlement of Britain.

Among these, however, a doubt hangs over the

Cimbri; and this is the only point, after that of the Pelasgi, on which I feel disposed to question Pinkerton. While also this subject has been almost inextricably confused by every author, without one exception, it is a most important one in the history of our own population. Till it be cleared up, it is in vain to lay down any theory on that question; and, as before, it is better to smooth the path at once, than to leave obstacles to encounter at every succeeding step. As to the name, it is sufficient to say that the Etymologists have derived the term Cimbri from Gomer. Those who think such questions worth volumes, may write volumes. It is enough to be condemned to read them. Plutarch makes Cimber the generic name of a robber or a marauder: and so do others among the Ancients. It has been thought that they were named after the Cimbric Chersonesus or Jutland. I think that the reverse will presently appear.

It is plain that the ancients used the term Cimbri, Cimmerii, and Κιμβροι, as a generic name of the great Gaulish and German nations. Diodorus says that the Gauls were called Cimmerii; and Josephus, who has a theory to support, calls the Galatians Gomarians; presumed by the Etymologists to be the same term. Appian and Diodorus also use the term Celt and Cimber as equivalent; "Κελτοις τοις Κιμβροις λεγομενοις:" for it is plain, from other authors, that this is the real object of that passage. This is almost evidence enough; but the remainder will appear, on enquiring who the Cimbri were. The term Cymri, or Cumri, appears, with us, to have been equally generic; having been applied to the inhabitants of Wales, of Cumberland, and of a district in Scotland, bounded on one side by the Clyde; whence the Cumbray islands still.

Now Pezron thinks that the Cimbri were Celts; so do Whitaker, and Macpherson, and many more. It is indifferent what those think, who confounded the Celts and the Goths: because, with them, it is plain that the Cimbri might be either. Llwyd thinks that the Cimbri

were Celts. His opinions always merit respect; but they are wrong on this point. Pinkerton is an antagonist of more moment, and I must take him as the champion for the whole. He decides that the Cimbri were Celts; but not in his usual firm and positive manner. He does not seem to have been satisfied with his own evidence; and had he consulted authors whom it is quite surprising that he should have overlooked, he must have changed his mind. His testimonies are circuitous, inferential, and feeble; while it seems probable that his ardour for his own system misled him. His main stay are the passages already quoted from Appian and Diodorus, and these are neutral on this point; partly because the terms Cimberi and Celt are interchangeable, and partly because, as I have fully shown, the ancients applied the term Celt to the Goths. I shall now prove, from them, that the Cimbri were Goths.

Tacitus says that it was in 640 U. C. that the arms of the Cimbri were first heard. "Sexcentesimum et quadragesimum annum urbs nostra agebat, cum primum Cimbrorum audita sunt arma." These were the arms of the Gothic Gauls, already mentioned. Appian says that the people who plundered Delphi under Brennus, were Cimbri. I have already shown that these were Goths. These are facts enough from history: it is superfluous to quote more. But the description of the Cimbri cannot be mistaken: it is that of the Goths. "Cimbri læti perire in bello, in morbo cum lamentis," says Paulus Diaconus. Quintilian, speaking of the Cimbri, says "Immanes sunt animis atque corporibus, et ad insitam feritatem vasto utroque exercent, bellando animos, corpora, adsuetudine laborum." Cicero, in his Tusculan dissertations, remarks that the "Cimbri et Celtiberi in prœliis exultant, lamentantur in morbo;" and Florus confirms all this, when he compares them to wild beasts; "Nec minus animorum immanitate quam corporum, belluis suis proximi." When he describes their migrations, he confirms it by a different kind of testimony. "Cimbri, Teutoni, atque Tigurini,

ab extremis Galliæ profugi" — "novas sedes quærebant." I need produce no more evidence, and I need make no commentaries on this. The Cimbri were Goths, not Celts.

The Belgæ scarcely require a word; as their Gothic origin is universally admitted, except by such writers as Pelloutier and his followers. The value of their opinions is already understood. Cæsar's testimony cannot be eluded. He says that the Belgæ differed from the Celtæ in language, and that the former were descended from the Germans; "ortos a Germanis:" and, that having passed the Rhine, "Gallos expulisse." As to the Picts, Pinkerton has demonstrated their Gothic, and, apparently, their Scandinavian origin, so completely, that this point may be considered as now taken out of the regions of historical controversy. His evidence cannot be abridged, and I need not transcribe it. This basis is fixed. Of the Danes, Saxons, and Norwegians, the history is as familiar as our own. I may therefore proceed to the actual colonization of Britain and Ireland; since that of the Highlands, which is here the ultimate object of enquiry, depends on it.

If the Welsh brought the name of Cymri or Cimbri with them, and if they were all Cymri, they could not have been Celts, as I have just shown. Yet they are partly such; because their language is almost as Celtic as the Erse, because their topographic names are Celtic, and because they preserve a Celtic personal character. Llwyd's theory, following Leibnitz, is, that there was an original Celtic population, and a second Celtic colony. Rowlands copies him. They are wrong. We must change the last term, before this theory of Wales is the true one. The second Colony must have been Gothic Cimbri. They were probably Belgæ, and a part of those who colonized England; driving the Celts before them, as they did on all occasions, conforming to their language, as they have done elsewhere, but imposing their own name of Cumri. No other supposition will explain the Gothic race, or blue

eyes of North Wales; and this was the spirit which so long resisted Saxon and Norman England. It was Goth against Goth. Wales claims as little honour from its Celtic portion, as Ireland and Scotland.

That the Belgæ settled in England, we know from Cæsar. The emigration of Belgic Gaul was, in his day, a recent event. Tacitus confirms the opinion, as far as assent can confirm it. "Gallos vicinum solum occupâsse credibile est." The same Belgæ appear to have settled in Ireland; and, as it is esteemed, through England, and about the first Century. There is no evidence that they extended to Scotland. This is the first Gothic race, in Britain and Ireland at least. Ptolemy names them in the second Century: and they were reduced, together with the Celtic Britons, in the year 50 and onwards, by the Romans. Richard says that the Cauci and the Menapii, two Teutonic tribes, came to Britain before Cæsar. The English Belgæ were the Bibroci, Parisi, Regni, Cattivelauni, and Atrebatii. It is thought that the Belgæ of Ireland settled in the south, and are the "Firbolgs" who oppose the Scandinavian invaders, in Ossian.

Scotland has an indirect interest in the Belgæ, as forming the probable basis of the Dalriadan colonies, whose lot it was to reduce divided Scotland into one kingdom, and to impose the term Scot on the people. To imagine a Celtic people making conquests over Goths, is as if the hare should turn on the wolf. The language, as I have often remarked, proves nothing. But they have a much stronger interest in the Picts, who formed the real Caledonia of the Romans. Though this people came from Scandinavia, they were intimately connected with Saxony, if not actually Saxons. The Cimbri, Saxons, Picts, and Danes, were almost one people. The Icelandic Chronicles say that the Saxons actually settled in Norway. Bede brings Hengist and Horsa from Odin. Peringskiold confirms this view: and the ancient writers in general speak of the Scandinavian and Saxon languages as nearly the same in the time of Ethelred. It

is indifferent how this is determined; as they were the same race, speaking the same language.

I will admit that he who has the fortune to differ from Camden, Selden, Speed, Innes, and Chalmers, as well as from Whitaker, ought to feel some alarm at his temerity, or be very sure of his ground. As to a whole army of "trium literarum homines," it would be somewhat overmuch to provide answers for all of them. But what is this to encountering Pinkerton and Ritson, as I have so often done. This last worthy indeed, cannot now give me "the lie valiant," as he has done to Percy, and to Warburton, and to every one else who happened to differ from him: and as to Mister John Pinkerton, he may be satisfied with his merited honours, and admit, if he can, that he has not kept a centry at every post.

As to the date of the Pictish invasion, it is obscure. Yet we may approximate near enough to it for any useful purpose. Saxo Grammaticus speaks of Northern invasions of Ireland in the time of the Incarnation. Tacitus says that this people was powerful in ships and arms, in the year 100. Eumenius says that the Irish and the Picts invaded Britain in 50 A. C. If the authority of Nennius is to be admitted, he says, distinctly, that the Picts settled in Orkney, 200 years before Christ. It is probable that there was a long series of invasions, resembling those of the Danes and Norwegians between the eighth and tenth centuries. The identity of manners and people, justifies a conclusion which reconciles every thing. When Eric of Norway invaded Orkney, he found Peti settled in these islands, together with Papæ, or Irish Priests. Pets are Picts. The Pentland Firth is called Petland, in the Icelandic history. The Roman or Latin etymology of Picts, it must be hoped, is completely abandoned. This idle derivation and silly blunder, has been a cause of infinite confusion; and may afford a warning example of the evils produced by fanciful and false etymologies. All this evidence, loose as it is, fixes a general date for the Pictish invasions, about the first cen-

tury. The Romans found the Pictish or Caledonian people established and powerful, though they do not mention the name till 290; and then it is to give it the false etymology which has produced so much idle discussion. A minimum date is thus at least fixed. The general fact is confirmed incidentally by Eumenius, when he remarks, that, in the time of Julius Cæsar, the Picts were the common enemies of Britain; and by Ammianus Marcellinus, who points out the Vecturiones and the Dicaledones as these people. There is an equally incidental confirmation of it by Gildas, as there is by Bede when he says that there were five languages used in Britain in his day: the British, the Irish, the English or Saxon, the Pictish, and the Latin. It has been attempted to evade this, by supposing that the Pictish was a dialect of the Irish. This is catching at straws: and those who have questioned Bede, are among the writers whose shallow and prejudiced views deprive them of all claim to attention.

It has been argued by most of the antiquaries whom I have here opposed, that the Picts must have spoken Gaelic and have been Celts, because the topographic names of the Low Country are so often Celtic. This proves only that the original inhabitants were Celts; which is precisely what I have already indicated. This argument has been directed against Pinkerton; and if he has suffered, it is because he would not allow of any original Celtic people in Scotland. This system, my system, which is consonant to all the history of the Celtic and Gothic tribes, removes the whole difficulty, and neutralizes the argument. It appears to me that there is no longer any difficulty. It appears to me also that there ought at length to be peace on this question; if there ever could be peace or rest on a subject which has been the source of war and contention through Centuries.

There is one other argument which I must also answer, because it has much less weight in itself than has been attached to it; while it is a feather against the

preceding evidence. The names of the Pictish Kings are said to be derived from the Gaelic. In the first place, the fact is not so. Some may be Gaelic; others are plainly Gothic; but the etymology of the greater number is obscure. In the next place, the Gaelic and the Suio-Gothic agree to the extent of one half, as I formerly showed. It is likely further, that, as in all similar cases, the conquering Picts adopted many words, or a portion of the Gaelic tongue, just as the Saxons adopted many British words in England; and, lastly, as these names have passed down by Erse tradition and have been recorded by Irish Monks, it is easy to understand how they should have been modified or changed. Even the list of Gaelic Kings, Latinized by the same hands, is scarcely intelligible.

The invasions and settlement of the Picts extended to the Northern isles of Scotland and to Ireland; whether to the Æbudæ, is uncertain. It is probable. These people appear to be the Lochlannic invaders of Ireland, and the real Feni, or Fions; a name, as Ledwich thinks, derived from Finland. That etymology is doubtful; they might have been the "fair" Gael. But the general question is not affected by an unsettled etymology on this point.

Be that what it may, these Picts drove back the native Celts, both in Scotland and Ireland, and settled over them; as the Anglo-Saxons afterwards did in England over the mixed Britons. Chalmers says that there were no previous Celts in Shetland, though there were in Orkney, and that this is proved by there being Druidical remains in the latter and not in the former. The fact is not correct, and the argument is of no use, if it were. There are the same kinds of remains in both islands, and I have formerly shown that those works are not Druidical. It is certain that the Pictish conquests, in Scotland at least, were of the same ferocious character as those of the Saxons in England, because the conquerors retained their own language. I formerly

showed the nature and value of this argument. The Celts were exterminated, using that word in the same lax sense as applied to England, and driven to the woods and mountains. But they have left the traces of their original possession, in topographic names in the Low Country; as they have done, all over Europe. Had the Pictish invasions resembled that of the Normans in France, they would have lost the Scandinavian, and taken the Gaelic tongue. That they spoke a different one, is certain. Columba requires an interpreter to communicate with them and to preach to them. I have remarked, in its proper place, that this is the true source of the language of Low Scotland.

It has been a fashion to suppose that the Picts were Savages; naked and painted savages. This is nonsense; it deserves no gentler a term. They were of the same races that invaded Rome and Greece, that settled in Italy. They were almost the agricultural and orderly "Germans" of Tacitus. They might have painted their faces, or dyed their hair with woad or aught else, as a fashion; whether to strike terror into their enemies (as has been said), or not. All nations have their systems of ornament; and, for aught the fact bears, the "Naked Pict" whose "painted vest" Prince Vortigern wore, need not have been more naked or more painted than the Picts of a Parisian Assembly. The Romanized term, Picti, has here helped to mislead the careless. They fought in chariots; that implies arts. They were early and long powerful against the arms of Rome, and they appear then to have been long possessed of a vigorous government. Rather, they were under different governments, like the German tribes; and while we may safely reason from the one to the other, we are sure that they could not, without long-established order and intelligence, have united as they did, against powerful and experienced armies. It is probable that their civilization was equal to that of the Saxons of the Heptarchy: but we read of Kings in the one case, and of painted Savages

in the other, and become prejudiced accordingly. Such is the effect of terms.

Here then is a theory, which, with the simple modification of allowing an original Celtic population, reconciles even Pinkerton: an antiquary whom, above all those who have interfered in this question, it would be least desirable to differ from, since it is he who first brought order into this chaos. That alteration reconciles all those who are worth reconciling. It leaves the leading argument of Camden, Selden, and Speed, men whom no one would willingly differ from, untouched. Whitaker may thrust himself among them if he pleases. It leaves Innes also, his Pictish Kings, and Tacitus his blue-eyed Germans, and Jamieson his Scottish language; while it explains what has been a perpetual source of error and controversy, the two, and different races, which, from a high antiquity, inhabited Scotland.

I mentioned, originally, that the fair and tall among the present Highlanders had been derived from Norwegian blood. It is evident that they might equally have come of Pictish blood, had the Picts intermingled with the Celts; which we can never know. They might also have come of Dalriadan blood, to a certain extent; if, as I have shown to be probable, this was chiefly a Belgic people. Hence, probably, arises the Scandinavian stamp of such central Highlanders as the Mac Gregors and others. Whitaker chooses to suppose that the Caledonians who opposed the Romans were Gael. I am almost tired of following his aberrations. The Romans were fully aware of their "German origin." Tacitus speaks as plain as man can speak. He says of the Caledonians who opposed the Romans, "Rutilæ comæ, magni artus, Germanicam originem asseverant." His knowledge of the Germans will not be questioned. It is marvellous how a writer like Whitaker, whose defect was not want of reading, could oppose such a passage as this. Even Malcolm, long after, talks of his yellow-haired people;

confirming this opinion. The Gael or Celts had been driven back to their forests and strong holds long before. If it be a source of self applause that the Roman arms were resisted, that applause is due to the ancestors of the Low Country Scots. The term Caledonians, though it were derived from the Gaelic, would not prove the people Gael; any more than the term Welsh or Briton proves that Wales or Britain possessed no Belgic Goths. The points of repulse lay on the margin of the mountainous region, as it must ever do in similar cases; but that does not prove the defenders to have been mountaineers, any more than it proves them Celts.

What peculiar merit or pleasure there is in deriving an origin from an ever-beaten people, when there is a choice, it would be difficult to discover. If the Romans did not conquer the Highlands, it is because there was nothing to conquer. Yet they traversed the mountains wherever they had any object in doing so; as they did through Mar to the North, as well as by the way of Fortingal; and apparently as far as Badenoch. Ptolemy has shewn us that the country was an entire forest, inhabited merely on the sea shores. The Romans did not conquer for glory alone. It was for vulgar profit as well as conquest that they warred. It was the commerce of Britain which helped to tempt them; the tin of Cornwall and the pearls of Wales, were among the attractions, as it was the amber of Prussia which enticed them to the Baltic. They also levied tributes, provided for rapacious officers and governors, disposed of turbulent troops, and maintained those whom they could not well have paid otherwise. They had no ambition to govern the barren rocks and marshy forests of the Highlands; nor could the repulses which they experienced, have proceeded from a people thus scattered. The Picts introduced their Saxo or Suio-Gothic governments; and this was the organization which repelled Rome. It was that which had beaten Rome within its own gates before, which had set-

tled itself over Italy, and which, in after times, was destined to uprise, Modern Europe, from that Roman Europe which it overturned.

Enough of the Picts. But we are not yet relieved from obscurity and dispute. After the Roman retreat, there was a Pictish kingdom in Scotland, governed by Kings, of which the series has been settled by Innes, and which may therefore be considered as received. During the early part of this period, the Celts, or people of the Highlands, are as much forgotten as if they had never existed. It is likely that they were, then at least, much reduced, and probably in a nearly savage state; whatever civilization they might have possessed before. They could have been but few in numbers, because the territory was limited; far more so indeed than it now is. That some remained in the Western Islands, is probable, but not proved. I have said enough respecting this formerly. The terms Scot and Scotland were still unknown. St. Jerom is the first who names the Scottish tribes. But the terms Scotia and Scot were applied to Ireland. I need not go over the proofs, which have been repeated to weariness; and which no ill-humour and ignorance, of which there have been abundance displayed, have yet subverted. Whence the name originated, is quite unknown. That the Scots were a posterior colony of Scythians to Ireland, is a hypothesis of Ledwich's, utterly without support. Macpherson, who, among many others, chooses to imagine that there is some dreadful dishonour in tracing the term to Ireland, concludes, at one time, that the Ierne of Claudian, in an often-quoted passage which mentions the Scots of Ierne, means the Western Islands, at another Stratherne, then the Western coast, and so on. It cannot mean all; and such is the consequence of feeble attempts to evade a positive testimony. When he says that the Scot-Irish could not have reached Scotland in numbers, in their boats, he should have asked himself how any colonization of Britain was ever made. Granting that these boats were currachs, or skin

boats, he might have found, in Herodotus, that the wicker and hide boats of the Euphrates carried 160 tons, and even had asses on board to transport back the skins after the frame was sold at Babylon. His attempts to overturn Bede's evidence respecting the Dalreudinian settlement, is equally unavailing against that positive testimony from a writer who was almost a living witness. Gibbon's doubts are more worthy of respect than all Macpherson's proofs! but it is very plain that he had neither cared for nor examined this subject; or he would have left little for others to do. Hume thinks that the Scots came from Ireland. Ireland was called Scotia, even in Bede's time, in 731: and, as Usher says, as far down as the eleventh century. The ancient Scottish writers considered the Gaelic language which they knew, as Irish, and the terms as equivalent; as may be seen by their calling the language and the people of the Highlands Erische and Erse.

It must be admitted that there are some contradictions about the date and manner of this settlement. Bede fixes the first permanent establishment of the Scots in Argyllshire, in 460. Richard says it was in 320. Ammianus Marcellinus, less likely to be correct than either, assigns it to the year 360. Fergus, it is well known, was the leader; and he became the first king of Scotland, which was then limited to a district, including Argyllshire, of which the extent is unknown, but which had probably grown to a considerable magnitude when his descendant Kenneth vanquished the King of Pictland and united both dominions under his own person. This is that portion of Scottish history which explains Dunstaffnage; the residence, doubtless, of a Chief, at first resembling the succeeding Chiefs of the days of Somerled, and afterwards that of a more powerful monarch. Galloway, forming an independent Scoto-Irish kingdom till its union with Scotland by marriage, probably originated in the same source. To this account of the Dalriadan expedition and settlement, I must yet however add,

that it is narrated and believed by Fordun, (a writer of a far other stamp than Boethius), by Major, Gildas, Geoffrey of Monmouth, and others, and that the date is sometimes fixed at 150 A. C. The more doubtful particulars are, that the Irish having attacked the Romans in Scotland, were at first driven back; returning, under Maximus, being beaten back again by Gratianus Municeps, but finally returning and establishing themselves in 396.

Now, that the Scots should have given their name to Pictland, and that this name should have vanished, is no argument against the validity of this history. It is a precise parallel to that of the Angles and England, and on the very same territory. The Angles were the most insignificant of the Saxons. The invading Scots were an insignificant people. The case of the Teutones is similar. This name is first mentioned by Pytheas; and, according to Mela, they inhabited an island called Codanonia, whence, as Spener says, they were also called Codani. Yet they carried and spread their obscure name so widely, as to have made the term Teutonic a generic one to our own day. There is no end to this class of illustration. It is one of the endless modifications of Luck. It is a folly of another kind in the same antiquaries, which asserts that the Pictish people were exterminated by Kenneth, because the name then disappears. As well might it be supposed that the Angles had exterminated all the other Britons; all the inhabitants of Britain.

I must here point out an additional error in Pinkerton, when after asserting that the original population of Scotland was entirely Gothic, he says that its only Celts are those who thus arrived from Ireland. This is one of the consequences of his outrageous feelings towards the name of a Celt. It is not possible, on moral principles, that England, Wales, and Ireland, should have possessed an original Celtic population, and that Scotland should not have had its own share; nor is it possible, on any other grounds, to explain the Celtic topographical names which pervade all Scotland, and which, as through Europe,

large, mark the existence of an early Celtic race. It is moreover doubtful, as I remarked before, that the Scoto-Irish, or Dalreudini, were Celtic at all; and Pinkerton should have perceived, that in adopting this fancy, he was disclaiming the Belgic or Gothic colonization of the South of Ireland, which he had himself aided in establishing. I need not repeat, for the tenth time, that their using the Erische or Celtic language, proves nothing. Pinkerton's Celts, since Celts there are, must be sought elsewhere; and they can be found, most securely, in the shattered remains of the original people.

Now this history, simple and inoffensive as it must seem to any plain mind, has given rise to outrage, and abuse, and controversy, and bad writing, through the space of a century and more, in the hands of Sibbald, Dalrymple, Abercrombie, Mackenzie, and others. Tytler is most particularly furious against Pinkerton, for saying that the Picts are the real Scots of present Scotland, and that the nominal Scots were a small colony. He and others are equally rabid at the supposition that the Scots should have been descended from the Irish. It is really very difficult to see where the offence lies. It is little better than a dispute about terms. The people of Scotland are the people of Scotland, the very Caledonians who resisted Rome and England, and who have raised themselves by their energies to their present state. That they have changed their names during their progress because they have intermarried into another family, as little vitiates their blood and descent, as the blood of one of their present Stewarts is corrupted by taking the surname of Murray, from a similar cause. Southern Britain does not become insane at hearing itself called England, and at being told that the petty Angles were the parent of its name. The antiquity of a people is not bound up in the antiquity of its designation: nor is there any reason why "the Renegado Pinkerton," who is simply investigating and stating a historical fact, is to be answered in his own indiscreet, and now, it must be hoped, exploded lan-

guage. If every historian is to fight his way through embattled hosts of raging and ignorant people who choose to fancy that their own honour is involved in some visionary honour of their ancestors before the Flood, it will become necessary for him to imitate the Arab husbandman, and to write in full armour, with his right hand on the pen and his left on the sword.

It must yet however be remembered, respecting this early history, that the conquest of Kenneth over Pictland, was not a conquest with that unequal force which it is rather pleasing than true to suppose. And it is pleasing merely, it pleases the inconsiderate at least, because the name Scot has swallowed up the name Pict. It is as if all Scotland were itself to boast that it had been conquered by such an imaginary unequal force. The descendants and people of Fergus may boast, if they please; if they can find themselves out: but for the rest to do so, is to boast of the conquests of him whose name they suffered as the vanquished. Mr. Pinkerton's antagonists seem to have lost sight of this simple argument, in the extremity of their anger. That he should have forgotten to retort it, is still more surprising. As to the strife itself, it appears to have lain between equal forces, as far as we can now conjecture. The south-west of Scotland was then probably an ally of Kenneth, as being of the same race. All the south-east was Anglo-Saxony. The immense mountain tract to the north-west, was probably, if not neutral, an ally also of Kenneth, in consequence of the identity of language. Caithness, Sutherland, and parts of Moray and Aberdeenshire, seem to have been in the possession of the Danes or Norwegians; so that Pictavia was a very limited territory. It is even probable that the western empire was the strongest; and it is equally probable, from what I have formerly said respecting the Belgic colonies of Ireland, that this was a contest between two branches of one equally warlike people. If this view of early Scottish history has not yet been taken, it is fully time that it should.

I have said so much formerly respecting the Danish and Norwegian invasions and settlements, that I have here left nothing to say. The ancient history has now been brought into contact with the modern, as far as my purposes were concerned; and to say more, would be repetition. The sketch of the history of the Clans, must also suffice for what I might say on the later people who settled in Scotland, from England, Flanders, and Normandy. I have not undertaken to write four quartos on this subject.

But as I have often had occasion to say, that the Highlanders are a mixed race, and as I have equally said that they have little title to that Celtic blood of which they boast as if it were a merit, I must now make a few deductions from the mass of proofs which I have thus brought forward to secure myself. The original Celtic breed has been modified by the Gothic blood in these several manners. By the Picts, by the Belgic Dalriadans, by the early Norwegians and Danes in the North, by the Danish Vikingr and the Norwegian government of Magnus Barefoot, and by the intercourse, during a long period, between the Irish Ostmen of Dublin and of that eastern coast, and the western of Scotland. Subsequently, and during the same period, that of the Highland Magnates at least, has been modified by the settlements of Anglo-Normans, Anglo-Saxons, Flemings, and Low-country, or Saxon and Pictish Scots.

Such is the history of the present Highland people. The traces are in their persons, as well as in their political history. The traces are in their energy and in their estimable qualities. To seek for these among Celts, is to seek them where they were never yet found, in the West; although I have already defended the Great Celtic people as they were never defended before. He who would see what a Celt of this division really is, may find him in the Highlands, though rarely. He is even more rare in Ireland; and hence the unquestionable fine qualities and fine persons of the great mass of the Irish people. They

have least of the Celtic and most of the Gothic blood. The true Celt may be found in Cornwall, but still better in Wales; and assuredly he is there an animal which no one would wish to preserve, either for his moral qualities or his personal appearance. Let the Highlander who is vain of his Celtic blood, go to Brittany, if he would see what it is of which he boasts. He may go to Switzerland also. But, in ancient Armorica, he will find the true Celt in the true state of a true savage; speaking his own unmitigated jargon, lazy, dirty, fraudful, unimproved since the year 453 that he is first reputed to have migrated thither from Cornwall, and resisting, stedfastly and strenuously, all the improvements around him. Those who have seen him in his native hills, as I have, will vouch that the picture is not overdrawn.

The Highlanders are still a mixed race, and it is their misfortune; though that misfortune is precisely the reverse of what they themselves imagine. To boast of being an unmixed people, is the result of—any motive which they please to assign: to boast of being Celts, is to glory in ill-fortune. If they find any glory in the Celtic tongue, that is a separate matter. It is most particularly certain that all the Magnates of the Highlands are of the Gothic race, and, generally, from the latest settlers. The earliest must be sought among the people of Reuda. If there be a Pedigree more remote than the pedigrees of Harold Harfager's race, it will be found in the Mac Gregors, and in the remainder of those who occupied that portion of the west side of our island which did not fall into the hands of the Norwegian Kings and of the Lords of the Isles and the West. Galloway alone competes with these in antiquity of settlement; the source being the same. If these Irish descents are Belgic, and therefore Gothic, much more certainly are those pedigrees such, which deduce from Ireland after the eighth Century, and onwards. Ireland in the east, Scotland in the west, and the Islands, were one Norwegian people, and, sometimes, almost one kingdom.

It is absolutely childish to fancy that this is any stigma on Highland honour. It was the fate of the Celts to be conquered wherever they came into contact with the Goths; and when they were not exterminated, they were driven into corners where their miserable remnants continue to this day, the same base people which those Goths apparently found them. We might almost conclude, did we dare to reason on the designs of Providence, that the Gothic nation was ordained for this end; and that nothing short of extermination was applicable to the correction of a people who, even yet, are resisting the improvements that surround them. Why this portion of the Great Celtic nation should so far have differed from those of Syria and Italy, I know not: unless it has been explained by means of their Religion and Government. Yet even respecting the eastern Celts, it must be remembered that the Arcadians, the Spartans, and the remainder of the Pelasgic race, remained for ever inferior to the Hellenic Greeks. Arcadia did nothing in intellect. Sparta did nothing: its only praise, if praise that be, is what might equally be claimed by New Zealand. It is from the Goths that Europe derived its beauty, its energy, its intellect, and its spirit of freedom. The liberty, the power, the glory of Britain, were born in the woods and morasses of Germany, and amid the rocks and waves of Scandinavia.

The Highlander may continue to pride himself on his Celtic blood, his visionary unmixed race, and his imaginary unconquered mountains, if he pleases; on mountains which have been transferred to successive races of those before whom the Celts fled as sheep before the wolf. England, wiser, will boast that it was conquered, that it is a mixed nation, that every drop of original British blood which it possesses, is a drop too much. The Englishman is now the conqueror; to boast of his aboriginal descent, would be to boast of being vanquished; to be ashamed of conquest, would be to be ashamed of being the victor. We are Britons from the name of our

island, not from our pedigree. British America does not boast of being descended from Dog-ribbed Indians and Chactaws. Even so, are the present Highlanders a mixed race of conquerors: it is quite time that they should know their own history, and cease to glory in that Celtic intellect to which Mr. Pinkerton imputes this very aberration of judgment. That a true Celt should thus continue to prove himself one, must be endured; but it is not to be borne, that the blood of Macdonalds and Macleods and Macdougalls, should thus forget itself, and enlist under the banners which it trampled under foot. The mark of Odin is stamped on the forehead of the robust Dugald who drives at the vasclirom or pulls at the oar; it is the spirit of Odin's race which still draws the Clymore on its enemies, it is Scythian hospitality which still throws its door open to the stranger, and will the Highlander belie it all. When he rages about his Celtic parentage, he is fighting for another identity, not his own: he is contesting for some abstract idea of a Highlander which does not exist. When he treats his neighbours as contemptible Sassanachs who never conquered his virgin country, he is like the Miser in Plautus, laying hold of himself and longing to slay himself with his own Clymore. If he was a Celt once, he has, at least in a majority of cases, been repaired, like his own pistol, with a new barrel and a new stock. It is perhaps however, best as it is; else we might have wars between Sky and Mull; between Glen Shiel and Glen Morison; Roy versus Dhu, a red-headed and a black-headed faction in the unconquered land of the hills and plaids.

Anger is a silly passion because it perverts the judgment of a Hero, as well as that of a divider of mathematical instruments. The strenuous "Celt" who resorts to Ireland for pedigrees from Fitzgerald and Constantine Centimachus, he who traces to Alpin and Dardanus, he who boasts of Dunstaffnage and Beregonium, is ragingly indignant that Scot and Scotland should be derived from Irish and Ireland. He prides himself that the

Scottish crown is based on the rock of Fergus's Irish Chair, that Irish Kenneth conquered Caledonia: and yet he will not allow to Ireland, even the small honour of participating in Ossian, or in Caledonian music, or in those letters which Columba himself taught to his barbarous ancestors. This is the "Celt" who boasts of the superiority of his warlike ancestors over the Lowlanders, who boasts that he never met them without conquering them. "Quid nunc vult veteratior sibi." It was the Lowlanders who first drove his savage and timid forefathers to their mountains and forests; it was the Lowlanders who resisted the power of Rome and the power of England. Scandinavia conquered him again and again; enslaved him, and ruled him for centuries. His Celtic blood is still under the rein and rule of Saxon, Dane, and Norman; of Norwegian princes and Scottish Barons, the protectors, for him, of that independence which he could not preserve for himself. In after times, if it was Highlander that was armed against Lowlander, it was brother against brother, oftener than Celt against Sassanach. When the mountains conquered, it was when an armed and trading banditti descended from their hills on peaceful cultivators or slumbering townsmen. If the blood of the Bruces, and the Wallaces, and the Douglases, listens to all this with patience, it is a proof of their patience. But I must end; and I may end without fear. If the dirk of one Αὐτόχθων trembles in its sheath at these outrages, the Clymores of a thousand truculent and fiery Scandinavians must be brandished in defence of him who has thus vindicated their race and honour, reckless of the wrath of a few sallow and hare-hearted Celts.

TO-MORROW.

I HAVE so often "deaved" thee, Sir Walter, with the weightier matters of agriculture, and with the profundities of that fashionable science of which a wise man now shuns even the name, so often drawn the rusty sword of antiquity in combat, and "plonced thee deepe in archæologic mudde," so often scribbled of green fields, and purling streams, and of "mountains on whose barren breast, The lab'ring clouds will often rest," that it is full time for me to relieve thy weariness with a whole chapter of moving adventures. Hitherto, they have come in "fittes," and far sundered; "So that a schoolboie maie, with plaie, not paine, Pycke echeone plumbe awaie, and leave the puddynge plaine." But whatever the plums of this pudding may have been, they were not put in for the mere purpose of being picked out. It might have been blackened with plums, thick as the evening rooks; but the sweetmeats have here been selected for their weight; plums of lead, aimed at a mark; artillery "which oft prevails, and gains its ends when other fails."

Has not To-morrow, and To-morrow, come before us again and again, yet is this thief of time unslain. Again he rises like Antæus, and again he must be levelled with the earth! Never will a true Highlander do aught to-day when he can do it to-morrow; there is always "*time* enough;" "he thinks it folly to be wise too soon;" and thus the Highland Saturn perpetually devours his own head instead of his tail. Donald would stare at the speech of Titus, were it translated into Gaelic. If the man "is unborn, who duly weighs an hour," what shall we say of him to whom a day is as nothing in the balance of life, who expects to overtake that time to-morrow

which passed him to-day, and which he will never catch till its forelock be transplanted to its tail, and that be made as long as the tail of the Great Serpent of Muspelsheim. He who trusts his time to Highland keeping, will, in vain, "Bid him drive back his car and re-import The period past, regive the given hour." But "Thou say'st I preach, Lorenzo."

I had professed a design to visit a certain Mull and a certain eastern coast; to depart in the morning, and to return on the following evening. "I had a horse and I had nae mair;" but I wanted no more. Had I not dearly purchased my experience in Highland aids of all kinds; and did I not well know the nature of Highland time, the "Cras hoc fiet" of this to-morrowing country. But this plan was not magnificent enough; and besides, every man in this country knows what you want, better than you do yourself. The Steward was to be sent with me; and he was to deliver me to a second, and the second to a third, and so on. It is indifferent whether our chains are of gold or of iron: yet I still hoped to escape from one or other of my tormentors, at some narrow lane or intricate road.

But when the morning came, I saw there was no chance of cheating Peter Pattison at least. Perpendicular as his walking stick, obedient as Corporal Trim, dealing only in bows and monosyllables, and carrying in his starched, imperturbable face, and in the very folding of his cravat, nothing but Cocker's Arithmetic and Boston's Crook in the Lot, he soon made me sensible that I was his prisoner. I betook myself to wheedling: assured him that I knew all the ways, and more, that I regretted giving him so useless a journey; and so forth. "His Laird had ordered him to deliver me over to Mr. Macnab." I assured him again that I preferred being alone. "I was desired to attend you to Mr. Macnab's." I reminded him that it was "the Sabbath," and that he would miss his Kirk; building somewhat on his physiognomy and the tie of his cravat. But the habits of office

rode here paramount over the power of grace. "I was ordered to attend you to Mr. Macnab's, Sir," said the inflexible Peter. And thus I found myself prisoner to a puritanical clerk, who was corporal and police officer in one. I wished him, his precision, his obedience, and his Laird, at the bottom of the sea.

We were appointed to breakfast with Mr. Macnab, at eight o'clock, by ample notification; but on arriving at a repectable farm-house, we found every thing silent, except the pigs, who were grunting for their breakfast. The byre was still unopened, and the cows were waiting with characteristic patience till somebody chose to milk them. If there were any cocks and hens in the establishment, they were following the example of their betters, and dreaming on their perches till Mr. Macnab's clock chose to strike the hour of awaking. Round the house rode Peter, and round the yard he returned, but no one appeared; the stable door was locked, and there was no person to take the horses. At length he opened his mouth; "I, think, they, are, not, up;" said Peter Pattison. All the doors were kicked, and the windows shook and beaten, but no answer; yet Peter discomposed not a muscle of his perpendicular face. Knock again—"Wake Duncan with this knocking." In half an hour, down came the very Mr. Macnab himself; his coat and waistcoat hanging loose, his knees unbuttoned, and without his stockings. The cause was plain enough. Our host might have said of himself and all his family, I believe, "Stertimus indomitum quod despumare Falernum Sufficiat;" and it was evident, that we had intruded an hour or two on the usual family sleep. An hour or two—it was half an hour before a bare-legged wench came in, half naked or half dressed, to light the peat fire; and, for the first hour, the peat fire gave out nothing but smoke. By degrees, however, the flame struggled through the clouds, and the kettle was put on. It was now near ten o'clock; I hoped it was to be the breakfast hour; such are the fallacious hopes of mortals. It was in vain that I proposed to make

my excursion to the cliffs, and return to breakfast: Mr. Macnab swore that I should not stir till I had eaten a good meal; it was the Laird's order. Peter remained unmoved: and in half an hour, came down a draggled girl: unwashed, uncombed, winking, half awakened; and then a son, and a son, and another son, and "the last was like the former;" filthy dogs; while the whirring of the clock showed that it was now on the stroke of eleven.

I had begun by calculating on twelve; hoping by Peter Pattison's aid, to advance two hours on the Highland day. I now deferred my hopes till one. If any thing on earth could have made a man angry, it was not the blustering, idle, slip-shod, unwashed, unsobered, host, for that was the nature of this genus; but the starched, perpendicular, precise, unmoved face of Peter Pattison: who, after having brought me into these toils, was thinking only of his orders, not to quit me till I had breakfasted and was transferred to his successor, and who paced up and down the room with all the apathy of a centry mounting guard over some unlucky culprit. And that culprit a free-born Englishman, travelling for his pleasure, prisoner to a Highland Laird and two of his myrmidons, a prig and a drunken farmer, under cover of kindness, in a land of liberty and of hospitality. Sadly do they belie the best half of the boasted proverb: as must ever happen with those who are thinking more of themselves than their guests. Phalaris would have put this Host to warm in his Bull: Homer would have recommended him to Rhadamanthus; Minos would have whisked him into the fourth story downwards, with a sweep of his tail, the Burgundians would have fined him all his fortune, and the Sclavi would have burnt his house down! I took up Roderick Random; and by the time the clock had struck twelve, down came Mrs. Macnab, "very loth," languishing, dirty, drabbish, polite, and lackadaisical; evidently roused from her couch by premature alarm. That there was no apology for the lateness of the breakfast, was a proof that breakfast was never

earlier at this house; and that no apology was made for keeping me four hours waiting for it, was a sure sign that the essence of hospitality was here held to consist, solely in filling the stomach of the guest.

The breakfast being finished at one o'clock, I proposed to ride to the Mull first, and afterwards to proceed to Ardbeg; as it was sufficient if I arrived there before it was dark. "What! would you go without your dinner; and they dine at four." It was fruitless to dispute orders, and I suffered myself to be led along like a bear to the stake. Mr. Macnab was sure that there would be time enough to visit the Mull to-morrow, after our return; and truly, to him, it was always time enough on any to-morrow, to do all that he was ever likely to perform. It was in vain to be impatient to proceed, even for Ardbeg; for if my own horse was ready, Mr. Macnab's was to be caught, and fed, and bridled, and saddled; and Mr. Macnab was not dressed, and the stable was locked, and the boy was lost, and there was a stirrup broke, and the bridle was lent, and there was no corn in the chest, and Peter Pattison remained as unmoved as ever, and I wished him at the old Nick, and Macnab at Jericho, and the Laird at Beelzebub, and I wished myself courage enough to quarrel with the whole tribe, and ride off; a resolution which was finally prevented, only by being unluckily in possession of the Laird's horse. But by half-past two, Mr. Macnab was in his saddle, and we reached Ardbeg at four o'clock. Dinner was just ready, and it was too late to go out to look at all which I had come so far to see. When the dinner was done, there was toddy to be drunk, and then another glass, and another; for with all his indolence, my guide was active enough here; "Doctus et ad calicem, vigilanti stertere naso." I pleaded water drinking, and proposed to walk out alone; but they would all go with me if I would wait a minute, and thus, and thus, the twilight came on, and then the darkness, and then some got drunk, and others tipsy, and it became bed-time. Thus ended the first day of the duties

of a Highland Cicerone, and of his deputies to the third remove.

As I had now abandoned all thoughts of seeing any thing in such society as this, I proposed to return to Mr. Macnab's to breakfast in the morning, and thus to see, at least the Mull. "Would I go without my breakfast; the Laird would never forgive them. No, no; there would be plenty of time after breakfast." Still, I hoped to outwit them when the morning came; as I purposed to steal my own horse and abscond. In the morning, I found that it was in the hill, no body was awake, and all the rest of all other things were just as usual. Breakfast began at eleven, was finished at twelve, and, at one, we set out to return to Mr. Macnab's. Still there might be time to see this Mull, since it was but two miles off. But the horses were first to be fed; that could not be dispensed with; yet it was not done after all, because there was no boy or no corn, or no key: and then there were stots to talk of, and Mrs. Macnab had yet to get up, and the Master Macnabs were, nobody knew where, and Miss Macnab's petticoat was not dry, and there was much going backwards and forwards, and round about, and in and out, and I mounted my horse; but it was all the same. At length the clock struck four; and then Mr. Macnab insisted upon it that I should stay to dinner, and to sleep, and that we should see the Mull to-morrow. To-morrow;—if there really ever is such a thing as To-day in this land of To-morrows, To-day, this very day, this very hour, I wish you and all your race, good morrow, now and for ever. At six o'clock I sat down to dinner at the Laird's, like John Gilpin; having gone to Ardbeg and back again, spent two days most vilely, and, wise as I "at first got up, I did again get down."

That is a noted word in the fool's Calendar, that To-morrow; be the owner who he may, I care not. As to this procrastinator, there is not a day in his long life in which he may not say, "hesternum cras consumpsimus:" but when the next day comes, it is still Yester-

day's To-morrow: and of all the To-morrows that are to follow, each, like the Kings in Macbeth, is like the former. That one which is to see the work done, "semper paullum erit ultra." If you doubt it, try again.

A finer morning never rose on the hills than the first day, the first To-morrow I should say, of that particular September. The brown heath was hot and dry all round, and the softest of breezes was waving the surface of the hay that surrounded our cottage, rising and falling like the waves of a gentle sea. The boat was to be ready at six, the tackle was to have been ready the day before. Long coils of hair line surrounded Donald's hat, which hung dormant on a peg in the hall, like his own spherical noddle on the bolster; and flies of all hues and dimensions, flies that would have confounded all the genealogies of Latreille or Linnæus, were stuck dense in its crown; minatory of death to all the salmon and trout that should prove their profound ignorance of entomology by swallowing them. The lake itself, bright as a mirror, stretched away its sinuous length through the brown wastes, till it vanished among the far-off blue mountains of the west. What lake, what cottage, I must not tell.

At length the sleepers awakened; but the fire was to be lighted, the kettle to be boiled, and the breakfast to be prepared, eaten, and talked over. Thus came ten; and, with it, the ready apology that the fish would not rise till the breeze chose to do the same. But the breeze rose, and the lake was a mile off. Rods and fishing lines, reels and flies and landing nets and fish baskets, were now mustered; but one was to be spliced and another was rusty; there were five meshes to be taken up in the net, and no fly would succeed on such a day, but black hackles. Black hackles were made; and the clock (clocks go on though Man stands still,) struck twelve. We were on the border of the lake; "that scoundrel Angus" had forgotten the oars, and "that rascal Donald" the provisions. The provisions arrived; so did the oars. But the

breeze was likely to be of more use than the oars. Donald returned for the mast and sail; and we were under way at two o'clock. "It is too late to fish to-day," said our Conductor, "as we have a long step before night; but we will make up for it to-morrow." Thus we arrived at our destination, after much sailing, much rowing, and much walking, weary, bewildered, bemired, and benighted: all of them the consequences of intending to rise at six o'clock to fish in the Loch. To-morrow came at last, with a grey drizzling rain. The fish would rise, it was true; "but why should we wet ourselves for a few trout; it would clear up by twelve; we should have time enough to fish then, and reach our night quarters too." It was all that we could do to reach those quarters without any fishing: the mountain before us was pathless, wet, and steep, the ponies were lamed by yesterday's march, and, worse than Knights Templars, there were six riders for two horses. We arrived before it was quite dark enough to break our necks, consoled ourselves with the hospitality of our host, and determined to make up for our disappointments, in the lake that lay broad and blue before our door—To-morrow. To-morrow came; but, alas, this To-morrow was Sunday.

When Monday arrived, it was discovered that the most serviceable of the ponies had lost a fore shoe. He was the sumpter pony, and we could neither travel in this desert land without provisions, nor could he clamber the rocks without his shoe. The Smith was twelve miles off; he could not be procured till to-morrow. But, for this day, To-morrow was not to prevail, and a boat was despatched to fetch him. But, as much talk ensued, and much time was required to get, first the boat, and then the oars, and then the men, and lastly to make them go for the Smith, it was impossible to fish To-day. "But we should reach our evening quarters in good time to catch a dish of the finest trout in the country for supper." Between rowing boats across one bay, and walking round another, and clambering over one promontory, and dodging another

in the boat, we reached the scene of our projected exploits at last. But the party at sea had chased cormorants, and the land division wild ducks; and we were hungry, and the dinner was not ready, and at length it was determined that we would dine to-day, and would get up early—To-morrow, and begin our fishing in good earnest.

We had commenced our fishing on Friday, and on Tuesday morning it became a serious question whether it would not be better to push on for the next river; as there was better fishing. But there was something in the way; a rock, or a covey of moor fowl, or what not. Solomon says it was "a Lion:" so that we only embarked when we should have been at our river. Unfortunately, we soon espied the floating corks of a fisherman's Long-lines. As we had no great prospect of any other dinner, we proposed to take the fish and leave the price at the hook. It required an hour to draw the lines; and as there was no fish on the hooks, this operation cost nothing but Time; which, as you must have long since remarked, is not here a commodity of price. By some mischance, we arrived at our destination at six only; and then it was found convenient to put off our fishing till—To-morrow. To-morrow came again; (despised as it may be, it will come,) but where were we to sleep to-night. The land "was all before us where to choose:" but there was neither road nor track, and the nearest hut was forty miles off. If we gave up the river in the morning, we might fish the Loch in the evening, provided we started early. But there was a tag, a rag, a jag, or a something wanting to the pony's saddle, and our consultation was long, and the bogs were deep, and the salmon must be boiled, and, by some means or other, we arrived at the borders of the Loch, if not To-day, yet before To-morrow. And when it was To-morrow, in good earnest, it was necessary to sleep off our fatigues of yesterday. It was impossible to fish the Loch, and make our way across a bog of five miles broad, to our evening lodging: but we might fish another

Loch by the way. When we arrived at this other Loch, there was a flock of wild geese on the margin. The trenches were accordingly opened in form, and after expending a couple of hours in attaining the third parallel, away flew the geese, cackling defiance as they drew up their long file in the air. We determined to return—To-morrow; to bring the boat up early, and have "a good long day of it."

Thursday and To-morrow came together; our fishing party had commenced on Friday; but as we had laboured hard, and were entitled to a little rest, To-morrow was once more appointed, to indemnify us for all our past Yesterdays. Thus ended one week of our fishing. To-morrow came with a gale of wind and rain—on Saturday the water was muddy—Sunday was the Sabbath; and when To-morrow, and To-morrow, and To-morrow, had come and gone in the same manner, it was time for me to take my leave of the party. I left them lounging about the green before the door on Thursday at noon: fully resolved to have "a long day of it"—To-morrow.

After all, this is perhaps no small source of pleasure. Happiness is all in the pursuit, not in the enjoyment: and Hope,—dear Hope,—who shall say that he enjoys it like the Highlander, who expects to catch the trout to-morrow that would now have been eaten; to plant hereafter the tree which, once in the ground, is looked at for three days and then forgotten, till, struggling through a century of wind and rain, some distant heir converts it into rakes and plough-tails. I was on a visit to a worthy friend, and we were "wearying for our dinner" as usual. "You see that hill," said he, "I mean to plant it to-morrow." Nothing else was wanting to have converted the whole estate into woods as fine as the six venerable ash trees that overshadowed his house. "My ancestors planted those," said he, "a century ago; it is a pity they had not planted more." They had received this land, nearly two centuries before, on a lease which was almost expiring; the sole condition being to leave a hundred acres of wood

of thirty years' growth, under a determined fine. They had all, it is likely, intended equally to plant To-morrow. As yet, however, no other tree than the six ashes had been set. My friend had been in possession twenty years; he had two more to run; and I left him intending, as he had done on every day of all those years that he had "wearied for his dinner," to plant, like all before him,—To-morrow.

Procrastination:—a great deal might be said about it; but he will be a clever moralist who will say any thing new. All that I mean to say about it here, is, that it is one link of a chain, in which it has, for very near neighbours, indolence and contentment. Such is the moral; now for the fable. But the fables here are true ones. We were at anchor in Sky, and our friends were dining with us: there was profusion of lobsters and crabs; to the great surprise of the audience. Whence could they have come. "Thence; just under your house." "How." By means of a crab-pot." "How could one be made, or procured." As if they had not seen the lobster-smacks of London passing their very windows every season. We gave them our own. We returned next year, and found it in possession of the chickens; guiltless of fish, as from the first moment it had reached its new destination. We dined with the new owner of our Trap, and our dinner was just what it had been a year before, and what it will be till he goes to that dinner where he himself will be eaten; boiled mutton at top and roasted mutton at bottom, potatoes when it pleased Heaven, and in the interregnum, nothing.

We had dined three days at the house of a worthy friend, on the same eternal boiled and roast. Our turn arrived to give a dinner. There were salmon; the deck was covered with them in all the progressive stages of kippering. "And where could we have got them"—"In the river that runs past your door; this morning." We sent him two dozen as a due. He recollected then that there were salmon in this very river; he had pos-

sessed a net "twenty years ago," but it was "full of holes." "Salmon were very convenient in a family; kipper was a good relish at breakfast; he would have his net mended to-morrow." Our boat put him ashore within twenty yards of his house, in the evening; the tide had ebbed, and she could not be brought up to the rocks; the boatmen jumped into the water to pull her up; the Laird lost his balance and fell in. The ten idle fellows who are for ever lounging about the doors and wondering whether the boat can land in the surf "to-day," might build a pier in three hours; instead of which they stand looking quietly on till she is thrown ashore and, perhaps, makes a hole in her bottom. The Laird and his men jump into the water and get a hearty ducking, and the ten men descend and draw her above high water mark to the destruction of her sheathing. In the morning, she must be launched again, but the ten men are wondering at some other thing somewhere else: the tide ebbs out, two or three hours are lost, the wind changes, the boat, at last afloat, is half the night at sea, or is driven to leeward of her port, and the Laird has a two-days' journey over land, provided he is not drowned; because one of those days, well spent, would have given him the command of tide and time to all eternity. Thus too, instead of being carried in and out of the water pickaback when sober, or tumbling into it when otherwise, he might have reached his own door dry shod any day for these twenty years past. Twenty, did I say; it is fifty years since a predecessor of mine made the same remark on the same place, and it is four hundred and fifty since the Lairds of this estate have been breaking their shins and destroying their boats, generation after generation, on these very rocks. Four years after, the boats and the stones remained just as before, as might be expected: the holes in the salmon net were quite as large and as numerous as we had left them, and even the Argyllshire Highlanders who accompanied me, swore that the "Deil was in thae Hieland louns." Sky abounds in oysters; as it does in

crabs and lobsters. But who eats an oyster in Sky. If any body ever saw a fish at table, that was not my fortune; yet our deck was covered with cod every day. But as luxury is a vice, this is praise.

Mrs. Hamilton has given us the history of a bridge at Glenburnie. I would fain believe that the whole genus of bridges has been the better for it. I rode a hundred miles to Glen Never; but when I arrived, the object of my pursuit proved to be on the opposite side of the river. The river was only forty feet wide, but it was deep and stony and strong. There was no bridge; there was no boat; it could not be forded; the rain had rained; it rains there every day. I waited with patience for two days. On the third, I tried the ford, and narrowly escaped drowning. I was obliged to abandon an object that I had come a hundred miles to see, because of a river, surrounded by tall fir-trees, out of which I could have constructed a bridge in a day. But what was this. The house lay on one side of the stream, which flowed under its very walls. The parish church and the village were on the other, and so was the school. The children had gone to school, as usual, on that morning; the shower had fallen in the interval, and when they returned in the evening, the ford was full. They were obliged to go back, three miles, and sleep on the desks for two days. The family had gone to the Parish Church every Sunday for the last twenty years; when the river chose to permit them; and when it did not choose to allow them to return, they had been detained at the Minister's house for a week; because six fir-trees, that cost nothing but the trouble of felling, added to a day's labour, would have made a bridge.

The difference between procrastination and indolence, is that between an arithmetical series and its first term. The "majus" of course, here contains the "minus." Donald, deceived by "The false Enchanter," puts off till To-morrow, what he considers an evil To-day; as if he had eaten of the fruit of the trees of the Sun and Moon,

and expected to live five hundred years. Perhaps he really believes that Chronos is sleeping in one of his islands, bound hand and foot. I wish he was; but, unfortunately, sleeping or waking, that bald-pated personage holds on his steady career; remorseless, inexorable, mowing down all our To-morrows, and converting the erect future into the prostrate past. Were Donald subject to the gout, I would recommend him the lesson of him who seems to have held To-morrow in as much dread as myself; but indeed, even his own Ossian will tell him that it is the fate of the indolent soul to abide "amid foul November fogs" by "the dead morass;" while his ghost is condemned to be for ever "folded in the vapour of the fenny field." Persius and the Celtic poet have chosen the same image. ——————"Sed cum lapidosa chiragra

Fregerit articulos, veteris ramalia fagi,
Tunc crassos transisse dies, vitamque palustrem,
Et sibi, jam seri, vitam ingemuere relictam.

He might have taken a lesson from his own "mountain streams, which, clear as glass, Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace." One example more on this part of the subject, and I have done.

Taking a walk on a piece of new-made road, I was surprised to find that it passed through the middle of one of the ancient Highland huts. When this hut was so built as to contain the cattle and the family both, "cum pecus et dominos communi clauderet umbra," (an arrangement equally praised by Herodotus in ancient Egypt,) it was of considerable length; as you well remember. Through this one, there was abundant room for the road; and the inhabitants, not a bit deranged, had barricaded each end, continuing to inhabit it; while the superfluous thatch and rafters formed a pendent canopy over the heads of the passengers. The owner had received sufficient and regular notice to quit, for this public purpose, with the assignment of a new spot to build on. This, it appeared, was too much trouble; and, rather than be fashed with moving, he had remained quietly in his place, suffering

the road-makers to beat his walls down about his ears, and then very peaceably repairing the damage by the expedient we saw. There, I doubt not, he remains, and will remain, till the remnants of this structure fall upon his head. If you disbelieve, go to Loch Inver, and see.

This is certainly one of the fundamental principles of a genuine Gael: whatever angry Highlanders may say to the contrary. The very people themselves acknowledge it, both in their practice and their conversation; though, like the wife who will suffer nobody to beat her husband but herself, they do not choose that a Saxon should say so; "soon moved" like Eve and her daughters, "with slightest touch of blame." He is not a true man if he would not prefer basking in the sun on a dry bank, soaking under a dyke in the rain, or cowering over the smoke of a peat fire, to any occupation which you could offer him. He is the true "Giovanni poco fa" who was "figlio di Madonna poca fila:" though I must do the Highland wifie the justice to say, that she does not conform to her half of the Italian Proverb: since the fair sex, in this country, is unquestionably the most active and useful part of the community. You will naturally say "Quis expedivit psittaco suum Χαιρε;" will neither hunger nor money move him; for he surely appears to possess more than enough of the one, and none at all of the other. It must be admitted that he is not often over-fed: and it is true, equally, that he has no objection to get money; but he estimates his indolence, not his labour, at so high a price, that it is not a small stimulus of this kind that will make him move. As to the greater exertions, we may say, with the Poet on another subject, "Te semper anteit sæva necessitas." Half of the extortionate demands of the Highlanders, as guides or boatmen, are bottomed on this principle; and I have often offered in vain, a guinea for a boat, when a London waterman would have jumped at the promise of half-a-crown. You might almost suppose that they had adopted the Turkish maxim—that "to sit is better than to stand, to lie is better than to sit,

to sleep is better than to wake, and Death is best of all."

This averseness to motion is strikingly exemplified by the frequent use of the Gaelic expression for "make haste;" which is assuredly the first phrase a Saxon will learn. You know the sound of "Grease Ort" well. But this tardiness of movement is, of course, the produce of Celtic dignity: as is proved by the parallel conduct of the most dignified of nations: "Mi venga la muerte di Spagna," is a saying that would suit either. And if, as Cicero says, supreme felicity consists in doing nothing, why then Donald is the only true philosopher. It is partly for this reason, as well as from pride, if we are to believe themselves, that labour cannot be hired in the Highlands; or, at least, that it cannot be depended on. If this pride is still existing, so much the worse: it never was esteemed a laudable quality, even among those who could afford to pay for it; and, as the property of a Baron of Thonder-ten-tronk, of a Monsieur le Marquis de Vaurien, or of a garlic-eating Hidalgo, it has now, for some time, as much ceased to be a matter of boast as it has with Signor Giovanni Pocofa. Even in Pitscottie's time, it does not seem to have been much esteemed; and, at present, it really is not a qualification from which a Highlander can derive much ornament, honour, or porridge. The worthy Historian says, "But the idle and sloathful, and such as do shun and avoide labour, seeme in gritt povertie, and yit they will not stick to boast of their gentilitie and noble birth, as thoucht it war more semlie for the honest to laik, then comlie, by exercise of some honest airt, to get their living."

For other reasons, which I formerly noticed, it is not easy to procure labourers; but even those who might labour, are averse to it, and prefer starving in a pleasing repose. It is very evident that the luxury of an outrageous price will not often be offered; and of course, no price is proposed. To steady labour they are particularly averse; and no dependence can therefore be placed on them, as they will leave their engagements to return to their usual tran-

quillity, the moment that it becomes displeasing to them, or that they fancy they have gained money enough. It is quite notorious that this was the case with the labourers on the Caledonian Canal: and hence it was, that one of the main objects of that well-intended project, the finding employment for the Highlanders, was defeated. Hence the Rent services formerly mentioned; as the Landlords would otherwise procure no hands, or else the people would quit them, even in the middle of their work, should the fit of idleness come on. For the same reason, it was found necessary to import quarry-men from the Lowlands into Sky and into Assynt, to work on the marble and limestone quarries; as the Highlanders considered it as too hard work, and would not persevere beyond a few days, even when induced to commence. Mr. Joplin's quarries, and those of Lord Macdonald, were thus wrought by Lowlanders, transported at a considerable expense, when the Highlanders, on the very spot, were lounging about and looking on. All this, however, is nearly confined to those who have not yet received the contamination of Lowland improvement; as, in the slate quarries of Seil and Balahulish, and when employed in the towns, they are as active workmen as the Lowlanders. If, to us, this seems to imply censure, it cannot so be felt by them; since it is a source of imaginary merit and of self-gratulation. That it is very generally true, in spite of the exceptions I have just noticed, is proved by the conduct of Highland proprietors themselves, in preferring Low Country labourers, tenants, and fishermen, and even in advertising for them as "preferred." This is the opinion of a Highlander about his own countrymen, and it cannot therefore fail to be true: while, being noticed in the work of our friend Col. Stewart, it must be a fact.

It is partly to the difference of character among different districts, and partly to other causes, that we must look for the very contradictory statements that are made respecting the Highland character for industry. My inclination is to make their apology when I can. Man is

naturally indolent unless pressed by want, stimulated by ambition or luxury, or roused by example or emulation. Industry is an artificial habit; and it is not very wonderful that the Highlander, who sees all idle about him, who is nearly deprived of exertion for want of objects, and who is habitually contented with the narrow circle of his possessions and conveniences, should follow the propensities of his nature, and be what we almost every where find him in the remote districts. Such habits indeed unfortunately stick to him, even when he might benefit himself by exertion; nor is it unusual every year to see his crops of corn ready for the sickle, and neglected till the rainy season arrives and ruins his prospects. He is rarely to be seen in his harvest field till ten or eleven o'clock; and when there, half his time is spent, like "Tom," in "helping Jack:" in talking to his fellow labourers, lounging about the sheaves, looking at the sky, and wondering when it is going to rain. With all this, hundreds, in every summer, are found travelling to the south, to reap foreign harvests, and returning homewards with the pittance, gained by a few weeks of hard labour, for which they have perhaps walked a hundred or two of miles without pay.

The case is the same with respect to the fisheries. Where they are pressed by want, as in Canna, no people can be more active; and, where fisheries have been long established, as in Barra or Loch Torridon, there sometimes appears no want of activity. Yet, on many parts of the west coast, though the shores abound with cod and numerous other fish, as I have already remarked, a boat is seldom seen employed in this pursuit; nor will the natives often take the trouble to increase their scanty commons by an exertion so easily made. Yet the herring fisheries, in which there is the prospect of great and sudden gain, sets a whole coast in motion; and he who should chance to visit the Islands during that season, will wonder that any one should accuse a Highlander of indolence. The fact is, nevertheless, unquestionable as a

national feature; and has been fully experienced in other cases than that of Tobermory, so lately noticed.

It is not improbable that much of this indolence is the consequence of early habits acquired in tending the cattle by the road sides and wastes; an occupation carried on in a state somewhat between sleeping and waking, and requiring no exertion. But it is, in every way, a result of their ancient occupations and habits. The pastoral state has always been, notoriously, a source of similar dispositions, and a bar to improvement. The habit of frequent and private warfare also, has every where produced similar effects. This is the history of the Arabs; and the exceptions and their causes are well known, while they illustrate, in another way, this very fact. It was the same in the ancient pastoral Arcadia. The Arcadians did nothing in arts, and made no progress in improvement, when Greece was performing what has continued to instruct and to astonish the world to our own times. If this was partly the result of their Celtic birth, it was not less that of their occupations. The life of a shepherd seems necessarily to lead to wandering and idleness. His wants are few, and easily gratified; while the liberty which attends this condition, renders it difficult to introduce reform which must commence with restraint. The state of Arcadia was that of the Highlands: it is passing away, but it is not yet past.

If this be really one of the causes of this vice, others, and perhaps stronger ones, may be found in the want of stimulus just noticed, in the impossibility under which they often labour, of bettering their condition by any exertions, in the want of sufficient occupation on their very limited farms, and in bad example, or inattention, among those who might set them better ones. It has been too common to attempt to make these improvements and changes, by force and censure, instead of by inducement and gentleness and example. The improvers have forgotten that "the nature of man being much more delighted to be led than driven, doth many times stubbornly

resist authority when to persuasion it readily yieldeth:" and they are surprised that, where nothing is attempted, nothing is done. If they are thus negligent, surely they are the last that should complain; while the censure which may here seem to be passed on the people, ought, in fairness, to be placed where it is due, on those who neglect their duties. Lastly and not least, this mental disease must be attributed in part, to that contented disposition which, however convenient to the possessor and however amiable in itself, is a quality little deserving of praise by a sound moralist. Dr. Johnson has called this content "a muddy mixture of pride and ignorance." It is that of a hog or a Hottentot; not the contentment of the patient and cheerful spirit. Content is here a vice. It is Discontent which is the true virtue; the cause of all human improvement, without which man might have still realized the golden age of the poets, feeding on acorns, if he could get them, clothing himself in skins, and burrowing in the ground.

As to their pride, it often puts on the appearance of laziness, to the inexperienced. If Donald refuses to labour for wages, because he rents an acre of land and is a farmer, so there are some kinds of work which Celtic etiquette and dignity do not allow him to touch. I had requested a Guide to relieve me of some hammers, not imagining that what did not disgrace me could offend him. He threw them with great disdain to a bare-legged boy; and I might have concluded that he had objected to the weight, had we not, shortly after, loaded him with the five fowling-pieces of the party, under which he trotted off as proud as an ass with a new pack-saddle. These are delicate distinctions.

The Highlanders do not, however, claim the exclusive privilege of indolence; since it is generic in a certain state of society; although that state, it must be admitted, is a good deal past with them. But habits remain long after circumstances have changed. Not to affront our friends by remarking this characteristic feature in all the

savage tribes of America or elsewhere, we have classical authority for its being a habit, I should rather say a principle, among the ancient Northern nations. A Highlander cannot be displeased when he knows, from authority so high as that of Tacitus, that indolence, among those tribes, was not a passive quality, an "ignavia," but a principle of action; of inaction would be more correct. When the Germans, says this author, were not at war or engaged in military exercises, they passed their time in indolence, feasting, and sleep. At the same time, they transferred the care of their houses to the old, the infirm, and the females; "by a strange contradiction, both loving inaction and hating peace." The Celts seem to have acted in a similar manner; nor is there so much contradiction in this conduct, as the Historian, rather for the sake of antithesis than with his usual judicious eye to the philosophy of the case, has chosen to represent. If it was thus a principle, it was one also which was connected with their military habits. It was held base to cultivate the arts of peace for the purposes of procuring wealth or ensuring the means of living. The same author says elsewhere, "Pigrum quinimo et iners videtur, sudore acquirere quod possis sanguine parare." The business of war was honourable, but the labours of peace discreditable. Inaction was then, just what it is now, the distinction of a gentleman; and if a Torquil or a Magnus chose to sleep his peaceful hours away, he was as well and as correctly employed as an Ensign in country quarters is now, in looking out of the window and in teaching his terrier to fetch and carry. In truth, idleness was not only the business of a gentleman and a warrior, but the badge of liberty. Thus, you see, I have proved, and I trust to the satisfaction of our irritable friends, that this property was once an honour, if not a virtue. If Society chooses to whisk round and make it a vice, it is Society and not Donald that is to be blamed.

HIGHLAND ROMANCES AND SUPERSTITIONS.

All the world has heard of Highland Ghosts and Superstitions, and we have been desired to believe that the people are as credulous as ever. This has been the consequence of repeating, as of to-day, things long past: it is, as I have often said, Romance attempting to pass for Truth. The Highlanders now believe just as much as their Pictish and Saxon neighbours. To imagine otherwise, is to make Martin our standard to the present hour. Doubtless, a septagenarian Crone, doting over the stories of her progenitors, may repeat them till she believes them herself. Children here have their Goblins and Fairies, as they have in England: and a calf of a Celt may be frightened by another calf looking over a hedge by moonlight, just as an Essex brother might be. Ignorance and credulity, timidity and fright, walk hand in hand, in Sky and Uist, as in London and Cornwall. But the Highlanders have made much greater strides into the regions of light and good sense than those false friends of theirs know of: and are little indebted to those who would represent them as trembling at the mountain mists, or as living in a land of shadows. Many superstitious practices moreover remain, by habit, long after the belief on which they were originally founded, has vanished. Few also would choose to sleep alone in a church, even though not believers in ghosts. The Highlanders speak of an Evil eye now, with much the same faith as we do of a solitary magpie or an inverted stocking. If they have their Beltein, London has its sooty Floralia; and, "like the strong statutes in the barber's shop" standing "more in mock than mark," the crystal ball, remembered, like

the Royal touch, but for neglect, reposes at peace in the "kist" or "awmry."

It is one thing, however, to doubt of the belief in superstitions, and another to think them unworthy of notice and record. Those who have wished to persuade us of their existence, would have been better employed in collecting and illustrating them. But this transcended the powers of that prolific class which writes more than it reads. Such a history is a contribution, not only towards that of the human mind, but to that of the descent of nations; for the superstitions and the tales of a people will be found to possess very wide, and often, very unexpected connexions. The recollections of this lore in the Highlands, seems however, not only very scanty and meagre, but extremely confused, as I shall soon show. We have often been told that this was a story-telling race, and that they passed their long winter days in repeating their supernatural tales and poems. This is easily said: it is time that it should be proved. That is the way to command belief. Their brethren, the Cymri, have been more industrious, or more fortunate: for the Welch tales are numerous, interesting, and often highly poetical. But they were a polished and literary people, when the Highlands were plunged in barbarism. It is the same for their Gothic connexions. That nation, in all its ramifications, from Denmark to Austria, from Hecla to the Hartz, can produce volumes where the Highlands can scarcely fill pages: and, to those Classics of the nursery, we must also resort for correct editions, as well as for illustrations and corrections of our own confusion. The Peasantry of Dalecarlia and the Odenwald and the Ertzegebirge, are the Grœvii and Gronovii of the Goblin race. Though the Highlands have a double claim, on a Celtic and on a Gothic source, yet, from each spring, but a scanty rill has descended to them: while they have so muddled and mixed the waters, as almost to defy our critical powers. The Lowlands have been much more faithful depositaries of

this respectable branch of literature; as their ballads and tales abundantly testify.

As he who has not read the poets, the historians, the orators, and the scholiasts, will edit Aristophanes or Persius to little purpose, so he who may undertake the office of a Highland Grimm, must bring something more than the Gaelic language to the task. Mythology, Oriental, Classical, and Scandinavian, Chaldea, and Egypt, and Arabia, and Greece, and Rome, Platonist and Rosicrucian, Magic, Dæmonology, and Witchcraft, the whole black army, from Proclus and Psellus down to Kornmannus, Scheretzius, Bodinus, Erastus, Anthony Rusca, Saloppidus, Jacob Boissard, and George Agricola, must form his familiar reading. In the tales of Arabia, Persia, Tartary, and Hindostan, he will often find what he seeks; and the Sagas and romances of northern Europe will furnish him similar information under forms of closer affinity. Siva, Bacchus, Medea, Odin, Thor, Mercury, Lokk, Maugrabin, Castor, Pollux, Sigurd, Hela, Lycaon, Bellerophon, and fifty more, will often prove to be acquaintances little suspected. He will approximate Homer and Lucian and Theocritus, with Iceland and Arabia and the Hagiologists, when little suspecting such associations. Genii, Dives, Duergars, Dracæ, Trolds, Fairies, White Women, Saints, Devils, Giants, Kings of Fire, Water, Earth, and Air, Dragons, Vampires, Cobolds, Pucks, Goblins, Mermaids, Night-hags, Wolves, Scrags, Fantasms, Apparitions, Harpies, must be his bosom friends, and the Fates and the Furies, the Valkyriar and the Sirens, Pythonissa and Canidia, his loves. He must rival Albertus Magnus and Cardan, in Lychnomancy, and Oneiromancy, and Geomancy and Necromancy, and Lithomancy, and Ceromancy, and all the other "manteias;" nor will he waste his midnight candle in vain, over the Fabliaux, Thumb, Hickathrift, Sir Bevis, Arthur, Pendragon, St. George, and More of More-hall. You may think that I wish to alarm the aspirant: "to fright my readers with the Pagan vaunt, Of mighty Mahound and rude

Termagaunt." By no means: but he who is destined to rescue the fair fame of his country on this point, must be an Adept.

It must not be imagined that the Highlanders have any peculiar claims on their own tales and superstitions, as their ignorant friends have supposed. This literature is the property of the whole world, and they have received the knowledge of Nations through the downhill stream of their descent. As they have thus inherited from the Celts and the Goths jointly, we may sometimes fancy that we have detected a superstition peculiarly Celtic. But such has been the intermixture, and such is the remote origin of all this matter, that the supernatural creed and literature of those two People can scarcely ever be effectually separated. If I have occasionally noted any distinctions of this nature, it is without any anxiety to prove what would require a much larger collection, and much more attention than I think fit to bestow on the subject here. There is no attempt towards order, because there was no room for order in this crowd. But the road which others may follow is indicated: the connexions which seemed most worthy of being marked, are traced; and whoever may think the subject worth an octavo, will here find the far better part of the path smooth and clear before him. I may as well commence with Mother Mac Goose as any where else.

The tale of Fraoch Eilan has been printed by Pennant and Dr. Smith. This enchanted garden was watched by a Dragon, and the fair Mego longed for its fruit. Her lover Fraoch undertook to gather the golden apples of these Gaelic Hesperides. Like Leander, he boldly swam the lake, and attacked the monster. But both bit the dust, and poor Mego died of grief. It is easy to trace the parentage and affinity of this tale. In the romances of the North, as in Greece and in the East, hidden treasures are always guarded by a dragon. In Sturla's Odes, gold is called the spoil of the dragon's den. The Highlands have also their own edition of the tale of Child Rowland

and Burd Ellen; Jamieson (Robert) has given it. Dr. Macpherson has noticed the following. A Magician lived on a rock. A tempest arises, and a boat arrives, without mariners, but with a hundred oars and white sails. A voice orders him to enter the Boat of Heroes. He sails seven days in the bosom of the cloud, without requiring food or sleep: hearing shrill voices, but seeing no one. On the eighth, a storm arises, a thousand voices cry, The Isle, and he lands in the Elysium of the Celtic heroes. This seems to be the tale of Procopius, wherever it originated. Dr. Smith has printed the story of Bera: and the style of this, as of all these tales, is highly poetical. Bera was the daughter of Grinan, the last of the Sages of old. A fatal spring arose on Cruachan, and to her was its charge committed. When the sun's last beams should sink beneath the mountain, it was her daily duty to cover it with a stone, on which were impressed the mysterious characters of the ancient Sages. Oppressed with the chase, one fatal evening she neglected this charge. The waters burst forth; and when she awoke, she beheld only the wide extent of Loch Awe, covering the valley with its stormy billows, far beyond the reach of the eye. There is also, in this Legend, an oriental air: and Merlin's Fay stops the Cavern's mouth with an enchanted stone. If the mysterious characters which restrained the waters, savour of the talismans of eastern magic, they also possess an analogy to the Runic characters which bridled the wind. But even the Runic mythology is oriental; nor is it difficult to trace some of the reveries of the Edda to the Chaldee cosmogony. The body and the Head of the Giant Ymir perform the same office for the earth and the heavens, as does the bisection of the Goddess Omorca.

Ewen of the little head inhabited the mountains that skirt the mighty Ben More. There was war in Mull among the Giants; and certain omens presaged his death; but nobly scorning them, he lost his head in action. Nothing daunted however, he took the useless member under his arm, like St. Denys, and rode off: another springing up

to supply its place. He has never since been visible; but when a Chief of Loch Buy is to die, his bridle is heard to ring for three successive nights, as he ambles on his coal-black steed round the margin of the Loch. There is an affinity between Ewen and those giants whom Jack, of celebrated memory, slew. Here, the Highlanders have apparently mixed up many tales and characters into one. The giants whom Jack killed, had two heads, as Ewen has in some of the editions, and sometimes three. There is a celebrated Headless Horse still in Germany: and the absence of the head may have been here transferred from the horse to the rider. The Coal-black steed is that of the Hunter Woden, who is a terrestrial as well as an aquatic rider; and the bridle belongs to the same equipage.

Lest I should rival the Blue Bibliotheque, I must refer to Mrs. Murray's book, for one among the most complicated of these Highland tales. There is a lady who, like Cinderella, is envied by her two elder sisters; she flies from home and marries a Fairy, who deserts her. She consults another Fairy, who gives her a magical pair of shoes, by the aid of which, she may chace him through the flood and the wave, across the Forest and over the mountain. A comb accompanies this gift, causing pearls and diamonds to drop from her hair; and so on. This tale has evidently combined the circumstances of more than one of the original stories: and it is more worth notice where it differs from the models than where it agrees with them; by marking the introduction of Highland ideas. As to the Magic Shoes, they were made by the same Crispin as the Seven-Leagued Boots. If the latter have been worn by more heroes than Tom Thumb, they seem to have been originally manufactured in the neighbourhood of Caucasus, at the fountain of all knowledge; since they are also found in the Calmuc Tales, in Ssidi Kur, and in the Hungarian Tales from that source. The Magic Shoes were given, but not originally, to Jack the Giant-Killer, by his cousin the Three-Headed Giant; but they have performed many a journey, for they belonged once

to Lokk, the king's jester in Valhalla; serving him in his escape from that place: while they seem also to have been borrowed by Mercury, with the simple addition of a pair of wings. Rather, they both obtained them from the same shop: the real Officina Gentium, as well as of Cloud cloaks, Tarn hats, Wishing caps, Inexhaustible purses, Magic rings, Enchanted swords, and Flying horses; besides Magical glasses, Giants, Fairies, Dwarfs, Elves, Hamadryads, and hundreds more, "tales quales." If Gyges had his ring, so had Odin, and fifty others. Pacolet gallops up and down the clouds on a horse that he borrowed from the Tartars; so does Perseus: but how the Poets ever became mounted on Pegasus, they must explain. The Spanish Hidalgo loses his Elf-wife by pronouncing a sacred name, and the Metal Boat of Prince Amrad sinks under the same bann. Orpheus meets a similar fortune to the Spaniard, by looking back. Jupiter and Thor are Giant-killers, alike; and Jack, of nursery note, is their legitimate son. Where we cannot easily trace beyond the Greek Pantheon, we may at least fish in that well of borrowed Orientalism.

It has not been observed so much as it deserves, that most of the pettier mythology of Greece is only our own Fairy Lore, transmuted to suit the peculiarities of that people, as it has been every where else, and with the agents newly baptized. They borrowed from the parent spring, and we have done the same, by a different road. Hence the coincidences which I have here and there pointed out, and which might easily be traced much further. Thus it is that we agree with them, without nevertheless having borrowed from them. Yet, in some instances, we have done this also, through the high-road of the corrupted Christian Church. But, like some other misfortunes arising from our early education, Greece, taking first possession, imposes itself on us as the original; and few of us perceive that Perseus, Hercules, Bacchus, Medea, Bellerophon, Arion, Orpheus, Dedalus, Prometheus, Cacus, the Sirens, the Harpies, the Cyclops, the Dryads,

the Tritons, the Argonauts, Dragons, Hydras, Hesperides, and a whole race more, with the entire crowd of magic, witchcraft, superstition, physic, oracles, and what not, are but our own Thumbs, and Hickathrifts, and Fairies, and Quackery, and Conjuration; and that we have been τυπτω-ed for twenty years by the Druids, for the purpose of learning to read Mother Goose in Greek.

Thus, to return to our Highlanders, the descent of Conan to Hell, among much more, equally unsuspected, points out the origin of the parallel Greek fable; as it is little likely to have come directly from this second-hand source, the gutter of Eastern mythology. If it is the story of Theseus, it is that of Odin. He descends to hell in search of his companions. The Devil assaults him, but he returns the blow with interest, and makes good his ground. But I must leave half told, the story of this bold Cambuscan. As to the Highland Hell, it is the Icelandic one; the Niflheim of Snorro Sturleson, if he was the collector of the Edda. They have forgotten Surtur; but Jurna, (whence Loch Hourn) is a hell of cold: a congregation of eternal frost and snow. This was good Icelandic policy; on the principle of the witty preacher; always to reserve your burnings for hot weather, and your freezings for January. Fingal, with due reverence be it spoken, is not an absolute original himself, more than Conan. His sword is the Sword of Sharpness of the Edda, made by Velent or Weyland, the Hyberborean Vulcan. It is the wonderful sword Skoffnung, and also Balmung, and it is Mimmung in Ettin Langshanks. It is equally Tyrsing, the fairy blade of Suafurlami; and it is also the sword which Jack begged of the Giant; cutting off a man's head so neatly, that he does not perceive it till he blows his nose and finds it left in his hand. It is the sword Durandal, with which Orlando cuts rocks in two, and it is Escalibor, the sword of Arthur. It is the sword of Antar, forged from a thunderbolt; or, in that philosophy which analyses us out of half of our pleasures, from a lump of meteoric iron, containing no one knows how

many per cent of nickel, and used for carving Esquimaux Crang. In the tale of the Golden Mountain, the Merchant's son receives from the Giants whom he outwits, a sword so powerful, that when the wearer says "heads off," all the hostile heads fall off without contact. It is but the sword of Harlequin after all. Fingal and Harlequin—Oh! In the same tale, the outwitting of the foolish Giants I remind us of Jack; and he cheats them out of the seven-leagued boots and the invisible cloak, by pretending to try their properties, that he may settle their dispute about the division of their inheritance.

The Fairy, through whom this hero becomes King of the Golden Mountain, is introduced as a White Snake, and she is disenchanted by cutting off her head. The Highlanders also have their White Snake; but it is a different animal; since the witch who obtains the middle section from Michael Scott, converts it into an enchanted broth, working wonders unknown. It was by means of Dragon's broth that Sigurd learned the language of Birds, as I have said elsewhere. Though the Dragon is an important personage, he seems to have been nearly forgotten in the Highlands. Nevertheless, every place has had its Dragon or Serpent, which is commonly the rival of him of Wantley, of him who strove with the Arimaspian, and of the equally veracious Cappadocian, who labours with the no less veracious Knight, to render Britain the rival of Athens in monetary sculpture. It is probable that the popular belief in real, actual, serpents, which nevertheless have no existence, is connected with this. I suspect that the Furia infernalis and the Fillan, formerly noticed, are Vorms of the same school. It would be as well, by the bye, if the Critics would at length agree to substitute the popular term in place of that which no longer bears its original meaning. The Worm was not always a personage to be trod on.

I know not if the Highlanders yet remember the Moath doog or Matha dhu: but he is a Celt or a Scandinavian of their school, since he is not yet forgotten in the

Isle of Mann. It is not a century since he haunted Peel Castle; lying by the guard-room fire at night, and often alarming the centries. He bears a strange affinity to a Spanish goblin, who, like him, had a hairy coat, and might have passed either for a black dog or a wolf; and who similarly haunted the guard-room of the Alhambra. I have not yet heard of the Highlander "Who as so e'er that simple be would take, It him a War-wolf instantly would make." Having been common in Normandy, he ought to be found here also. But the Garwalf is like all the rest, the Thessalian Lycanthropos. The Thessalians were noted Conjurers.

I formerly noticed the Highland Pigmies. Martin and Monro supposed them to be realities. It is more likely that they were the offspring of the Duergars, the Dwarfs of the North; whom it is not always very easy to distinguish from the other Elves of light or darkness of our Gothic ancestors. Some of these were Lapidaries; as they not only polished, but manufactured crystals; and they were probably related to the metallic Cobolds of the mine, who dressed the ore, or suffocated the miner, just as they happened to be in good or bad humour. If the Crystal Amulets of the Highlanders were actually polished by Fairies, and not by Druids, those must have been the very Duergars in question; and the Elf-shot arrow-heads must have come off the same wheel. The true Fairies, to whom they are commonly attributed, seem to have had no tendency to work; occupying their days in feasting, dancing, and amusement. But the Elf-shot was a solid substance; as it actually penetrated the body of the victim, producing instant death, though the wound was to be discovered only by a learned eye. When possessed, it was a charm, not only against its own evil effects, but against incantations of all kinds. These Lapidary Elves are also the dwarfs of the Hartz, who rendered themselves invisible by their Nebel caps, and fought with the Giants; and whose wars are supposed to

relate to the contests between the Goths and the original inhabitants.

If I had ever seriously doubted of the Water Bull, my incredulity must have been demolished by once meeting a native who was watching to shoot one that had committed some ravages on his sheep "twenty days ago;" "going up and down the lake, as big as a house." An attempt had been made to take him, by a hook baited with a dog; but he had broken away, and "the lake was filled with blood." This goblin being invulnerable, like Claverhouse, with aught but silver shot, he had loaded his gun with sixpences; while his two sons were disturbing the water where it was concealed, with dung forks. If all be true, he would form a fit fish for the Giant who "sat upon a rock and bobb'd for whale:" since he is occasionally angled for by a cable baited with a sheep and made fast to an oak; but he breaks the tackle just as he scorns the sixpences. This is like Thor, who fishes for the Great Snake Iormungandr, with a Bull's head. He is also called the Elf Bull. When cattle snort and run about, he is among them, invisible. He may then be seen through the hole of an Elf arrow: but the over-curious loses his sight. He is mouse-coloured and sleek, like an otter.

We need not care for Donald's classifications, as he is but a shallow demonologist. The Water Bull and the River Horse are species of the same genus, and coheirs with the Kelpie of the Lowlanders and the Water Kings and Goblins of Germany. They are acquaintances of Hippolytus also. Procopius tells us that the Goths were much inclined this way; having "Aereos, terrestres, et alia minora dæmona, quæ in aquis fontium et fluminum versari dicuntur." The River Horse also frequents Highland lakes and rivers; swallowing up a funeral procession about Loch Cateran. In Rasay, on one occasion, he devoured a farmer's daughter. To circumvent him, the man roasted a pig; plunged the red-hot spit,

copying Outis, into his eye, and killed him. Fifty years ago, Rasay himself believed this story. The proper Each Uisk, or River Horse, of the Highlands, was a handsome animal, who used to graze on the road sides, ready saddled and bridled, watching for the traveller. He appeared very tame, and enticed the unwary wight to mount; when on a sudden he galloped off with him to some lake, plunging in, and devouring his victim at his leisure. Others assert, that he who had once bitted him, had enslaved him. He has sometimes an enchanted bridle on which his power depends, and the possession of which, gives the victor the power of seeing coming events, and of beholding all the spirits that wing the mid air. This is a corruption of the original text: just as they often attribute to the Fairies what belongs to Brownie or Puck, or to others of the Dives of their Oriental or Northern ancestry. But when a bold Mac Gregor fights the Water horse, obtains his bridle, and cheats him out of its secret, this, like others, is not so modern and puerile an addition as it appears; since he will prove to be only Jack the Giant-Killer, or Odin, or Thor. It is like Hay aping Jack Hickathrift; or Thomas the Rymer who acts the part of the Fairy King at Tom na Heurich; just as Michael Scott builds the bridges which, in other places, have been erected by the General Pontifex maximus of Alpine torrents. The gentle demeanour of the River horse also reminds us of the Black Horse who carries off the unfortunate "Borgne" that is to be, and lands him on the roof of the Copper Castle. I must also notice an Aerial Bull, who may possibly be a real Mac. He is called the New Year's Bull; and if Procopius had told us something more of this class of Gothic spirits, we might possibly have traced his parentage. Perhaps he is connected with the Bohemian Steers who fly away in the romance of Libussa. This appears in the shape of a black bull, but the matter is only a cloud; and it descends on the wind, wandering about the earth on New

Year's eve. But whence he comes, and why he comes at all, no one knows.

That the Water Spirits may be traced to a Norwegian fountain, and thus to the German goblins of the same character, is confirmed by the existence of the same belief in the Isle of Mann and in Shetland, in former times. In each also, he appears with a difference. In the former island, he used to feed among the cattle in the fields; plunging into the water, when pursued, like a Hippopotamus. He was so like to the ordinary cattle, as to deceive both the people and the cows: but when he chose to act the part of an Incubus, the consequence was fatal to the cow, and the produce was a shapeless mass. This was also the case in Angus. King Mihrage's mares had better fortune; and the Sea Horse of that tale also offers one of those coincidences between northern and oriental fictions which meet us at every step. In Shetland, he was an absolute German goblin, a genuine River Horse or Water King; a mischievous Kelpie, who thirsted for human life, assisted the drowning to drown, and sucked their blood through their nostrils. Even the witch of Shetland became a water Elf; for Marion Pardon was burnt in 1645, because she upset a fishing boat under this form. But the Water Spirit, with his nine fold, is of a somewhat troublesome pedigree and connexions. The race of Gervase of Tilbury, who float on the waters in the shape of cups and rings to inveigle travellers, are of his race. He has high relations in the North, where he maintains his rights as the devourer of damsels and drowning men. He is no less than Odin himself, under one of his metamorphoses: for, like the Gods of India, or the triple Queen of Night and addled brains, this God has in his time played many parts. He here enacts Old Nick, and old Nick is originally a water Devil: he is Davy Jones himself; a personage unknown to the Greek mythology, unless he is Neptune, as the Nixies and Undines, his nieces, are the Sea nymphs, a metamorphosis not

much less reasonable than that into St. Nicholas the patron of seamen, formerly noticed. Whatever that be, he haunts the wave and the flood, the mountain torrent and the ford, the black lake and the raging sea; raising the storm and the inundation, and scorning to add fraud to force. The Witch who threads the yeasty wave in her cockle shell, and She who pursues the sailor's bark to Aleppo, are of the same pitiless school. But the Nixies charm to betray. They display their beauties and allurements on the bright margin of the summer stream, and plunge the confiding lover beneath its waters; for their voices are sweet as the melodious dropping of the waters in the caverns of the sea: and in the caverns of the sea they also abide, sporting in the green wave, and swallowing up the unwary boat that ventures into their enticing watery bowers. The Lowland Kelpie is, unquestionably, of these; but of which, he and Nikar himself only know.

There is a much more intimate connexion between the Mermaid and the other Spirits of the Flood, than the vulgar are aware of. This is another of the instances where a superstitious belief degenerates into an imaginary physical fact. Hence the Highlanders believe now in the Mermaid as a sober question of Natural History; as a beast that may be stuffed and dried, and shown to the holiday fools of England for a shilling. It is not otherwise in Shetland; but there is indeed a general fishiness in the superstitions of these islands, which smells rank of their Norwegian descent. With similar claims, the Highlanders have lost sight of many of the dreams of their Runic ancestry. The same belief was preserved in the Isle of Mann, as long as the Manx chose to believe any thing. The anatomy of their Mermaid was that which all the world knows, even to the comb. Of fifty stories, there is none more to the purpose than this. A beautiful Sea Nymph became enamoured of a young shepherd, bringing him splendid presents of coral, shells, and pearls, accompanying them by caresses and smiles. On one occasion, however, attempting to embrace him,

he became alarmed and resisted; which the lady resenting, threw a stone at him, whereof he died.

The Mermaid is multifarious. Peter Gellius says, that the Tritons of Epirus lay in wait for women, whom they stole. The Sea Nymphs and Giants of the North, prophesied like the Sirens, and sung warnings. The Mermaid of Resenius preached a sermon against drunkenness. The Lady Mar Gyga of the Speculum Regale, is known to all the Adepts. She of Coryvrechan was her sister. The Nereides and the Sirens, Proteus and his crew, all betray their own birth. Hesiod says that they lived two or three hundred thousand years. Demetrius considers the Gods of the Western Islands who died in hurricanes, and on whom Plutarch is so philosophical, as Mermaids: more confusion. This personage says that they conferred the gift of prophecy. This is the very Arabian story. Pliny is full on this subject, and says that they came on board of ships in the night, which sank under them. Molos, who ravished one of them, was found without his head. But they took care of their own heads. For in the Danish ballad of Lady Grimild, Hero Hogen cuts off the Mermaid's head, and she puts it on again. There were Mermen of course. Rosmer Hafmand in the Kæmpe Viser is one of these.

The Shetlanders, philosophers in the matter of drowning, have provided an expedient for the amphibious powers of the Mermaid tribe, or, perhaps, have retained some original belief. There is an aerial world beneath the waters; and it is in this they abide, passing the liquid element by means of inflated seal skins. On one occasion, a Nymph who had lost her jacket, was taken by a native, and married: producing a large family. Still she longed for the sea; and, after many years, picking up the diving machine of some other of the tribe, she plunged into the surge, and was seen no more. In the Isle of Mann, as in Shetland, it was the belief that there was a world beneath the waters, with another atmosphere; abounding in all the imaginary treasures of the

deep. Fabulists scarcely less ingenious than Sindbad, even pretended to have visited it; describing, like Clarence, "wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl," unvalued jewels, scattered over the bottom of this fairy sea. There is Orientalism in this also; it is the watery empire of the Arabian tales again, modified by the peculiar habits and opinions of this northern people.

But I must pass to the Highland Ghosts. Their psychology is peculiarly intricate. There is a heterodoxy in their conduct, as well as a heterogeneity in their nature, which is extremely abstruse. Sometimes they seem pure spirit; at others, they have corporeal properties, or they unite the spiritual and the corporeal essences in one. They are formed of thin air, and disappear in smoke; on many more authorities than those of Ossian and Macpherson. If they are also immortal, as Ghosts ought to be, they sometimes die and are buried. They may also be killed. They are hard, because they pull a man's hair and box his ears; and heavy, because they must sometimes be lifted from the ground; when they resist, being tangible and ponderable. They are also voracious, as well as thievish; plundering the people of their stores, and so on. But thus the metaphysicians to this supernatural school for ever puzzle themselves; and, with reverence be it spoken, even Milton has not escaped from his own theory unharmed; as all the world knows. In the Highlands, a good deal must also be placed to the account of the chronicling carles and auld wives from whom we must collect our information. They have made confusion, in the first place, between the Genius or Astral spirit of the Second Sight, and the true Ghost, or disembodied soul. Some of their Ghosts also are ordinary Elves and Goblins, confounded in the narrations: the Eating Ghost appears to be a corrupted Brownie; and, now and then, I believe he may be traced to the Vampires of Mycone. In other cases, the Ghost is plainly the Fire King, since he carries a light in his mouth; and, occasionally he is even confounded with Fairies and with

ordinary Witches. But the Highlanders have a more legitimate Vampire; and he may as well take his place here as any where else. A farmer meets an acquaintance, long dead, and proceeds consequently to inspect his grave, where he finds the coffin open and empty. But this was a benevolent Goule; as he had proceeded to the house, to protect his friend's child from a cow, which was about to swallow it by mistake among the straw of the cradle. Here we have a mixture of Gellert and Tom Thumb probably; a confusion resembling that of Miss Mac Cinderella. As to the Vampires, if you wish to become extremely learned in this matter, read Calmet, and see how a sensible man may blind himself.

Who shall extricate all this, and give the Devil his due. I would, if I had room; if I had even a book to hold what I have blotted; but I must content myself, as usual, with a few rambling remarks. I suspect that the eating Ghost is sometimes no less a personage than the redoubted and redoubtable hero, Tom Thumb; whose metamorphoses are as numerous as his names, and among whose "aliases" Tom Lin, Tamlane, Baumesdick, Tommel finger, Thaumlin, and Dummling, form but a small part. Tom is given to extravagant eating; just like Grimaldi; for all the Clowns come evidently from this parentage; among whom Lokk, Odin's jester, the fool and glutton, the Momus and the Clown of Valhalla, stands high. He could eat more than any man; and when the giants are feasting, Sifia's husband eats a full grown ox and eight salmon, together with a vast profusion of sweetmeats; besides drinking three firkins of mead.

In the account of the Second Sight, I explained that variety of the Highland Ghost which is the true Genius, or Astral Spirit, who, being born and dying with his principal, should be as inseparable from him as a Bailiff from his Bum. Thus he should be a duplicate Ens, or an Ens nonentical; though Donald's metaphysics are here sadly puzzled; as he not only wanders from, but survives his

principal; thus performing those offices which, in other countries, are executed by the disembodied soul of the man himself: unless, in the Highlands, a man has no other life than a cabbage, and that, like the Shadow in the German tale, the soul is a distinct substance from the body, which may be bought and sold, and locked up in a box. Really, those Celtic metaphysics are very obscure. If the personages who have collected these things had ever heard of any other country than the Highlands, they would have puzzled us and themselves much less. However that may be, there seems more of the evil than the good in the Highland Genius. He is an ominous gentleman, who generally comes to harbinger mischief; a "minchin Malicho," who forewarns of downfall and death. Martin, who ought to have understood these things, since he understood little else, says that the Taisch is the voice of the person doomed to die. That is worse than Paddy Blake's echo. This is "the Ben Shee's boding note", as familiar and as clannish in Ireland as in the Highlands. If Martin had understood his trade as he ought, he would have known that the Taisch was the Astral spirit of the individual. This seems plain, and if he is thus in two places at once, it is no more than his fraternity can be elsewhere; for it is thus that the Witch can act and suffer by a kind of biquity; and that the object of her persecution is tormented by being roasted or pricked in the shape of wax.

This is the very personage who ought to be the Bodach Glas of Waverley, and the vision who pronounces "Lochiel's warning." But mark how difficult it is to get at the truth in these extramundane matters; not less than it is, at times, to extract sublunary truth in the Highlands. Waverley says that the Bodach Glas is hereditary in his family. That, in fact, is one of the theories; and a troublesome one it is. Every Chief, it is said, had his family spirit; a sort of Herald Mortuary, who forewarned him of death, as it had warned all his predecessors, and was to warn his posterity for ever. Thus, the wan

Astral spirit of the individual, but a Genius who had charge of the whole race. Thus philosophers differ: and thus philosophy is at war with philosophy. Yet if this theory be a true one, and if there be thus a Clan Genius, or a Ghostly and perpetual Chief, with a supreme command, they have not preserved his descent with the same care as they have the patterns of their Tartans; for I cannot find that many of these family Genii have been retained in the Chief's Tail. I suspect too that there is another kind of confusion in this case. Lham Dearg, the Ghost of the Bloody hand, haunts the dark fir woods of Rothiemurchus, cased in plate armour of steel, like the "ghost of Gimlet," and is supposed to be the family Death watch. This is a fearful, and somewhat of a solid goblin; as the fated Grant, and others for aught I know, can hear the jingling of its armour. Loch Hourn too is haunted by the Glas Lich, a ghaunt and gigantic female spirit: and she too is the Angel of death to Barrisdale, or to Glengarry; for nobody seems very certain, and not many care.

Now I guess that, in these cases, there is somewhat of the usual confusion of identities which pervades all the Gaelic psychology. Ewen of the little head performs the same office for Loch Buy; and I have shown how many personages besides he has been confounded with. This task seems to have been imposed on him by some chronicler ill read in this reading. The Lham Dearg, the Glas Lich, and Ewen also, belong to a heterodox community which combines the various properties of Ghosts and Giants and Goblins. To make this confusion worse, some of these personages lived in a state of wedlock, or possibly, of handfasting or concubinage; for the records say not which. Of one noted couple of this nature, the name of the male was Fhua mhoir bein Baynac, and of the female, Clashnichd Aulnaic. They were a quarrelsome pair: but the man, as is very proper, had the supremacy: beating his wife, whose shrieks used to rouse the nocturnal echoes of Strath Down.

It is law with all Ghosts, that should they wander the wold or the church-yard for a century, they never ask for what they want till first addressed. But the obstinacy of the Highland Ghost demands another ceremony, called the dead-lift; which consists in lifting him from the ground till the wind blows beneath the soles of his feet and the earth. I have not found any rule for this in the Science. But I am only a Bachelor in the Black Arts. Those who appear to distant friends at the moment of the owner's death, are the common property of the whole world. The general theory is puzzling; in other cases than those of Mrs. Veale and of Lord Lyttleton. But the Highland philosophy on this subject makes it quite easy. These visitors muster with the Spirits "black, white, and grey, with all their trumpery," which belong to the Second Sight. They are the Astral duplicates, who may wander where they list, even in the original's lifetime. But I have never heard, in the Highlands, that they revealed the dark secrets of their masters; as in the cases of Major George Sydenham and of Lord Tyrone. When they possessed a solid and vulnerable mortality, they were sometimes to be killed by silver shot; but there was one who had only one vulnerable point: a mole under his left breast, as big as a Highland bonnet. An arrow being directed against this unlucky spot by the Gaelic Giant Killer, he evaporated in a whiff of smoke. If the mole had been in his heel, we should have thought of Achilles; who is, in this matter, somewhat of an Oriental hero himself. The killing and evaporation of the Ghost is perfectly orthodox; since there is Milton's authority for it. Another Ghost is scalded with hot soup: but these are rather Goblins than Ghosts; as I said before. There is one who becomes the Slave of the Lamp to a bold Donald who had rendered him some especial service. This is a very palpable Oriental Genie; as are many more. Like other Genii, it obeys all orders, and, among other things, is directed to drive a herd of wild deer into its master's stables; believing them to be horses.

We trace here that silliness of character so generally found in all those beings, in the popular tales of all nations; where the strong and the powerful, whether mortal or spiritual, are outwitted by the weak. The Giants are tricked, by a Thumb of some kind, out of their cap and shoes; and so is the Devil, wherever he copes with a dexterous mortal. That the Ghost is sometimes a Genie, is further proved by his bulk; as he is often as tall as a pine tree. As to him who possesses the vulnerable mole, his secret is betrayed by a female with whom he cohabits. This is not exactly new. The secret of the Devil's golden hairs is betrayed by his grandmother; and the Arabian tales furnish us other parallel instances. I suspect also that there is some connexion between these very golden hairs, and the hairs belonging to a Highland Witch, the property of which was to bind her enemies. She is afraid of being worried by certain dogs, and she begs the master of the hounds to tie them round the animals. He suspects a trick, and ties them round a beam, which they clasp so fast that they cut it in two.

The real Ghosts or disembodied spirits of men, seem to have fled with the Second sight. That Macpherson borrowed his own, is rather probable than certain; since the mythology of Norway descended to the Highlands. Asgard, the palace of Odin, is that of Trenmor; and as Niflheim received the base spirits that died of disease or old age, so the ghosts of the Ossianic poltroons are condemned to remain for ever shivering in the Malaria of a dirty Highland dub. The Heroes, whom he avers that the Irish have spoiled, and whom it is equally probable that he unspoiled, are the very Giants of Scandinavia. Among other things, they are roused by a rock, being great sleepers, and it rebounds from them. Vidrich Verlandson can be awakened only by a kick in the ribs; and he falls asleep again. Thus for twenty more of these. When a great stone falls on the prototype of Tom Thumb, he asks who is shaking the leaves from the tree.

But such tales of this nature as the Highlanders yet re-

member, they remember as their poetry, not their creed. The weak or credulous may occasionally feel those terrors of the supernatural, from which few are any where exempt. Such impressions may even be more common here than in the Lowlands; because they are most active on the solitary individual and the melancholic temperament. But the Spirits of the dead have no other exclusive privilege now in the land of the Gael, than what they derive from the solitudes of its wild rocks and dark lakes, and the deep silence of its gloomy caverns; from the doubtful moonlight that glimmers on the thin vapour of the pool, the wild mists that wheel and curl around the summit of the mountain, the hollow voice of the yet unfelt storm, or the blue gleaming of the lightning and the hoarse roar of the thunder, as hill returns the sound to hill, and rock to rock. I doubt if they ever could have produced such examples of credulity, even in the Second Sight, as the Lowlands of Scotland did during the reign of witchcraft. Not to go further than Sinclair's work, in 1654, and in Galloway, some fifty people, with a minister at their head, hold conversation and chop logic with the devil for a space of six months, and believe and swear that they saw a naked hand and arm come alone into the house and beat on the floor: the hint, I doubt not, for Horace Walpole's Otranto; unless he rather stole from the ghostly hand of Elkerken in Wierus, which used to haunt a road in the Dutchy of Cleves, overturning carriages, and pulling travellers off their horses.

But, among this crowd, I must not forget the Uriskin, the Macs of the Fawns and Satyrs. Whether these were created out of the "Caro non Adamica" or not, I do not pretend to opine. The Jewish doctors, and Abraham Seba, say that their souls were made on Friday night, and that there was no time to give them men's bodies. Bochart, Maimonides, Dr. Tyson, and Hyginus Phurnutus, are mighty profound on this subject; but Cicero confesses that he does not understand them: which is just my case! There is a miscellaneous mass of superstitions remaining,

which I shall notice with the same reference to antiquity and to the analogous creeds of other nations. Martin is here one of the chief authorities.

Leagues of friendship were cemented by drinking a drop of each other's blood; an usage not uncommon among uncivilized nations. It was practised especially among the Scythians. The Devil, it is well known, has no confidence in any other ink. The sprinkling of the colours with the blood of the first animal taken on the enemies' ground, is a Pagan sacrifice and consecration to ensure victory, and was probably derived from Norway. But the Highlanders also held that the same good effect would follow from drawing the blood of a woman who should cross their path, provided it was taken "above the breath;" whence they had recourse to venesection, arteriotomy, "the learned it call," in the temporal artery. If the banner was consecrated among the Scandinavians, so it was often enchanted: and thus also it was sometimes the work of the Fatal Sisters Urda, Valandi, and Skulda. The Parcæ contented themselves with spinning a thread; but the Nornies wove a whole web of fate; the flag of pale terror and affright, the dark raven waving his wings above the destined prey. Gray makes them weave the "winding sheet of Edward's race." That is questionable; for this was not a Celtic incantation; if indeed the Bards were Celts rather than Scandinavian Skalds. The Fiery Cross was a Northern usage; nor was it merely a signal, and a denunciation of fire and sword. The blood was to be that of an animal killed for the purpose, and, I believe, of a goat: it was a sacrifice. Nor is this Cross the Christian Crucifix. It is the hammer of Thor: the thunderbolt with which he slew the Giants, and tried in vain to knock out the brains of his friend Skrimner. This is the cross to which I have alluded when on the subjects of Circles and Sculptures.

We have been left much at a loss about Highland omens; with the exception of those that belong to the Second Sight. How finely contemptuous Epictetus is on

this subject. "Omens announce that your will is free, and that if you will use your liberty, you will have nothing to accuse." Auguries were derived, among the German nations, from the neighing of horses: this is Scythian; and Persian too, as every school boy knows. The Norwegians seem to have known or cared little about horses, unless they were Sea horses; being an amphibious and fishy people. The Highlanders have followed them in this matter; and hence the horse was here no conjurer, except in the medical profession. The Germans had equal regard to omens from birds; and if an eagle "tow'ring to the sky, was by a mousing owl flown at and killed," they were as unhappy as Cicero when his chickens would not eat their dinner.

Possession of a farm was here given, not by a handful of earth, but by the delivery of a stick and a straw. The straw is the Roman "stipulatio;" a term which has now somewhat departed from its original meaning. The periodical whipping of children to record the boundaries of land, was another Highland custom connected with territorial property. This still flourishes in England; though tenderness of heart in the Parish Officers, or of the corresponding organ in the degenerate English urchins, has applied the geographical associations to the stomach, in the shape of nuts and gingerbread. Each practice is exquisitely metaphysical: and the former in particular, argues a profound acquaintance with those delicate concatenations which are the foundation, as they form the fundamental part, of modern education. Those who deal in Apollo, Baal, and Anaitis, may, if they choose, trace this rite to the Spartans, who flogged their children every Monday morning in the temple of Diana, to prevent them from crying. Why the human animal, being the only reasoning one, should be educated exclusively by means of brute force and pain, when the non-reasoning tribes, pigs, dogs, horses, Canary birds, and the rest, are taught by gentleness and rewards, is a problem to be solved by the modern Druids. The Pig must clearly be the supe-

rior animal. If the ancient Druids occupied twenty years in teaching verses, if "Mutato nomine, de te Fabula," they did not flog their pupils. Is it the dull routine of "hæc musa" and "amo amas," which is at the bottom of all this, or rather something worse: does the Παιδαγωγος want stimulus and variety. If so, it surely would be a vast improvement to flog the Master once a day, "pour le desennuyer." Which would unquestionably shorten the process of education.

Martin says that women were not allowed to learn to write, lest they should form intrigues. The Turkish fair surmount this impediment by means of flowers; a thing-language, like that of the Academy of Lagado. What the Highland ladies substituted, Martin has not chosen to tell; but he might as well have told us who could write in the Highlands in those days. The Druidical ladies, however, followed the Turkish fashion; since we are assured by Mr. Davies that all language was derived from theirs, and theirs from plants and trees. It is probably owing to the want of letters in the Highlands, that the Runic incantations have been forgotten. Odin boasts of his wonder-working Runes; but he has not taught them to his posterity. These were like the Ephesian letters of the Greeks; they were the Abraxas and Abracadabra of the North. The Cabalists wrought their miracles with the seventy-two names of the Deity. The Irish have "bothered" themselves with these Ramruner, their Ogums, to little purpose. More reading would have saved them a great deal of trouble. The letters were varied according to the several magical purposes to which they were applied. There were as many as twenty-four forms of G alone: and hence the endless alphabets collected by Hickes. The Runes are as classical as every thing else.

"Carmine læsa Ceres, sterilem vanescit in herbam,
Deficiunt, læsæ carmine, fontis aquæ,
Ilicibus Glandes, cantataque, vitibus, uva,
Decidit."—

It is unnecessary to say that Witchcraft has had its reign here, as elsewhere. To trace it to the Druids, is for those whose reading is limited to Toland and their own lucubrations. The art itself, as practised here, possessed no peculiar marks to distinguish it from that of other nations. The Highland Canidia did what all the rest of the tribe have ever done. This is among the widest spread. The Illinois, as Charlevoix tells us, torment by roasting and pricking images. Obi is now as familiar as Treacle and Rum. It has not, however, been said, that the practice of witchcraft prevailed much in the Highlands, or that they displayed those disgraceful executions which blot the criminal records of their neighbours and the judgment of the pious Sir Matthew Hale. The latest mention of a serious belief in this power, is in 1775; when prosecutions were attempted before the Kirk Session in Sky, for carrying off the milk of cows by the fascinations of the Evil Eye. These were neglected and discountenanced; and the belief has since ceased. Virgil's authority need not be quoted to prove that the βασκανία has been a very wide spread superstition. The Romans had a god Fascinus. The well-known countercharm was the "Fig of Spain," known to Ancient Pistol, as well as to Don Ramirez de Prado; or to Fromman, who has written a long book on fascination. Our old women have not forgotten the sign: whatever else they may not have remembered. Mercurialis has proved that the wasting of children is the result of Fascination: but the authors on this are endless. You may consult Perkins, Bartholinus, Hardouin, Linder Westphalus, De Valle de Moura, and twenty more.

I may pass to the element of Fire. Martin has given us one process, to which it has been the fashion to assign a Druidical origin. A fire was to be generated by the friction of two pieces of wood, while all other fires and lights were to be extinguished. Sometimes it was produced by the rapid motion of a spinning wheel; and it was called Tein Econuch, or the forced fire. Water was

then to be boiled over it, and this, sprinkled over cattle, cured them of the murrain. Houses were also preserved from evil, whether arising from witchcraft or other causes, by carrying this fire in a circle round them; and the same process was held efficacious in the preservation of women newly lain in, and their children. Festus says that the Vestal fire was produced by an auger and a board; and Lipsius agrees with him. Plutarch however asserts, that it was lighted by the Sun, with the aid of a Speculum; but he seems to have confounded a Greek usage with a Roman one. Numa is indeed said to have borrowed this Speculum from the Etrurians; to whom he was also indebted for that electrical knowledge which killed Tullus Hostilius, as it did Professor Richman long after, turned Sir John Pringle out of the chair of the Royal Society, excited the war of the Sharps and Blunts, and raised to the skies, Dr. Franklin and Sir Joseph Banks.

This brings us to the Highland Beltein: an especially favoured child of the modern Druids, who write volumes about it, as if it was all perfectly clear, and as if it was peculiar to the Highlands. Every thing, whisky, courage, ghosts, virtue, or Beltein, is alike peculiar to the Highlands, among those who know of no country but the Highlands. This festival is equally known in Ireland; as might be expected. It is known all over the world. In Cornwall, the fires of St. John and St. Stephen's days, are the Bealtine. In Brittany, it is the custom, on the same day, to pass through this sacred fire, a plant of the Sedum Telephium, or Orpine, there called St. John's plant; preserving it afterwards, to live or die, and thus to regulate the fate of the experimenter. The Highland Beltein, kept on the first of May, was accompanied by somewhat more of the character of a Pagan sacrifice; though a random wrenching of etymology will not prove that the God to be propitiated, was Baal, or Bel, or Beelzebub. The Irish, of course, trace this to their favourite Carthaginian connexions; and Belus, as all the world knows, was the Sun. With them, the Cattle were driven through

the fire, as a means of protection from future harm. The Knock Greine, or Grian, of the same country, are supposed to prove this theory, as having been connected with the worship of the Sun, Apollo, or Belus; and this person too is thought to be the Gruagach of the Highlanders. That term may possibly have been derived from a Druidical modification of the universal mythology; but it does not prove the Beltein to be Druidical. The Highland festival is now fallen into oblivion: marking a great inroad on the manners of the people; because Halloween is yet preserved in the Lowlands, as are the Cornish periodical superstitions just mentioned. When last remembered, the shepherds and the boys made a rural feast on May-day; and an orator, throwing a part over the left shoulder, with his face to the east, invoked the Eagle and the Storms to spare their lambs and sheep. In some places, one of them jumped across the fire: and this was supposed a Druidical human sacrifice. I doubt the whole Theory. The true derivation is probably from Pales, unless indeed he himself is Baal; and this is the pagan sacrifice to the Deity of flocks and herds. There is no more difficulty in this, than that the worship of Flora should have been preserved by the London Chimney Sweepers; while, to make the matter worse, Maid Marion becomes the Goddess of snow-drops and lilies, and is not only worshipped, but personated, by a sooty demon with a shovel and a scraper in his grimy fist. I believe the whole system to be just as true as every thing else that we have been told about the Druids. Olaus Magnus and Hotoman say that the Goths kept this festival in a similar manner, with fires. Lemmius informs us that the Moors, the Jews, and the Christians, did the same every where. It was an universal custom also, in Spain, where there were no Druids. The leaping over fires at the beginning of the year, was a practice of the Greeks: and this is the very Highland Beltein itself. May sometimes represented the commencement of the year: but that was various, and hence the various days appropriated to this usage, in different

countries. But the date was also altered in some cases, to suit other festivals. Gregory, Bishop of Neo-Cæsarea in Pontus, allowed the Christians to keep the Bacchanalia, the Saturnalia, and the Floralia; transferring the days to the Festivals of John, and Mary, and others. Hence the present combinations. It was a mode of weaning them from their Heathen usages; and was practised in the case of many other analogous admissions. It is here that we must often seek the real descent to ourselves, of Yule, Beltein, and so on. Greece and Rome were, to us, the parents, and through the Christian Church; whatever the more remote parentage may be. The Beltein, in its time and its manner, is precisely the feast of Pales in Ovid's Fasti; the Palilia; when the shepherds also lighted straw and jumped over it. It is possible however, that the term and the usage may be distinct things, in this case and in some others.

The Halloween of the Highlanders was celebrated with the well-known incantations described by Burns and others, on the first of November, round fires called Sam Huin, the fires of peace; the night being spent in dancing and feasting. In Ireland, the Allhallows Eve is called Oidche Shamna, and this is idly supposed to be the Eve of Samen, the Phenician name of the Sun. The fires were called Tine tlach'd ga; and it is said that the people were obliged to extinguish their own, and re-light them at that of the Druids, paying an annual tax; in default of which, they were denied fire all the winter. No one believes any Irish tales of this kind: and this is Toland's own. If it is celebrated among the Russian peasantry, and with many of the same superstitious observances as in Scotland, it proves nothing more than the descent I have just traced for the Beltein. The Highland Christmas is, like the Yule of the Lowlands, the Scandinavian Iol; but, like many other of these popular usages, it has been combined with the Christian festival and with the Catholic and Protestant ceremonies, as many other superstitions have been, so as somewhat to puzzle the cause. Even

Demons and Elves have contrived to get admittance here: and St. George also, with as little claims, has thrust himself into this goodly company without a ticket. It was the feast of midwinter in the North: a Bacchanalian holiday, as Rudbeck thinks, and possibly derived from the Saturnalia. The Etymology has been sought in Ol or Ole, Ale; but it has sorely puzzled all the antiquaries. Arngrim Jonas and Hickes adopt the preceding. They are all wrong: it is the feasts of the Sanscrit Sun passing the Solstice, and is still kept by the Rajahpoots. But it was transferred to the feast of the Nativity by Haco Adelsten, the first Christian King of Norway. The Yule clog, common every where, is here sometimes called Cailleach nollich, or the Christmas old woman. It is therefore supposed to be a human sacrifice, and a substitute or atonement for the death of the parties concerned, till the next anniversary comes round. This seems a complication of confusion; is it the great Christian sacrifice transferred to the wrong day; or is it founded on vague traditions of the human sacrifices of the Druids. Their New-year's Eve and New-year's Day are little marked by any peculiarity, except what may be traced to the Catholic superstitions. Whatever magical virtues the Roan tree may possess in itself, the cross into which it is made, is probably from this Church. The smoking with juniper wood, as a security from witchcraft during the ensuing year, seems a Catholic suffumigation; unless indeed, it be a magical one of more ancient claims; or the Pagan one from which Rome has borrowed. The sprinkling should be the same; but why the water, the "uisk cashricbd," is to be procured from what is called a "dead and living ford," I know not. In general, the holy water is obtained by the immersion of the magic crystal ball. As to the other lustrations by fire, their modifications, are more numerous than I choose to record. The carrying it round newly delivered women, and the passing the children through it in various modes, were the

Amphidromia of Athens, where similar ceremonies were performed on the fifth day.

Martin has recorded another sacrifice, usual in his day, which probably comes from a different source. At Hallowtide, a cup of ale was offered to a Sea God called Shony, for the purpose of rendering the lands fertile. This drink was made by a general subscription of the inhabitants; and it was drank in the fields at night. This ceremony, he says, was confined to Lewis. The nature of the Deity would lead us to suspect it to be Norwegian: and if he has not made confusion himself, it is probable that the people did; by asking from a Sea deity, corn, instead of fish or hostile ships, and by transferring the ceremony to a wrong day. We have been told of offerings made to an Apollo with yellow hair: no one knows where, or when, or how, or for what purpose. This is probably like the Goddess Anaitis. Such fancies as these, the dreams of etymologists, or of students raw from Tooke's Pantheon, injure the cause they would illustrate. It would be well if those who cannot explain the antiquities of their country would refrain from rendering them still more obscure by the "learning" of a school boy. Œdipus Celticus will never be hatched from a Druid's Egg; nor from Lempriere's dictionary.

The last sacrifice noticed by Martin is that to Brownie, who seems to have no Celtic name. The people offered milk to this "lubbar fiend," on a certain stone, and upon a hill, on Sundays, in many places. This is a libation; and, thus also, any drink that was spilt by accident, was supposed to belong, of right, to the Fairies. The Gaelic Brownie is a tall man in long brown hair; and every one knows his office and the family to which he belongs. It was one of his properties to strike work as soon as he had received payment; and if, unwittingly, his reward was given him before his labours were finished, it was in vain to expect any further service. It is the same in the Low Country, and in the German tale of the Elves and the

Shoemaker. The Highlanders had also their female Brownie, who was called Maug Vuluchd or Hairy Mag; the Pickle Härin of our Teutonic neighbours in a female garb. The Highland Fairy, who makes shoes for a shepherd while he is preparing a mess of porridge for it, is this very person, misnamed. I suspect that the Apollo above named is also this Puck; and that ignorant narrators have confounded one species of sacrifice with the other. It requires more learning than Pinkerton will allow to a Celt, to develope this subject. Brownie and Apollo Gruagach are probably, both, the English Robin Goodfellow; mischievous and serviceable, a good fellow when he threshes the corn, or when he had charge of the cellar and swept the house, as in Germany, but a monkey, a devil, a knave, a pug, or a goblin, when he knotted horses' manes and tails and frightened the children. He is a Gub or a Gob in Sweden, and an old man; but he is always a sturdy fellow, a Lubbar. In Germany, he is hairy all over; but I must leave his history unfinished. We borrow much more than we contrive to recollect. Nine-tenths of us imagine the Night Mare to consist of two or three superfluous pounds of supper. But that heavy personage, from whose embraces it is so difficult to get free, is as guiltless of gormandizing as she is of any equestrian connexions. Her breeding is not of a "mare's nest;" she was hatched in the great shop of goblins and nations. She is the Night Mai, the maiden of night: "And Mab, his merry queen, by night, Bestrides young folks that lie upright:" says Drayton. But Drayton is not quite at home here. She is one of the Scandinavian Fates; and her business is to choke him in his bed, whom she chooses to take napping, rather than to wait and watch for him in the flood or the mine, in the forest or on the sea rock. The Lamiæ of Classical antiquity are little different.

I should deserve to be bestridden myself, by Mab, Titania, and the whole crew, if I did not say a few words more on their Highland Subjects, though they crossed

me once before. Their office, here as elsewhere, was for good and evil both; though humoured and flattered as friendly beings. Persia is reputed their birth place. The good and the bad Genii, the Deevs and the Fairies, are, like the Dwarfs and the Giants of the North, the more ancient and the more modern Persians; the invaders and the invaded. Those who favour this Theory, do not ascend high enough. There is something more ancient than all; a beginning before the beginning, and so on to the Antediluvians. They assumed and exercised malevolent authority over those children whose beauty was matter of pride or praise; they stole or changed them as they thought fit, and had an uncontrouled power over them before baptism. As elsewhere, they made quaint circles in the green sward, "whereof the ewe bit not," sang heavenly strains to willing ears, sported their midnight revels by moonlight on the mossy turf, dressed in green, and lived beneath hillocks. What more they have ever done, they did here. It was not allowed to speak of Fairies without adding a term of civility. They were called the Good men. This is the Εὐφημισμος. Hence the Furies were called benevolent, Eumenides. Thus also the Euxine; because it was so notoriously stormy and bad a sea. "Quem tenet Euxinus mendax cognomine littus." It was thus to be coaxed into moderation, like the Fairies and the Furies. We have not forgotten, ourselves, this Euphemism; the "bona verba fari." Death was unpronounceable: it was "vitæ functus," with them: with us every one knows what it is. A prison was called Domicilium, and so on. Cicero says that the Pythagoreans were peculiarly attentive to this. But enough of Cledonism and Ondmancy for the present.

The Dracæ carried off people to their subterranean recesses, and employed them in various offices. He who touched his eyes with an enchanted ointment could see them ever after. This is Highland also. And it is by means of an ointment that the Covetous man discovers the hidden treasures of Catreasus.

These spirits are equally the White Wiven of Friesland. I mentioned formerly how they became Soldiers; military fairies or Hellequins, the Milites Herleurini: as I also related the tale of The Rymer's Fidlers. But where can I dispose of a whole headful of this matter, in such an Index as this.

But some of the Highland incidents carry a flavour peculiarly northern with them, and thus perhaps lead us to their proximate source; since it is of the quality of all matters in this department of natural history, to be modified in different countries, by the peculiarities of the people through whom they pass. A Donald is led over a whole country by invisible music; reminding us of the pied piper of Hamel, and of what is well worth all the fairy music that ever was piped, the Zauberflöte. But this too is Oberon's horn, which could make even the chairs and tables dance, as well as the rats and the boys. It was probably the same person who built the walls of Thebes, and charmed the Dolphin, and Pluto. The one story is as good as the other; and Papageno, Orpheus, Oberon, Arion, Amphion, are all copies of an original whom nobody knows. In Denmark, there was an especially musical Elf king. We find Oberon's horn in another shape, in the tale of the Jew in the bush. After much fiddling, he saves himself from hanging by his musical powers. Papageno in the Zauberflöte is equally efficacious with the guitar; as his master is with his flute; all of them instruments of the same manufactory. One Highlander, in passing a mountain, hears the tramp of horses, the music of the horn, and the cheering of the huntsman; when suddenly a gallant crew of thirteen Fairy hunters, dressed in green, sweep by him; the silver bosses of their bridles jingling in the night breeze. This is plainly German: for a Highlander might as well have imagined a squadron of Pindarees mounted on Elephants, as the galloping of a troop of horse over Cairn Gorm or Ben Nevis. This is the Hunter of Rodenstein, or Hackel; whose compact with the Devil was

that he might hunt till Doomsday, and who still alarms the peasantry of Uslar, or the Odinwald. The hounds of hell watch his grave, and the wild army of his train scours the midnight mountain and forest, in chace of the Deer. But it is a versatile tribe. Woden too is the wild hunter; so is the Devil of Vauvert, the huntsman of Fontainebleau whom Sully heard. St. Hubert claims cousinship with them both: he hunts in France also in another shape, and thus the same person is the Ghost of a German Baron, a Deity, a Saint, a Fairy, and what not. It is the God Siva under his diverse aspects; and, thus popular tales are bred out of popular confusion, just at St. George and More of More Hall have sprung from Hercules or Apollo, and as these fetch their pedigree and their feats from India. It is the same for what they have forgotten as for what they have remembered of this lore. The Homines Metallici are still busy in the Hartz; twenty years ago they were actively employed in picking and breaking ore in Wales; and, for aught I know, "they live there still." But the Highlanders had no mines; and if the "Swart fairy" ever found his way there, he has been forgotten. It is thought that the Metallic Dractæ, or Dwarfs, allude to the original Celts, who retired into the mountains on the irruptions of the Goths, and who were once possessed of arts which I have elsewhere noticed. There is however an objection to this opinion, while the fact itself proves the high antiquity of the art of mining in Germany. It is, that the Miners' Terms are derived from the most ancient Gothic tongue.

It is not surprising if our friends have forgotten much of their Scandinavian superstitions; for, these and the Saxon are the germs of nearly all our popular legends. If the Norwegians lost their tales on settling in the Highlands, it was just as they lost their language. There is no small connexion between the two, in this matter. It happened alike to the Normans in England; their tongue merged in the Saxon, and their tales shared the same fate. Still, Iceland and Denmark preserve what the Nor-

wegian Highlanders have forgotten; and Normandy, even yet, remembers stories of the older time, which we must seek there. Still, in both these remote countries, Hela rides dark through the forest, on the three-legged horse of Niflheim: attended by the Night Wolves of Hell, and spreading war, famine, and pestilence; crying Havoc as she lets slip the dogs of war. The Malones may ask where the Poet found this hint.

Martin has recorded some curious oracular proceedings. The hinder end of a man was to be bumped against a bank, when there came out of the sea, little creatures, who answered all questions. Or he was wrapped in a fresh cow's hide and left all night in a solitary place, generally near a cascade; when invisible spirits made the necessary communications, which he revealed in the morning. This Oracle has puzzled the Highland antiquaries, who never see an inch beyond the length of a Druid's nose or their God Bel. The Priests of the Oracle of Dodona slept on the ground in skins; being thence called Χαμαιεύναι. A cow-hide was also a sacrifice to the Pythian. The cascade may be Scandinavian or Greek: and probably both are one. The Germans, and other ancient nations, divined by the noise of falling waters: it was a species of Hydromancy. Among the Greeks, the murmuring of fountains was, or might be, prophetic; because Deities and Nymphs presided over them. Hence the choice of Delphi, Castalian springs, and so on. There appears here also some slender affinity with a German superstition, to which the popular story of the Turnip seems to refer. The man who would become wise, hangs nine nights on a tree, shook by the winds; where he imbibes his knowledge. A passenger is robbed, thrust into a sack, and hoisted up to a tree; and he succeeds in escaping, by enticing a silly passenger to let him down and take his place, under the pretence of his thus acquiring a knowledge of all the secrets of the universe. It is easy to trace greater aberrations than this, in the Highland editions of these matters.

A less humane expedient, was the roasting of a living Cat: when an oracular Grimalkin, attended by a swarm of kittens, made its appearance, answering all enquiries. The marine soothsayers probably belong to Norway; but there is a more abstruse pedigree for these. The Carthaginians had a squadron of little sea gods in the shape of pigmies, who used to protect their ships; and, whose images, some one says, were carried to sea; whence, as some one else thinks, the Catholics still carry the images of their Saints. These are the Pataeci, the πατακοι of Herodotus. As Scaliger, Morin, Bochart, and Selden, dispute about them, they must be important gods, though Pausanias says that they were only a foot high. Elsner thinks they were the Dioscuroi. They have grown to a goodly size as they are now manufactured by the rivals of Phidias in his Majesty's dock yards. Whether the cats have any relationship to the Marquis of Carabbas, or to Marcou the Prince of Cats, it is not for me to decide; but I conjecture that this oracle also is of a Norwegian breed; since the imps of that country appeared in the shape of Cats, as well as Ravens. The Trows too were sometimes embodied in that form; and, correctly I believe, under the colour of a tortoise-shell one; so that there must have been males in those days, though the ancient virgins of Cockney cannot find one now, even by aid of advertisement in the Times and Courier. The Cats have still kept their hold of the witches, and by consequence, of Old Maids, to our own day; and the Ravens, no one need be told, have been noted soothsayers, all over the world and at all times. As Mahomet was served by a pigeon, Odin had his two crows, as well as his two wolves Geri and Freki which he fed at his own table. They sat on his shoulders, and whispered every thing which they heard or saw. Their names were Hugin and Munin, thought and memory; no bad program of Odinian metaphysics. He sends them out in the morning to fly round the world, and they bring back the news at dinner time. This is the very "little bird that told me so." The Raven, how-

ever, claims an Egyptian parentage. St. Ambrose says he was worshipped there. Hence it yet is, that they croak when a cliff is about to fall; and hence also it is unlucky to shoot them; not, as generally esteemed, because they embody the spirit of King Arthur. But, though I have not chosen to enter into the mysteries of Highland witchcraft, I must remark that the Highland Witch appeared, like the Norwegian one, in the shape of a cat, and also of a raven. She further assumed the form of a magpie, as in England; whence the soothsaying faculties of this bird. Alias, she was a hare, a stone, and many other things, on which I need not rest. As a cat, she succeeded in drowning an ancient Rasay, who had been hostile to her fraternity: attacking his boat in that villainous channel of Portree where I was once nearly drowned, myself, without her aid, and filling the boat and the rigging with a swarm of fellow imps, who, clambering on the lee gunwale and stays, upset the boat. Of the last oracular machinery which I shall notice, viz. the shoulder bone of a sheep, Mr. Elphinstone has found the parallel in Caubul. But it does not follow that the Highlanders brought it thence, as you, among others, have chosen to suppose. Nor from Persia; where it is also mentioned as in use by Hanway. Drayton notes it as an English superstition; and so does Selden, as used in the time of Henry the second. The sayings of Mahomet were recorded by his disciples on shoulder bones of mutton, as well as upon leaves. It was also used in the Νεκρομαντεία of the Greeks.

Among incantations to procure wind, we have heard of at least two. Water was poured on certain black stones for this purpose; and the cunning monk with the fearful name, O'Gorgon, already mentioned, made money of this trade, as the Laplanders have done before him. It was customary also to hang a he-goat to the mast for a fair wind. This is a sacrifice to Æolus; but whence, he alone knows; unless, by a blunder, the goat has been transferred from Bacchus. Their northern progenitors skinned

the goat and locked the winds up in the bag: borrowing from Homer, or he from them. To tie them up in a pair of garters, is a practice yet remembered in Shetland; but Martin has not told us, and I never could find, that the Highlanders had any recollection of the Runic Knots, even for securing Love; that perishable substance Love, more volatile and capricious than all the winds of the Great Minch or the Ægean sea. The Cake which was eaten in St. Kilda and elsewhere on Michaelmas day, is the Triangular Cake of St. Woolf. Saxo Grammaticus describes auspices from eating a Cake; and it is still used among the Finns. Our own Wedding Cake, and the ring through which it must be passed, are analogous; while this is the Confarreatio of the Romans. I noted some cases of Hydromancy before. In Lewis, says Martin, they brought a dish of water from St. Andrew's well, and if, when laid on the water, it turned Sunways, the patient would recover. The turning sunways meets us every where, and is of the highest antiquity; Witches, it is well known, reversed the proposition, and this is the Scottish "widershins." In the recorded use of Cups, there are remains of Scyphomancy; but I must hurry through the least interesting. If Calmet is right respecting Joseph's Cup, this superstition is however an important one. I never heard that the "Casting of the heart," known in Shetland, was used in the Highlands; but it is the Molybdomancy of the Greeks. In the same islands, a storm in a washing tub was no jest in former days. The Witch placed a porringer in a tub of water, and sung the song of Odin. A corresponding storm arose at sea, and as the porringer "whummeled," the devoted boat was lost. This is the Greek Scyphomancy again.

I do not know that the Highlanders possess any peculiar superstitions on the subject of funerals. The salt, the candles, the streeking and watching, the Ululatio, the feasts, are universal. All those of which I have read and heard, are of common belief in many other places: barring what is particularly connected with the Second

Sight. Thus for Weddings. The knots untied, are the well-known Ligature. Greek zones and cestuses, even Venus's Girdle, are the same; and this also explains the mysteries that lie beneath the loss of a Highland Snood. Opening the door to emit the parting soul, is the same thing. The prognostic of funeral or death, and the tracing of the path by lights, or Corpse Candles, which precede the Taisch na Tiabedh, were common to them with the Welch as well as the Manx; and that superstition also existed in Cornwall. It is not however necessary that it should be a Celtic one. If we trace the mythology, the superstitions, and the tales, of the Celts to the East, so must we those of the Goths. All alike merge in the recesses of Caucasus, under the shadow of Elborus and Ararat, or in the plain of Shinar. The Corpse Candles are part of an extensive family; whose fraternity, in the shape of Jack-a-lanthorn and Will of the Wisp, are not forgotten any where. This brood is as much personified in the terrible turnip as in the fires of St. Hermes. Our Scandinavian ancestors held large shares in this Gas Light company, as well as the Celts. If the Cymri have their Canwhyllan Cyrph, and the Gael their Corpse Lights, the Saxons have their Daws Licht. The Trolds who lighted the grave fires of Scandinavia, are the very Trows who still carry the flambeaux of the Elfin undertaker in Shetland, and who used to stand on the churchyard wall of Peel Cathedral, to marshal the souls of shipwrecked mariners the way that they were going. In the Highlands, they attended the fatal ford. If I said that our friends had no Fire King, like the Germans, I am partly wrong: since this personage is of the race of the very Lights in question. He has merely lost his personality. The Highlanders have dropped the bearer and retain only the flambeau. The light which attends the ford, is not only an indication of death, but, like Jack and Will, he is a tempter also. It is the Fire King's light, wielded by no mortal hand. The poetry and the splendour are gone, but the superstition remains.

These also are the Fire Demons of Germany, who flit and glimmer over the caverns of hidden treasure; the Spirit of the Hartz who deals out molten gold with his infernal pitchfork, to entice his friends to their own ruin. Jack and Will are equally mischievous as they were once equally clever; for they also detected mines as well as bogs; but, like the devils of the Saints, and the breed of the Pucks and Bugs, and even like Odin himself who ends in frightening children from their bread and butter, they become silly in their old age; wasting their energies and expending the midnight link in dull fun and stale tricks, and ending by "lighting your honour" into a bog. Are they not all first cousins to the Fire Sheet, which conceals the Spanish Enchanted Castle; and to the flame through which the Arabic Knight must cut his way, to perform whatever is to be done. Thus too Brynhildr, the daughter of Budla, lives in a castle surrounded by the Fire Vafrloga. Here also, Mythology and Superstition combine themselves with Physics. The holy and ominous fires of the Aurora Borealis, hold a middle place, between truth and fiction; and Greece had its Castor and Pollux, perched in the shape of an electrical star on the spindle, or gliding along the bobstay to dazzle and drown the unlucky sailor who was over-hauling the jib tack. This is even Davy Jones himself, under one of his metamorphoses: and thus things come round. And thus also the natural and the supernatural history learn to part company, as men grow out of their lustral childhood. Franklin's kite has here spoiled half of our sport, unless Numa did that before; and the prying of chemistry analyses out of the remainder. Familiarity too, breeds contempt, even in this case: and thus the Chimæra continued to blow out its fires, like Powel, scarcely remembered, even in fable; and the populace now boils its kettles at the once sacred Jack-a-lanterns of the Caspian, which Guebres adored, and nations reverenced.

There must be a marvellous want of invention in the world, when, of all these contrivances, so few are

thoroughly distinguished in character, and when nearly the whole have been wandering about by roads so circuitous, commencing at the very beginning of Time, and lost in antiquity. The Greeks, who choose to forget that any nation but their own possessed antiquity or authors, say that Dearchus, a disciple of Aristotle, was the first writer of Romances. They should not have forgotten the Odyssey, at least; nor the Theogony neither. Dearchus has about the same claims as Antonius Diogenes, or Damasius, who wrote four books of "incredible things," (as if nobody else had done as much), or Athanagoras, or Achilles Tatius, or Longus, or Clutterbuck and Cleishbottom. It is just the same for Sir Bevis, and Sir Launcelot, and Hornechild, and Amadis of Gaul, and fifty more. There is never a beginning, unless it be at Babel or in Noah's Ark. To fall in love with an unknown fair through the intervention of her shoe, seems not a very unusual phenomenon in the "morale" of love. But Cupid did not take his first stand from the transparent slipper of Cinderella; wherever else that might have happened. As King Sesostris, or Cheops, (for I forget which) was sitting one day in a lackadaisical attitude on the banks of the Nile, an Eagle, or an Ibis, flying over his head, dropped in his lap a delicate female shoe. Immediately, his Majesty became transfixed, and gave orders for the discovery of the Beauty to whom it belonged: and thus commenced Cinderella, if her age is not ten or twenty centuries older. Sir William Jones has traced Gellert to Hindostan; though the Welsh swear that it happened to one of the blood of the Cadwalladers, a fiery Cymra, who seems to have been much in want of a House of Commons to keep him in order. Even Bow Bells ring falsehood to the "tall London apprentice;" for not only is the essence of this story found in "The Three Children of Fortune," but Mr. Morier has shown us that Whittington is of the same eastern tribe and people; unless indeed, he may have made one especial and separate Avatar on the heads of the Livery of London. More profound Pagans than I,

find Tom Thumb and his Cow in the same quarter; but we have received him by a more direct importation, North-about, in twenty shapes besides that of Tamlin; though Drayton, who ought to have known better, makes these two different persons. In the Edda, he is no less a personage than Thor; while in a German story, (prob Jupiter! what a descent,) he is a taylor's son, and hides himself in a glove; the very feat performed by the Thunderer of the North; besides which, he is found in the story of the young Riese, in that of Sigurd, in that of Grettir, and in more; to say nothing of his confusion of identity, in other points, with Jack the Giant-killer, with Tom Hycophric, with the King of the Golden Mountain, with the fortunate possessor of the Golden Goose, and so on. There is no end to this; if we can find but the terminal point of the old stocking, it runs on to the very beginning. There is not a pin to choose between Were Wolves, Vampires, Goules, and Ogres; and the Vroucolacas is unquestionably of Arabic bastardy.

It is the same for more, even of our more common tales and romances, than is suspected. Hay and his yoke, as I formerly insinuated, are Hickathrift and his axletree: how much further he may go, I know not. Gog and Magog were slain by Corineus; from whom Cornwall derives its name. They have now taken their stations in Guildhall; they are two tremendous mountains in Cambridgeshire; but they were originally the Yajuj and Majuj of the Koran, the Gheff and Mogheff of Caucasus; Caucasus, where Prometheus lies under all the weight of Elborus, where Medea cooked her kettle, and which has been the birth-place of all the Genii and Demons of all romance. The very Legends have not the merit of novelty; and the Scots could steal like their neighbours. Oran's behaviour to Columba is that of a Yampire; he is quelled only by the Saint's superiority; and Columbanus hangs his Cope on a sun-beam, borrowing the trick from Tomling himself. That hanging up is met with under more shapes than one; and indeed these transmigrations

are so numerous, and often so distorted, that it generally requires no little attention to catch the evanescent resemblances, and to trace the true connexion. What Tom Thumb and Columbanus do in this case, was done by Sigurd, who caught the Lions and hung them up on the walls by their tails. It is no more marvellous that the Goule should have travelled hither, than to Greece, modern Greece; or that the original beast, who has been so strangely confounded with the visionary being, should have been transmuted into a Harpy. This is exactly the same mixture of somatology and psychology which has given us Castor and Pollux and Chimæras, on one hand, from electricity and hydrogen gas; and which, on the other, has produced the Daw's licht and the Fire King, with his "hot copper filly."

As to the widow of Ephesus, and twenty more of the same race, the Greeks have just as much right to them as Boccace or La Fontaine have. We must go back to the East for them; just as we hunt Outis to Sindbad, Munchausen to Marco Polo and Lucian, and these very gentlemen to the sources of the Ganges, or the Kur, or the Araxes, or the Euphrates. Phædrus and the sham Esop have retailed Indian fables. Joe Miller himself is Hierocles; a Greek once, but long before that, an Egyptian, and a Hindoo. It is not a Paddy, but a pedant, a "Scholasticus," who reduces his horse to a straw a day, gets his head shaved in his sleep and then mistakes it for his neighbour's, and who vows that he will never go into the water again till he can swim. Sancho quotes Greek proverbs without knowing it: so do we: it was a Grecian pig who made more cry than he gave wool; but this particular list is endless. The story of Tantalus is Chinese; and, by parity of reasoning, the Siphon has been as long known to them. Pliny broke his Eggshells to prevent the witches from sailing in them. Confucius and Sanchoniatho cut their hair when the Moon was in Aries, that it might curl. A Roman fair would have fainted had she put the left shoe on the right foot.

Chrysolite was worn to expel folly: gold now serves to hide it, or to make it current. The history of Arthur's birth is that of Jupiter and Alcmena; but even Amphitryon himself is a Hindoo.

But the world is all old together. The dominion of the sea was the dream of Athens, long before "our Ships, colonies and commerce," were heard of. Anaxagoras was persecuted because he was in the right: so was Galileo; so are the Geognosts. The Oxydracæ fought Alexander with Congreve rockets. The dreams of Plato and Aristotle have been models of dreaming to all their successors. And so have their better things. Apothecaries were noted for the multiplicity of their draughts in the time of The Preacher. Stereotype printing is Chinese. The Corn trade was as well known to Joseph as to Mr. Waddington. Plautus is Molière, and Katterfelto never exceeded Jannes and Jambres. Archimedes burnt the Roman fleet with a lens; and thus Padre Gumilla converted the Mexican Chief Tunucua, and Lord Macartney did not convert Kien Long. The system of Condorcet and Godwin is that of the Platonists, and the roasted pigs which the Recruiting Sergeant promises to his followers, crying "come eat me," tempted the Myrmidons, long, long ago, to knock out their brains against the walls of "Troy divine." The suitors of Penelope played at Hopscot; Duck and drake was εποστρακισμος, the urchins of Sparta and Thebes spun cockchaffers, played blindfold at μυια χαλκα, "artiazed" at even and odd, and "apodidraskinded" at hide and seek. The crowd of the Roman Piccadilly was obliged to give way to the "arguus trochis" of the idle boys; if a hare crossed Jack Durus's path, it spoiled his project, and Moll Cornelia of Little Velabrum Street, discovered it in the grounds of her tea cup, just as Cephrenus or Cleopatra had scyphomantized for similar purposes long before.

I have a word here with Gibbon: a bold thing to say. He puzzles himself somewhat unusually about the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, and supposes that Mahomet had

borrowed the tale from the Christians. It is in the Koran, that is true; but it is found all over the East. The fact is, unquestionably, exactly the reverse of his conjecture. The Syrian Church adopted it, and adapted it to their own uses; altering the date to the convenient period of the Persecution of Decius. The proof lies, not only in the numerous analogics here quoted, but in the fact that it occurs as an original Scandinavian tale; derived, doubtless, from the common Fountain. It is related in the Gesta Longobardorum, as occurring in the north; and Paul of Aquileia says, that the sleepers were Roman Apostles. Its analogy to the story of Peter Klaus is obvious.

If Gibbon had been as profound in this as in all other learning, he would also have made a much more complete Marsyas of Warburton than he has; while no one is very sorry for his excoriation of that member of the Cabiri. The descent of Æneas to Hell is a fairy tale, borrowed, through Homer, from the Oriental fountain whence that Poet has stolen so much more; and if Virgil makes a "shabby" exit at the Ivory gate, it is possibly because his story had here deserted him. As to the Eleusinian mysteries, their two ghosts must battle it out in Elysium; and I suspect that The Grand Lodge of the Rosy Cross, with Weishaupt, Barruel, and Robison, at its head, would make the fittest umpires.

It is strange that while we will never see that our own poetical supernaturalities are the same as those of Greece, we are eternally lauding each "old poetic mountain," "every shade and hallowed fountain," as if no other woods but those "that wave o'er Delphi's steep," no other isles but those "that crown th' Ægean deep," had been the poetical haunts of a poetical mythology. Such is the consequence of having been flogged at Westminster and Eton. We are silly enough also to imagine that a reasonable people lived among Fauns and Hamadryads, and believed in its own Goblins and Fairies and Giant-killers. We have a strange aversion to think of Antiquity as of ourselves. They believed, in their National

infancy, as we believed, and what we believed, in our own. As to the matter, India is destined to enlighten us yet further on this head. There is much to be elicited in Rajahpootan; a district which preserves much that we have hitherto known but as belonging to our immediate ancestry. Their Bard is our own; and the Celtic "Furor" of Pedigree here rages uncontrouled. Here also the Music is Caledonian; and so Caledonian, that we fancy we can name the very airs of our own mountains and streams. It is in those primitive regions, that we meet the nearest living originals of the great Celtic nation; as, among them also, we find the blue-eyed Scythian, the progenitor of our own conquering Goths.

But I must end. When the skein does not stop, we always get to Tartary, or Arabia, or India, to Peristan, or Caucasus, in short, to Shinar, to Babel. If we could pass Ararat, we might land in Noah's ark, and thus terminate with the Antediluvians. Mythology, Superstition, Gods, Ghosts, and Giants, Deevs and Fairies and Thumbs and Hickathrifts, they are all brothers; worshipped, feared, despised; such is the progress. After having fought under Odin, we begin by bowing to him in the heavens; we then learn to fear him in the boiling flood or the midnight forest, we use him to "adorn a tale," and we end by making him a bugaboo to frighten our naughty children. But he was a mortal hero first. Boh, says Warton, was one of Odin's heroes. Narses was the Boh of Assyrian Mothers. Richard and Huniades have performed the same office in their day. Napoleon and Pitt made but one stride from the field and the cabinet to the Nursery, for their lot was cast in evil days. In better times, they might have passed through all their stages; but even their last metamorphosis is a tale of other times, and, alas, they will sleep in eternal peace, like an ancestor of my own, a bold Cuthbert of the dark wave, once equally terrific when the exploits of Thor and Odin shall still terrify or regale the child that is unborn.

LISMORE. DISTILLATION. NATURALIZATION OF FISH. STAFFA. TRESHINISH. COLONSA. ULVA. GOMETRA.

THE morning being fine, I directed the vessel to stand along the north side of Lismore, and, taking the boat, rowed close in shore, under the shadow of the land; now rounding a promontory, now crossing some little bay interspersed with rocks separated by stripes of barley and potatoes, resembling the allotments of infantile garden, in which, in our younger days, we used hourly to watch the tedious progress of obstinate cress and more obstinate radishes. Here and there a stray cow was seen pondering over the sea weed that skirted the tide mark; but, excepting the occasional scream of the gull that flew aloft, or the chatter of a tern as it flitted threatening round our boat, all was silence. Like Palinurus, I was nodding at the helm, when I was roused by a sudden exclamation: "A Still, a Still!" was the cry, "pull for your lives, my boys." Opening my eyes, I immediately perceived the cause of this uproar. Beneath a rock, close by the edge of the water, was burning a bright and clear fire, near which sat an old man and a young girl, with two or three casks scattered about. An iron crook, suspended on some rude poles, supported a Still; and the worm passed into a tall cask, into which fell a small stream from the summit of the rock behind. Two or three sturdy fellows were lounging about; while the alchemist in chief sat over the fire, in the attitude of Geber or Paracelsus waiting for the moment of projection. A rough shed, erected under another rock, seemed to contain some tubs and casks; nor could any thing be more picturesque than this primitive laboratory, or more romantic than the whole

scene. But I could only take a glance of these arrangements. Before the boat was well in sight, an universal scream was set up; away ran the girl to some cottages which were perched on the cliff, and down came men, women, and children, hallooing, scolding, swearing, and squalling, in all the unappreciable intonations of a Gaelic gamut. One snatched up a tub, another a cask; the still-head was whipt up by a sturdy virago, the malt was thrown out, the wash emptied; but, in the mean time, my men had jumped out into the water and were mixed pell-mell with the operators; scrambling over the rocks, and dashing about among the waves like ducks at the sound of a gun. A chase took place on one side after the Still-head, and as the exciseman was the most swift footed, the chemist dropt his burden and betook himself to his heels. The women stuck fast to their casks and tubs, kneeling, praying, scolding, and screaming; and here the battle raged, as battles are wont to rage when the fair sex is armed against the ruder one, with the three-fold weapons of nails and tongue and tears. But the chief brunt of the war took place at the Still. Though the head had been carried off at the first brush, and the fire kicked out, the cauldron was so hot that the combatants who on each side contested for it, could not hold it long; and as the first possessor of the scalding prize burned his fingers, it fell to the ground, to be again snatched up by some one of the opposed party. At length one of the Chemists seized it effectually; and, flinging it out with a vigorous arm, it fell into the sea. It should have perished in the waters; but, unfortunately the liquor had run out in the contest, and falling with its mouth downwards, it floated, to the great horror of the smugglers, and the delight of the opposed exciseman; who, dashing at it over head and ears, like a Newfoundland dog, rescued it from drowning, and brought it ashore in triumph. In two short minutes the battle was won, and the spoils secured; much sooner indeed than you will read this account of it. But there was little value

in all the plunder; which consisted only in the Still and its head. The distillation of the whisky was unfortunately but just commenced; and the little that had run, was overset, to prevent it from falling into the hands of the enemy. What else the excisemen might have destroyed, was emptied by the people themselves at the opening of the campaign. I thought that enough had been done, both for glory and for the picturesque; and entreated that they might be allowed to solace themselves in the best manner they could, with the empty casks. I even argued for the restoration of the Still to the poor wretches, who seemed at length quite discomfited and melancholy; but that, unfortunately, was against the law. The rest of the plunder was however given up; but I believe that my arguments had but a small share in effecting this surrender. One of the girls, who was very pretty, fell on her knees to the seaman who had the principal charge, and as he was a handsome good-humoured fellow himself, he could not resist her entreaties. So the lassie wiped her eyes, threw back her long hair with her fingers, and beauty, as usual, gained all that remained to be won of this hard-fought day. We parted in better humour than we began, and returned to the Cutter in triumph, bearing aloft on the prow, like Harold the dauntless, the battered trophies. Thus passed the Battle of the Still; and the shores of Lismore again subsided into peace, as the sounds of conflict were hushed, and the dashing of the oars retired upon the breeze.

The ancient fertility of Lismore still lives in its poetical name, Lios more; the great garden. It is a narrow ridge, about eight miles long, uneven and rocky, but green and fertile, as it is all formed of limestone. It is noted for its produce, which is chiefly barley; but the greater part is so interspersed with projecting rocks and abrupt hillocks, as to prevent the use of the plough. Though deficient in interest to him, to whose eye flowery meadows and fertile fields are only other modes of sterility, it is a point of view for the most magnificent ex-

panse of maritime scenery throughout the Western islands. The bay of Oban can no where be seen to more advantage, not even from Kerrera. The chain of rugged and blue mountains, extending from Cruachan to Ben Nevis, forms the principal feature in this landscape; retiring in a distant perspective, to which the eye is conducted by the gradually contracting expanse of the Linnhe loch, interspersed with islands, and chequered with the bright sails of shipping that diminish till they are lost to the view amid the ridges of lofty mountains among which it disappears. The bold brown hills of Morven to the northward, are succeeded by the more airy and conical elevations of Mull: the Sound, like a mighty river, winding along between them, enlivened by a constant succession of ships and boats, by the harbour of Loch Don, and by the bold mass of Duart castle advancing on its rocky promontory into the sea. On the opposite side, the bright town of Oban with all its masts, with the castles of Dunnolly and Dunstaffnage, throw a gleam of living and historical interest over the whole; adding that character which taste well knows how to esteem. Far in the western distance, the black cliffs of Mull retire in long and fading perspective: succeeded by the bold mass of Scarba, and bounding a sea interspersed with innumerable islands, which, grouped in various forms, as if floating on the blue expanse, at length vanish in the fading tints that mark the far-off cones of Jura.

In former days, Lismore was the seat of a Bishop, being the residence of the Diocese of Argyll. This appears to have included Lochaber, with the whole of Lorn and Kintyre; and its Bishops were styled indifferently, by the name of Argyll or Lismore. It was separated from that of Dunkeld in 1200, as it is supposed, at the request of Bishop John, and the list of its prelates amounts to fifteen, commencing with Evaldus, and ending with Robert Montgomery, who died in 1558. The ruins of a church, with some tombs, still remain, but there are no marks of any Cathedral, nor of the Bishop's residence.

The traces of its castles are now barely visible, and are without interest. A round fort is remarkable, as containing a gallery within the wall, like the Pictish towers. Lismore still retains a degree of ecclesiastical celebrity; being the seat of the Western Bishop "nulla tenens," and of a Roman Catholic College, which is maintained chiefly by the produce of the lime quarries.

This island is one of the most noted seats of illicit distillation. That arises from its fertility in grain, from its central situation in a populous country, and from the facility which its coast affords both for the manufacture and the exportation. The Highland process of distillation is, in all its stages, very simple; the smallness of the capital engaged, with the risk of seizure, limiting the apparatus to that which is absolutely necessary. The malting is generally carried on by a distinct class, by the dealers in grain themselves; and the wash is manufactured in a rude hut, in some retired or concealed spot, poorly provided with a few casks and tubs. The remainder of the apparatus consists of two or three casks to receive the spirit, and of a still, generally of eighteen gallons in capacity, with a very short worm and tub; the great command of water rendering a long one unnecessary. Sometimes a hut is erected to protect the still from the weather; but it is frequently set up in the open air, under some bank or rock which permits a stream of water to be easily introduced into the tub. On the sea coast, the shore is generally chosen for this purpose; as it enables the operators to keep watch against the revenue boats, and to dispose of their commodity with the greater ease; but in inland situations, a wood or some secluded mountain glen is the common seat of the operation. These stills are generally discovered by the smoke; though expert excisemen also trace them by examining the water of the mountain streams, impregnated by the waste. Guilt is often industrious and inventive when honesty is not; and it is as strong a proof of the indolence of this people as can be given, that they will

not take the trouble to char their peats; an expedient which would secure them from the most frequent source of detection.

The superior quality of the Highland whisky is acknowledged by all the learned; and is indeed obvious to the most inexperienced, whether in the pleasures of the passing moment or the repentance of the morrow. It is not flavoured by peat smoke, unless the malt is thus smoked purposely; and this ornament is now so far out of fashion, that I have never met with it but in the Long Island. The flavour supposed, by the ignorant, to arise from this cause, is merely the produce of the grain itself, the natural flavour of its essential oil; and it varies every where. That of Arran, in the older days, was the Burgundy of all the vintages. The superiority of the Highland Spirits arises from the thinness and acidity of the wash, and from the slow manner in which the operation is conducted: and, be the price what it may, it can always command a sale. In general, however, the price is lower than that of legal whisky; and it is therefore not wonderful if the people who can avoid it, forbear to purchase at a higher price, that which is as nauseous as it is poisonous. The solution of a fiscal problem is certainly not often an easy task; but to make a triple attack, on the pocket, the stomach, and the constitution, at once, argues no very great proficiency in the art by which wealth may be extracted from the people. I am fully aware of the complicated difficulties of this subject; but the people at large are by no means convinced that it is impossible for them to be supplied with that which is wholesome and palatable from a Lowland still. Highland whisky is not now, however, what it has been. The increased watchfulness of the officers, has rendered it convenient for the distillers to diminish the bulk of their commodity by concentration, that so it may be the easier transported; whence its fine flavour is destroyed, so that, when sold by the retailers, it is often little better than a nauseous mixture of alcohol and water. As to the duties

and regulations, they are changing while I write; and before you read this, they may be changed again.

The moral effects of illicit distillation in this country, are, unquestionably, evil; but that evil is far less than anxious moralists suppose. It is confined almost entirely to the very few districts where this trade is conducted, and chiefly, indeed, to the persons engaged in it: and as the price of whisky is always so high as to render it inaccessible to the mass of the people, they can suffer but little from its use. That it does generate idleness and profligacy in certain situations, cannot be denied; but if we except the injury done to the revenue, there is not much mischief produced by the illicit distillation of the Highlands.

There are no evils in the world without some countervailing good. In an agricultural view, Highland distillation is an object of considerable importance. In most districts, the barley is destined to this purpose; very little of it being consumed as food. That grain is a necessary article of cultivation in their narrow system of rotation; and, indeed, independently of this, much of the land now in cultivation, would be thrown into pasture, were the raising of barley abandoned. The present scale of Highland rents, in many places, could therefore no longer subsist; since the price of that grain would fall to a rate which would render its production impossible. It thus becomes the interest of such proprietors to permit, if not to countenance, illicit distillation; and unless where the profligate conduct, generated by this practice, and leading to the neglect of particular farms, may injure the land-owner, he becomes a gainer by this trade. A stronger instance of its effects than that which occurred in Isla in 1815, need not be sought; barley being there at double the price which it bore in the Lothians, although the crop was abundant. It must be recollected here, that the want of a commercial system, prevents that equalization of prices which so readily takes place in the Low Country. Hence, it has been said that the Highland proprietors prevent the revenue laws from being executed; both

by their influence, and in their judical capacity. On such a subject, it is natural to expect a good deal of acrimony, and some want of truth. An indifferent person may be allowed to moderate the harsher conclusions. But it is not for me to intermeddle between the contending parties; and still less to give the history of the revolutions of the Excise. Politicians have contended that distillation was, in a general view, advantageous, by ensuring such a surplus of grain as might, in seasons of distress, be converted into food. A few years ago, when in Jura, being unable to procure some whisky, and asking the cause, the answer was, "We must now make all our bear into bannocks."

I should be deficient in gratitude to worthy Sir John Barleycorn, if I had not bestowed a few words on him who has so often been a friend of the wet and the weary, who has smoothed the rude path over the mountain, and levelled the boisterous waves of the Western Ocean. I would willingly have bestowed half-a-dozen pages on him, but alas, I have no room. Yet one word I must be allowed on his pedigree and antiquity. I have no doubt that Pindar's praise was the praise of whisky; whatever the Corporation of Bath may think. Uisg was the true Ὕδωρ of the Poet; or what is it doing there. I am sure that if Donald ever takes to reading this "learned Theban," he will agree with me. How else did the Cyclops possess wine which could not be drank without "ten waters," and which he took especial care to lock up from his wife. The Cyclopean wine was whisky, and he learned the art of making it from Prometheus, whose liver it burnt; gnawing it like a vulture. The Egyptians were chemists from all times; whether Hermes or Thoth was their Stahl or not. The talk of Zosimus, Dioscorus, Sinesius, and Olympiodorus, is Egyptian and mystical, and it was that which the Alchemists adopted afterwards. Bale says that Osiris taught the Britons to make beer; perhaps he meant whisky. Dioscorides has clearly shown that distillation was known to the Egyptians. The Arabs

and the Tartars have known it from all time. Geber lived in the eighth century. It seems to have been brought into Europe in the twelfth. Arnoldus of Villeneuve speaks of aqua vitæ as a medicine, in his life of Francis, in 1300. Le Grand says it reached Ireland about the middle of the twelfth century. Some persons think that it was unknown in the Highlands till after 1400: and it was only after 1500, that the distillers of Paris were incorporated. So that Donald's love of whisky cannot be very ancient; unless Fingal borrowed the joy of his shell from the Irish Phenicians. Avicenna, Rabbi Moses, and Seneca, advise him to get drunk once a month. I wish he could, poor fellow. It is a fine thing. But if the "facundi calices" are overacted, the poet's nose turns red, his liver consumes like Prometheus, the earth covers him, his letters are published by some kind friend, and Messrs. and Co. refuse to give five pounds for the copy-right of his works.

The tide was fast ebbing as we quitted for the last time the shores of Lismore; and in passing a low insulated rock, I observed some cows waiting on the shore, while others were coming down from the green pastures above, to join them. Not having the Nautical Almanack at hand, they had probably miscalculated the tide; yet not by many minutes. The accuracy with which cattle calculate the times of the ebb and flood, and follow the diurnal variations, is such, that they are seldom mistaken, even when they have many miles to walk to the beach. In the same way, they always secure their retreat from these insulated spots in such a manner, that they are never surprised and drowned; a fate, which, had the present been a case of flood instead of ebb, might have befallen ill educated cattle. The idea of Time, say the metaphysicians, is comprised in,—but as no cow has yet written a treatise on the Vaccine understanding, I need not trouble you with a solution that solves nothing. A cow is graminivorous, say the anatomists, because it has four stomachs and no teeth, a horse is graminivorous

because it has plenty of teeth and only one stomach; man is omnivorous because, although his teeth and his stomach are like those of a horse, he has reason and has no tail; and the hog resembles man in this matter, though his tail is a spiral and he is unable to draw an inference. There would be no use in philosophy if it could not account for every thing. But the cow eats sea-weed, not because she is hungry, as she quits the best pastures for the shores. In Canada she is fed on fish; horses eat fish in Shetland, and so they did in Asia in the time of Herodotus, as cows did among the Ichthyophagi of India, if we are to believe Nearchus: all of which proves that they have more reason than the anatomists. And, thus reasoning, we bade adieu to Lismore.

In this island, there is a small lake containing Sea Trout, which have bred there from unknown time, without the possibility of communication with the Sea. This is an apparently simple Thesis; but it deserves a longer commentary than the Sea trout has ever yet received. Popular opinions are always right, of course; and it is the general conviction that sea fish can live only in the Sea, and the reverse. If both dogmas should prove untrue, some better consequences may follow, than that of rearing shrimp sauce where we now breed tadpoles, or feeding turtles where we educate frogs. Had I lived in the glorious days of Nero, I should have been made a Consul at least; with the addition to my name, like another well-known worthy, of Muræna; or, perhaps, of Rhombus, Lupus, or Scomber. But our age is so wise, that it has nothing left to learn. If I have ever blamed Donald for supposing that he had surmounted improvement, let me beg his pardon, for he is the most docile of children, in the balance.

Now that we have seen what is the conviction, on this subject, of all those who know all that ever is to be, as well as all that ever has been, let us enquire what the facts are. That the Salmon can live alternately in salt and fresh water, is known to all the world. But there

are six more species of that genus which do the same, from choice. Of these, there are English names for four; the Grey Salmon, the Sea Trout, the Gwiniad, and the Smelt; and the other two are, the Migratorius and the Autumnalis: the former, an inhabitant of the Baikal, and the latter, of the Frozen Ocean. Besides these, the Conger and the Torsk enter rivers, for some unknown purposes of their own: as do the Sprat, the Shad, the Greater and the Lesser Lamprey, the Stickleback, and the Cottus quadricornis. The Mullet spawns in the Meander, and in all the other rivers of Asia Minor; where his unlucky progeny, that was to have been, is taken and made into Botargo. The Shad unquestionably spawns in the Thames; or else the Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen could not devour his infant family in the shape of White bait, as they do, while the bony Parents are left to Israel in St. Mary Axe. It is probable that the Sprat does the same. That the Flounder, which is a sea fish, resides, by choice, and permanently, in the same river, is vulgarly known: and the Pleuronectes roseus, another species, the English name of which I do not know, is also taken in the Thames. The Cyclopterus Liparis and the Cyprinus Chalcoides, choose, similarly, to leave the Caspian for the Wolga: and most people know that the Caspian is a salt sea, and the Wolga a fresh river. The Cyprinus Aphya inhabits, indifferently, the shores of the sea, and the neighbouring rivers. The Delphinus Leucas, called the White Whale, chooses to ascend the Hudson and other American rivers, even to the distance of a hundred miles, and much more, from the sea; partly for the purpose of controverting the learned gentlemen who cannot be taught any thing more, and partly that he might make Hearne and Mackenzie believe that a fresh-water river was the Polar Basin. The Foudre, I know not that a French fish will condescend to accept of an English name, visits the Seine.

Thus much for the opinions of Sea fish respecting fresh waters. The sentiments of fresh-water fish about

the sea, are rather more difficult to ascertain; as they have somewhat too much of sea room to be easily found, when once they get their liberty. In the Caspian, luckily, they can be caught: and when Pallas is my authority, those who know all things without studying any thing, will possibly not dispute that the following species of Cyprinus choose to live there in preference to the Wolga; though, in Europe, they are all river fish as far as we know. They are, the Idus, Nasus, Ballerus, Aspius, and Carassius. The four first have no English names: the last is our Crucian; and the Pike, the Bleak, the Roach, and the Bream, all fresh-water fish with us, are there of the same opinion. Our own Eel invariably goes to the sea to breed, provided he can get out of his prison; as is well known to the inhabitants of Dee Side.

Those things are all in the common order of Nature. I have chosen to separate the following cases, as displaying some differences, though still bearing on the point in view. In the Highland Sea Lochs, the Whiting Pout and the Rockling, two species of Gadus, or Cod, frequent the extremities of those waters where they are always fresh; and, from being taken of all sizes, it is probable that they breed there. The Mackarel is found in the same situations. Liancourt informs us that the Herring ascends the Potowmack, the Delaware, the Hudson, and the Elk rivers. Twiss says that this fish is also found in fresh water lakes in Ireland: but, should his authority be questionable, they have, often, and long together, resided in Loch Dhu near Inveraray, introduced by an occasional high flood. The Sterlet and the Sturgeon, together with some species of Salmon, on Pallas's authority, have chosen to fix their residence in the Kama; never descending to the Caspian, as they do to the Sea elsewhere. This may be considered a voluntary and complete naturalization. Lastly, of the larger fishes, the Cod has chosen to live in a fresh-water lake in Shetland, which communicates with the sea at Stromness Voe by an opening like that of a mouse trap; sufficient to terrify

any Cod who had not wit enough to know that it was the better place of the two. I shall only further add that Shell fish, more than I choose to enumerate, which elsewhere live in the Sea, are living very composedly, on the authority of Monsieur Freminville, in the fresh and brackish waters of the Gulph of Finland. Our own Muscles, Periwinkles, Cockles, and Limpets, though not very active in walking, always contrive to get near to the mouth of a river, if there is one to be found; and our shrimps do the same, with somewhat greater facilities.

For these reasons, I have proposed to turn out of our lakes, rivers, and ponds, the whole detestable breed of Trout, Gudgeons, Bream, Pike, Bleak, Roach, Dace, Grayling, Frogs, black Beetles, and what not, and to substitute Turbot, John Dory, Turtle, Whiting, Smelts, Lobsters, and so on: besides hedging in the Salmon, that we may have him at command whenever we please. I am told that this is all "Theory," and can never succeed. That is a favoured term. It was always a favourite word of those who have no Theory at all—except their own; their established Theory, that their own acquisitions are the limits and bounds of all possible knowledge; and of all experience too. It is Theory when it is the rigid inference of rigid reason from demonstrated facts. It is Experience, when it is the opinion of those who have neither facts nor reasoning faculty. The rule is not limited to a contest between Frogs and Turbot. I hope only, Sir Walter, that you have no Lakes at Abbotsford, and are not an "Uffiziale" of Fisheries.

I may as well give these Philosophers a specimen of Theory on this matter; and not a very bad one either. When the Deluge covered the mountains, it is certain that there were no fresh-water lakes and rivers; and consequently there was no distinction of habitation for fishes. Nor is this an argument from a miracle, which, while we believe, we reverence. It is an undoubted fact, from geographical experience, that all original lakes were once salt. Every lake which does not give

issue to a stream, continues salt still: the others have been freshened by the change of their waters. Consequently, all fresh-water fish might live in the sea, or they never could have existed.

To return to the practical question. The physical reasoning, "a priori," is this. If salt-water fish cannot live in fresh water, it is because they cannot respire it, or because they can find no food. If they cannot continue their kind, it is because they can find no spawning places. I have shown that numerous species do respire it: if it is not poison to them, it cannot be very poisonous, and all the rest may possibly bear it. The respiratory organs and functions are the same in all. If a Salmon can find food for six weeks, and a voracious Pike for his whole centenary life, so may a Cod. Where Crayfish live, Crabs may; and Smelts and Whiting, where Perch and Trout. Besides, we know little about the resources of fishes in this matter. They eat each other: that is something: and we are not to suppose that a cargo of turtle is to starve in Loch Lomond, because it does not contain flying fish. Besides, if fishes are to become an article of rural economy, we might feed them, as the Romans did. Those who wish to know how this was done, may consult their agricultural writers. They are as omnivorous as pigs; and there is no reason why it should not be profitable to feed fish, as well as ducks or fowls. Moreover, the larger feed on the smaller kinds, in succession; and thus the mixture of different species in one place, produces food; since many, like our gold and silver fish in confinement, live and grow on what, to us, is invisible; possibly on Infusory Animalcules, or, for aught that we know, on the element itself. The enormous reproduction of the whole tribe, produces food also in the form of spawn; and thus numbers might live where a single species might die from want. As to spawning places, it is pretty much the same for all, for the bottom of the sea and the bottom of a lake: and if the Salmon has discovered that the river is the best of the two, it is our busi-

ness to teach John Dory and Red Mullet to be of the same opinion. Reproduction is compulsory; and, consequently, spawning is the same. Those who were compelled to spawn would find a place for themselves. The habits of cultivated land animals have been changed by ourselves, in a thousand ways; and, utterly ignorant as we are of the nature and moral powers of fish, it is far too rash to conclude that they are incapable of change of habits, or of extensive naturalization, or of education.

Those who understand every thing, say that this has not been tried. That is certainly an overwhelming reason why it should not be tried. It is probably by trying what never was tried before, that we are not exactly the painted Picts and breechless Celts that we were twenty centuries ago; which is just what those learned gentlemen would have been still, had there been nobody to "try" for them. The instances already quoted must go for nothing: because they are "Theory." Now therefore for a little practice. The Frieslanders, a remarkably theoretical and lively people, have naturalized the Plaise in their ponds, long, long ago. The Herring has been naturalized in the ponds of Germany. The Grey Mullet is naturalized in ponds in Guernsey; and, like the others, has propagated his race, even to the transplantation and reproduction of the breed. The same fish is naturalized in the Lake Biviere in Sicily, a vile putrid marsh, from time out of mind; and, in the same waters, Lobsters and Crabs of all kinds are kept for the sake of improving their qualities. The Smelt has been naturalized in a pond in Yorkshire, by Colonel Meynell; remaining uninjured, after frosts which had hardened the whole surface for skating. The Sole has lived in ponds. Our Oysters are transplanted to rivers and ponds to improve them. Such is the experience of designed trials. If there is no further success, it is because there have been no more experiments. The objectors, however, whose trade it is to impede improvement, as if that had been the road by which they have attained the places which they so well

merit, say that the fish would deteriorate in quality. That remains to be proved. The Sicilians think otherwise. So does the Corporation of Colchester. So do the Fishermen of the Tees, who fished the Yorkshire Smelts.

One word more, and I shall leave those who possess more lakes and rivers than I do, to settle this knotty point. The Romans understood good eating as well as Paris; whatever Paris may think. Those who wish to know how they reverenced fish, may read Juvenal. They may read Varro, if they like. Every one has heard of their Piscinæ. Cato, the Tutor of Lucullus, sold his Ward's fish-ponds for 400,000 Sesterces. Hirtius spent 12,000 Sesterces annually, in feeding his fish. Cæsar sold his villa for 400,000, on account of the value of the fish. Licinius Murcena was named on account of the invention of Piscinæ. The common people had them every where; and the fishes, Martial tells us, were so tame as to come to the owner's call. "Qui norunt Dominum, manumque lambunt." They licked their master's hands. A fish is not quite such an insensible, rapacious, brute, as the followers of "gentle Isaac" think. All this, however, proves nothing to the point, in itself; because here we cannot discover the nature of the fish, while we know that they had both fresh and salt Piscinæ. But Columella has said enough to establish all that I wish to prove; namely, that they did cultivate sea fish in fresh ponds. The whole Chapter is worth the study of those who do not think themselves too wise to learn from Rome, and who as yet know of Rome little more than the longs and shorts which their Druids taught them in their days of birch and learning. "Nam et harum studia rerum, majores nostri celebraverunt: adeo quidem, ut enim dulcibus aquis marinos clauderent pisces, atque eadem curâ, Mugilem Scarumque nutrirent, quâ nunc Muræna et Lupus educantur." The peasants "replebant marinis seminibus," or transported the spawn of sea fish to the Sabatine, the Veline, the Cimine, and the Vulsinian lakes; which produced, "Lupos, Auratasque" "et si qua sint

alia piscium genera dulcis undæ tolerantia." This practice was universal in the early days of Rustic Rome; and it fell into disuse among the peasantry, only when the Romans grew luxurious and rich, so that the opulent took this trade, as an amusement, into their own hands, and built expensive conservatories at their marine villas. What the fish above-named were, we have no certain means of knowing, except that the Mugil is probably the Mullet; but, from the mode of expression used, there must have been many species; while the whole of the circumstances were so familiar, that, writing, as he does, under an apology for dwelling on this subject, Columella thinks it unnecessary to be minute on what was universally known.

I have nearly done. Those who choose to keep thousands of acres of Highland lakes which they never saw, for the purpose of feeding vile trout which they never eat, will continue to enjoy the satisfaction of supporting their practice against this new Opposition Theory. Yet as breeches have succeeded to kilts, and potatoes to peat bogs, I do not despair of yet discovering, by the Second Sight, that our grandchildren are angling in Loch Lomond for Turbot, dredging for oysters in the Tay, and regaling on Surmullet, Dory, and Lobsters, from the streams and ponds whence they formerly choked themselves with woolly Pike and thorny Perch. As to the difficulty of transportation, it is not likely to be a serious obstacle. There is a good deal of popular misunderstanding about this. From the peculiar structure of fishes, and particularly from the disposition of the blood vessels which supply their muscles, they are easily exhausted by violent exertion; and thus it is that they are killed by being long hooked or entangled. This, which is vulgarly called drowning, must be avoided. They are otherwise much more tenacious of life than is commonly imagined. Minnows will live for many weeks, crowded in a vessel in absolute contact: the Carp lives thus in Holland, in cellars, without any water: the

Conger is possessed of similar powers; as is the whole race of flat fish, as well as the gurnards and the dog fishes. If we know not that the same is true of many others, it is for want of trials. With respect to the Cod of Stromness Voe, the experiment might be made in five minutes, by placing a grating before its very narrow communication with the sea. Nothing but obstinacy and ignorance united, can much longer impede a fair series of experiments on this important subject. On a former occasion, I noticed the enormous quantity of property in the Highlands, which is wasted in the shape of water. We have naturalized the land animals to the improvement of our own condition, and it remains to naturalize those of the sea; to make them our slaves, the tributaries to our industry and to our superiority. We have done the same with the vegetable kingdom. Nature has given us Crabs and Sloes, and we have converted them into Golden Pippins and Green Gages. We have put our hook into the nose of Behemoth, and it remains for us to tame Leviathan. Nature has stamped on all her gifts, the Universal Law, that without labour and industry, they shall not be attained: and He who will not lend his hand to this work, is of those who, had they commanded the world, would have been living on Sloes and Acorns still. But let the Ichthyophagi fight it out among themselves; for you and I have "other fish to fry."

He is a bad Philosopher who submits to be a machine of his own making: who winds himself up on Sunday morning to run down on Saturday night; striving against wind, weather, fate, time, accident and change, because he determined once, and will not determine again. We were bound for Tobermory; but by the time we had "let draw the fore-sheet," the wind changed. I ordered the vessel to bear up for Staffa. The Captain vowed that I did not know my own mind. It was precisely that which I did know. He, at least, ought to have known it to be the Seaman's "look out," "that his business may be every

thing and his intent every where, for that's it that always makes a good voyage out of nothing." The policy is not less good on shore: for it was by never knowing in the morning where I should sleep at night, that I saw the Highlands.

Thus, for the fifth time, I reached Staffa. As to its superiority to Pæstum and Palmyra, to be sure, like Macedon and Monmouth, there are columns in both. But in spite of that learned commentator, it would certainly puzzle Nature to build St. Paul's, rather more than it would have done Sir Christopher to have built Staffa: though why there should be any rivalry between an island and a temple, it is not easy to see. The chief consequence of the comparison is, that every cockney who goes from Cheapside to Staffa, expects to find it built on the model of Bow Church: so that I have no hopes of success, succeeding to so much "fine writing." Of the other tour books, there are not less than twenty that will tell you how to go to Staffa; and the half of them will tell you how you will be wetted, and wearied, and delayed, and frightened, and starved, and cheated, and disappointed, and drowned. The whole of which events are to be found among the contingencies of human life, every where. As there are two requisites in all those cases, a talent to inflict, and a talent to suffer, a prudent man avoids some of these evils, diminishes others, and smiles at the rest; but he who seeks them, or permits them, will find them all. I have landed in Staffa in "all weathers;" and embarked from it too. I have no patent for buoyancy; others may do the like if they choose to try; but he who does not try, will not succeed; and that is all I will say on the Argonautics of Staffa. When once landed, the Great Cave may always be entered from above; but, as I am informed, it now requires a key. That is very proper. The Heroes of Romance, Gadifer, Carados, Don Belianis, the Knight of the Eagle, and the rest, seldom entered their Caves with so little trouble. It was well when they gained access without encountering half

a dozen griffins, enchanters, snakes, dwarfs, and lions, which were to be pacified, into the bargain, by a bottle from some enchanted fountain, or a golden branch: besides fighting, and swallowing sulphur and smoke. John Barleycorn is the enchanted fountain of Ulva; and the Open Sesame bears the appropriate mark of the Hero of Cappadocia.

Though the modern discovery of Staffa is due to Mr. Leach, in 1772, its Scandinavian name, the island of columns, proves that the Northmen had been aware of its peculiarities, as well as of its existence. Fingal, the ubiquarian hero, has lately appropriated to himself the right of the Great Cave; but the original Gaelic name appears to have been Uaimh binn, the musical cave; a name derived from the music of the waves, as some etymologists say; but, if a Highlander had ever seen an organ or a Pan's pipe, more likely to have come from that obvious source. This island is about a mile and a half in circumference, and is now used as a summer pasture for cattle, there being no longer a house on it. Its highest point, by my measurement, is 144 feet. Faujas de St. Fond is very marvellous and pathetic on the subject of the tenant and the storms. It is a pity that we also cannot write with all our hairs on end. I know not what this tenant could have found to do; unless, like St. Magnus, he had employed himself in "ploughing his heart with the plough-share of repentance," in contemplating his nose, like the Bramins, till he saw a blue flame at the end of it, or in catching fleas. On this latter subject, Monsieur Faujas is also very eloquent, and very "galeux." But he professed to write on Natural History.

The beauties of Staffa are all comprised in its coast: yet it is only for a small space toward the south and south-east, that these are remarkable: as it is there that the columns occur. Westward, the cliffs are generally low, rude, and without beauty; but, in the north-east quarter, there are five small caves, remarkable for the loud reports which they give when the sea breaks into them; resem-

bling the distant discharges of heavy ordnance. The northernmost point is columnar, but it is nearly even with the water. The highest point of the great face is 112 feet from high water mark. It becomes lower in proceeding towards the west: the greatest height above M'Kinnon's cave being 84 feet. The same takes place at the Clamshell cave, where the vertical cliffs disappear and are replaced by an irregular declivity of a columnar structure, beneath which the landing place is situated. The columns in this quarter are placed in the most irregular directions, being oblique, erect, horizontal, and sometimes curved: while they are also far less decided in their forms than the larger vertical ones which constitute the great face. Where they reach the grassy surface of the island, they gradually disappear; but are sometimes laid bare, so as to present the appearance of a geometrical pavement where their ends are seen; in other places, displaying portions of their parallel sides. The difficulty of drawing these columns is such, that no mere artist, be his general practice what it may, is capable of justly representing any point upon this island. It is absolutely necessary that he should have an intimate mineralogical acquaintance, not only with rocks in general, but with all the details and forms of basaltic columns; since no hand is able to copy them by mere inspection; so dazzling and difficult to develope, are all those parts in which the general, as well as the particular, character consists. This is especially the case in attempting to draw the curved and implicated columns, and those which form the causeway; where a mere artist loses sight of the essential part of the character, and falls into a sort of mechanical or architectural regularity. That fault pervades every representation of Staffa, except one, yet published; nor are there any of them, which might not have been produced in the artist's workshop at home.

At the Scallop, or Clamshell cave, the columns, on one side, are bent, so as to form a series of ribs not unlike an inside view of the timbers of a ship. The opposite wall

is formed by the ends of columns, bearing a general resemblance to the surface of a honeycomb. This cave is 30 feet in height, and 16 or 18 in breadth at the entrance: its length being 130 feet, and the lateral dimensions gradually contracting to its termination. The inside is uninteresting. The noted rock Buachaille, (Βουκολος,) the herdsman, is a conoidal pile of columns, about 30 feet high, lying on a bed of curved horizontal ones, visible only at low water. The causeway here presents an extensive surface, which terminates in a long projecting point at the eastern side of the great cave. It is formed of the broken ends of columns, once continuous to the height of the cliffs. This alone exceeds the noted Giant's causeway, as well in dimensions as in the picturesque diversity of its surface: but it is almost neglected, among the more striking and splendid objects by which it is accompanied. The great face is formed of three distinct beds of rock, of unequal thickness, inclined towards the east in an angle of about nine degrees. The lowest is a rude trap tufo, the middle one is divided into columns placed vertically to the planes of the bed, and the uppermost is an irregular mixture of small columns and shapeless rock. The thickness of the lowest bed at the western side, is about 50 feet: but, in consequence of the inclination, it disappears under the sea, not far westward of the Great Cave. The columnar bed is of unequal depth; being only 36 feet at the western side, and 54 where the water first prevents its foundation from being further seen. To the eastward, its thickness is concealed by the causeway. Thus, at the entrance of the Great Cave on this side, the columns are only 18 feet high, becoming gradually reduced to two or three, till they disappear. The inequality of the upper bed, produces the irregular outline of the island. The inclination of the columns to the horizon, in consequence of their vertical position towards the inclined plane of the bed, produces a very unpleasing effect whenever it is seen, as it is from the south-west: the inclination of nine degrees, conveying

the impression of a fabric, tottering, and about to fall. Fortunately, the most numerous and interesting views are found from positions into which this defect does not intrude; and many persons have doubtless visited Staffa without discovering it.

Although the columns have a general air of straightness and parallelism, no one is perfectly straight or regular. They never present that geometrical air which I just now condemned in the published views. In this respect they fall far short of the regularity of the Giant's causeway. Very often, they have no joints; sometimes one or more may be seen in a long column: while, in other places, they are not only divided into numerous parts, but the angles of the contact are notched. They are sometimes also split by oblique fissures, which detract much from the regularity of their aspect. These joints are very abundant in the columns that form the interior sides of the Great Cave, to which indeed they are chiefly limited; and it is evident, that the action of the sea, by undermining these jointed columns, has thus produced the excavation: as a continuation of the same process may hereafter increase its dimensions. The average diameter is about two feet; but they sometimes attain to four. Hexagonal and pentagonal forms are predominant; but they are intermixed with figures of three, four, and more sides, extending even as far as to eight or nine, but rarely reaching ten.

It is with the morning sun only, that the great face of Staffa can be seen in perfection. As the general surface is undulating and uneven, great masses of light and shadow are thus produced, so as to relieve that which, in a direct light, appears a flat insipid mass of straight wall. Those breadths are further varied by secondary shadows and reflections arising from the smaller irregularities; while the partial clustering of the columns, produces a number of subsidiary groups, which are not only highly beautiful, both in themselves and as they combine with and melt into the larger masses, but which entirely remove that

dryness and formality which is produced by the incessant repetition of vertical lines and equal members. The Cormorant's or Mac Kinnon's Cave, though little visited, in consequence of the frauds and indolence of the Boatmen, is easy of access, and terminates in a gravelly beach where a boat may be drawn up. The broad black shadow produced by the great size of the aperture, gives a very powerful effect to all those views of the front of the island into which it enters; and is no less effective at hand, by relieving the minute ornaments of the columns which cover it. The height of the entrance is 50 feet, and the breadth 48; the interior dimensions being nearly the same to the end, and the length being 224 feet. As it is excavated in the lowest stratum, the walls and the ceiling are without ornament: yet it is striking, from the regularity and simplicity of its form. But the superior part of the front consists of a complicated range of columns, hollowed into a concave recess above the opening; the upper part of this colonnade overhanging the concavity and forming a sort of geometric ceiling; while the inferior part is thrown into a secondary mass of broad but ornamented shadow, which conduces much to the general effect of the whole.

The Boat Cave is accessible only by sea. It is a long opening, resembling the gallery of a mine, excavated in the lowest rude stratum; its height being about 16 feet, its breadth 12, and its depth about 150. Upwards, the columns overhang it, so as to produce a shadow which adds much to the effect; while they retire in a concave sweep, which is also over-hung by the upper mass of the cliff; thus producing a breadth of shade, finely softening into a full light by a succession of smaller shadows and reflections arising from the irregular groupings of the columns. The upper part of this recess, catching a stronger shadow, adds much to the composition; while the eye of the picture is found in the intense darkness of the aperture beneath, which gives the tone to the whole.

Of the effect which such obscure parts give to highly

ornamented surfaces, Gothic architecture affords excellent examples. The front of Peterborough Cathedral is perfect in this way; exceeding, in this respect, every specimen that exists, and speaking highly in praise of the artist who could conceive such a work. Rheims is another instance; but less striking. This conception is the more remarkable, because it has been a common fault of these artists, to overload their designs with ornament, and thus to lose the advantage of it, by the want of contrast and repose. Tasteless persons have also, in modern times, destroyed, by very trivial alterations, that effect which the original artist probably intended to produce. The beautiful tower of Gloucester Cathedral is an example in point; where the richness of the ornamental work on the surface, is obscured, and in a great measure destroyed, by the dazzling lights of the wooden divisions which fill the windows. This evil might easily be removed, by painting those black. For similar reasons, many of our Cathedrals have gained in picturesque effect by the loss of their statues, so often lamented. The vacant nich produces that repose so much and so often wanted in these highly ornamented buildings; and those who will compare Wells, in which they remain, with the numerous other buildings from which they have been removed, will agree to the truth of this remark.

The Great Cave is deficient in that symmetry of position, with respect to the face of the island, which conduces so much to the effect of the Boat Cave. The outline of the aperture, perpendicular at the sides, and terminating in a contrasted arch, is pleasing and elegant. The height, from the top of the arch to that of the cliff above, is 30 feet; and from the former to the surface of the water, at mean tide, 66. The pillars by which it is bounded on the western side, are 36 feet high; while, at the eastern, they are only 18, though their upper ends are nearly in the same horizontal line. This difference arises from the height of the broken columns which here form the causeway; a feature which conduces so much to the pictur-

esque effect of the whole, by affording a solid mass of dark fore-ground. Towards the west, the height of the columns gradually increases as they recede from the cave; but their extreme altitude is only 54 feet, even at low water. The breadth of this cave at the entrance, is 42 feet; as nearly as that can be ascertained, where there is no very precise point to measure from. This continues to within a small distance of the inner extremity, when it is reduced to 22; and the total length is 227 feet. These measures were all made with great care, however they may differ from those of Sir Joseph Banks. The finest views here are obtained from the end of the causeway, at low water. When the tide is full, it is impossible to comprehend the whole conveniently by the eye. From this position also, the front forms a solid mass of a very symmetrical form; supporting, by the breadth of its surface, the vacant shadow of the cave itself. Here also, that intricate play of light, shadow, and reflection, which is produced by the broken columns retiring in ranges gradually diminishing, is distinctly seen; while the causeway itself forms a fore-ground no less important than it is rendered beautiful by the inequalities and the groupings of the broken columns. Other views of the opening of this cave, scarcely less picturesque, may be procured from the western smaller causeway; not indeed without bestowing much time and study on this spot, is it possible to acquire or convey any notion of the grandeur and variety which it contains.

The sides of the cave within, are columnar throughout; the columns being broken and grouped in many different ways, so as to catch a variety of direct and reflected tints, mixed with secondary shadows and deep invisible recesses, which produce a picturesque effect, only to be imitated by careful study of every part. It requires a seaman's steadiness of head to make drawings here. As I sat on one of the columns, the long swell raised the water at intervals up to my feet, and then, subsiding again, left me suspended high above it; while the silence of these movements, and the apparently undis-

turbed surface of the sea, caused the whole of the cave to feel like a ship heaving in a sea-way. The ceiling is divided by a fissure, and varies in different places. Towards the outer part of the cave, it is formed of the irregular rock; in the middle, it is composed of the broken ends of columns, producing a geometrical and ornamental effect, and at the end, a portion of each rock enters into its composition. Inattention has caused the various tourists to describe it as if it were all columnar, or all rude. As the sea never ebbs entirely out, the only floor of this cave is the beautiful green water; reflecting from its white bottom, those tints which vary and harmonize the darker tones of the rock, and often throwing on the columns the flickering lights which its undulations catch from the rays of the sun without.

If spectators contrive to be disappointed at Staffa, that is no great cause of surprise. There is nothing which the imagination is not always ready to exceed. Those who have formed their expectations from the amazement of the original recorder, must thank him for their misfortune. Those who want taste, will not acquire it, as by magic, here; and those who only come to stare, or to boast of their adventures, will find other sources of gratification than such as are derived from its beauty, its grandeur, or its variety. It is no cause for surprise that we find individuals insensible of the merits of Raphael or Phidias, that the student in Robinson Crusoe yawns over Tacitus or Milton. Taste and feeling were never produced at once from nothing; and, to mere wonderment, nothing can be wonderful enough. But lest he who does possess taste should be disappointed at Staffa, let him recollect in time, that descriptions which represent the feelings of the narrator, can have nothing in common with his own, and avoid them. Let him anticipate nothing, and he will come with a mind duly prepared. If, even thus, he should feel a momentary, or a first disappointment, let him recollect the difficulty which he has at first felt in appreciating the finest works of art,

or, if he has not experienced this, let him remember the remarks of Sir Joshua Reynolds on the pictures of Raphael in the Vatican. He will then return, again and again, if it be in his power; and, at every new visit, this extraordinary scenery will rise in his estimation; presenting the strongest proof of merit which exists, either in the works of art or nature. But the pencil of the artist can do little for Staffa. If that richness which it displays, arising from order and symmetry, from multiplicity of ornament contrasted and combined with greatness of dimension and simplicity of style, is a legitimate subject of painting, there is a sentiment here which it cannot reach. It is, as in the case of Egg, that which is felt when Nature allows us to draw indistinct comparisons between her works and those of art; comparisons which convey an impression of her power, because it is then so easily contrasted with that of man, and which is no longer sensible when, working on her own great and rude scale, she forms the promontory and the mountain, the mighty river and the wide ocean. Nor can the pencil of the artist do aught for that poetry which seems to render the Caves of Staffa fit residences for the visionary mythology of the coral caverns and waving forests of the glassy sea. The gentle twilight which for ever reposes in the recesses of Fingal's cave, the playful and living effects of reflected light, and the liquid sound of the green water as it rises and falls in measured intervals over its silvery floor, that solitude which the mind would fain people with imaginary beings, these are the business of the Poet, and must be left to the Poet of Nature. But we must pass to matters of less interest.

The Treshinish Isles, consisting of Fladda, Linga, Bach and the two Cairnburgs, form a chain to the westward of Staffa; but, excepting to a geologist, they are uninteresting. I have had occasion to name Cairnburg before, as the seat of a Castle in the Norwegian times, and as having been falsely supposed by Pennant, the limit between the Sudereys and Nordereys. But there are no

traces of ancient works on it. In 1715, it was garrisoned by the Macleans, and was taken and retaken more than once during that rebellion. It had been attacked before, by Cromwell's troops: and here, it is fancied, were the rescued books of Iona burnt. There is a barrack on the smaller island which is still tolerably entire. On the larger, there are the remains of a wall with embrasures, skirting the cliff; forming something like a battery which, it must be supposed, was then mounted with ordnance.

Nothing can be much more enticing than the aspect of these islands from Staffa. But the enthusiastic antiquary, who may visit Cairnburg, is the child who opens its toy to inspect the cause of its movements and its music. Striking as those remains appear from a distance, insulated as they are on a solitary rock in this boisterous sea, the seat of ancient romance, their dignity vanishes on a near inspection. The idea of Gunpowder puts to flight all the visions which arise from the lofty tower and the strong wall, from the barbican, the machicolation, and the ponderous gate; which hover over the days of the arrow, the spear, and the shield. There is no romance in a redoubt: and whatever sensations the solid bastion and "arrowy ravelin" may hereafter excite in the breasts of future antiquaries, they are, to us, the mean matters of every day war and gazettes. The charm of Time is wanting; but a few centuries may perhaps confer, even on these ruins, that dignity which we at present find in the still more insignificant works of the Danes or the Gael. When the obscurity produced by distance of time shall resemble that which arises from distance of place, they may acquire that consequence in the eyes of posterity, which they now possess in the blue and fading horizon. He that would enjoy the pleasures of the imagination must not scrutinize; let him avoid the shores of Cairnburg.

Colonsa is a flat uninteresting little island, and uninhabited. The aspect both of Ulva and Gometra is, at first sight, as rude and as little enticing as can well be,

though they are high and rocky. In both, the surface is brown and heathy, and utterly destitute of wood. On the south-western shore of Ulva, the columnar rocks are often disposed in a very picturesque manner; being often broken, sometimes detached, and occasionally bearing a distant resemblance to ruined walls and towers. Had Ulva been the only basaltic island on this coast, it might possibly have attracted more attention; but it has been eclipsed by Staffa, and has remained unsung. It is said that the usage, or fine, known by the name of "Mercheta mulierum," lately existed in Ulva; and as Dr. Johnson has repeated the tale, it has naturally attracted somewhat more notice than it merits. This has been a favourite source of debate with jurists and antiquaries; and is equally told of Sark, where a similar fine is still said to be claimed and paid. Dr. Plot, refers to Guernsey, in confirmation of his theory; but in that island, the practice is not known. Boethius, the parent of all lies, is the father of the Scottish Mercheta also. It was established by King Evenus, who never existed; and the Scots submitted to it for a thousand years, till it was formally abolished by Malcolm the third. Craig says that it was imported from France, together with the Feudal Laws. Certainly, the one was as much imported as the other. Blackstone denies that the Gavel kind tenure originated in such a practice. Hailes thinks this Mercheta to have been merely the fine paid by a vassal, as a villein, for marrying without the consent of his Chief. The Irish maintain that the Danes introduced the reputed practice into that country, among other oppressions. The Highlanders pretend that it was a power actually exerted by the Lords of the Isles; and, in confirmation, they relate a tale of a Dougal Dall Mac Gillichattan, which I do not choose to repeat. Sir Robert Porter says that this right is enforced at present in Lapland and Circassia. I must allow the contesting parties to settle it together.

THE HIGHLAND CLANS.

It is difficult to procure any accurate information on the History of the Highland Clans, and, possibly, the attempt may be a source of some dissatisfaction. Yet, without some sketch of this nature, there would remain an obscurity in the political history of the country. To English readers in particular, this is a constant source of difficulty: while the well-remembered Rebellions, and the misrepresentations of careless writers, have combined to give a false view of their nature and of their connexions with Scotland. The Highlanders themselves have an interest in correcting those errors which confound the insignificant with the distinguished, the offspring and branch with the parent and trunk, and the long independent and almost Sovereign Chiefs with the more recent intruders and the Feudal Barons of the Crown. The History of those Names is therefore a branch of general History, and as such only have I here attempted to view them. I have neither desire nor room for genealogical obscurities: and even the name of Douglas will carry no weight beyond the evidence which it can produce. Real Pedigrees would have been historically valuable: but if they do not exist, it is no cause for surprise. As far as I have had occasion to enquire respecting them, I have sheltered myself under the too often jarring authorities of Douglas himself, of Achmar, Macfarlane, and the other well-known books and family histories of the Genealogists. It will be sufficient if the reader can acquire a general notion of the relative weights of the principal Highland names, and of their situation with respect to the Crown. He who attempts more, should recollect the

remark of Favorinus to Adrian, "that it is dangerous to convince a man who has thirty Legions at his heels to back his arguments:" or a Skian Dhu in his Oe either. To him also it must be left to enquire who is the first of his name: the Macdonald or the Macleod. It is he too who will discover that Douglas cannot be very good authority, when he confounds De Isla with De Isle, and when he differs from Barbour. And it is he further who may exert his faith in believing that Ollam Fodhla, who reigned 900 years before Christ, held triennial parliaments of genealogy.

There are many families popularly ranked among the Highland Clans, which have no more title to the place than the Estes and the Cornaros. This has arisen partly from the indefinite boundary which separates them from the Feudal Barons of the Crown, and partly from the changes produced by forfeiture and transposition. If Antiquity and Descent form the basis, as they ought, mere possession should confer no claim; unless there is to be a chronological line, separating the intruders of ancient days from those of modern times. If this be not a law, even Gordon has no other claims than any modern purchaser of a Highland estate. In any case it is necessary to distinguish between the aboriginal families, if there be such, those which sprung from the Norwegians, whether on the west or in the north, the Flemings, or Teutonic families who settled about the time of William the Lion, and the Lowland ones which received grants of Highland estates from the forfeitures of their original or prior possessors. Thus also it is necessary to distinguish secondaries from principals. As examples of those distinctions, I may name, in the Scandinavian-Irish division, Mac Donald, and Mac Leod; in the Flandro-Teutonic, Murray and Sutherland; and in the transplanted, Gordon, Stewart, and Fraser; to which may be added, as prior, the Norman families which came into Scotland after the Conquest. As Secondaries, branching from the great Names, may be named Mac Lean and Mac Pherson; be-

sides which there is a whole host of less important and tertiary ones, ramifying from this species.

The very term Clan, has been a principal source of confusion in this case. Though implying a patriarchal government, it designates those Feudal establishments which were practically independent of the Crown, as exercising the privilege of independent warfare. It is as improperly applied to those Feudal Barons who were subjects of the Crown, to the families of Sutherland, Murray, or Gordon, as it would be to that of Douglas, Dacre, or Percy. With as little propriety, has it been attached to such names as Graham and many others, who, springing up at later dates, and being implicated in Low-land possessions, must still more be considered as Barons of Scotland. Nor, in this case, was it the custom of the people to assume the Chief's name, as was done in the former. It is equally an error to consider the origins of the Clans as lost in the remoteness of antiquity. When antiquaries apply this term to the early Caledonians or to Ireland, they are unwarily increasing this confusion. History knows little or nothing of the state of the people or their government, at this period. It can only reason from analogy; and from the accounts given by Tacitus, Cæsar, and others, of the system of the Gauls and Germans, it is not entitled to form such a conclusion. That the Irish tribes are called Clans in the Brehon laws, proves nothing. These appear to have been at first single and actual families, under a Chief; and afterwards, Tribes, resembling those which the Romans found in Caledonia; a condition very different from Highland Clanship.

Proceeding on the little history which we do possess, we must indeed bring down the system of Clanship and the origins of the Clans, to a date considerably recent. It is very certain that there was no Clanship in the West during the sway of Norway. The present great families which trace their descents from that period, were Feudal Lords, Princes, or Governors, under the Norwegian Crown and that of the islands. They made no indepen-

dent warfares on each other, and were not associated by names in imaginary families. Thus the system of Clanship, here at least, could not possibly have commenced before the year 1300, nor even so early; because when the Lords of the Isles possessed a regal state, there could not have been any Clans. It would be no compliment to John, Donald, or Alexander, to consider them merely Chiefs of a Clan. When the distinctions arose, it is not now possible exactly to say; because that very period is precisely the one where the obscurity of Highland History commences. Yet something like a maximum date can be fixed by the battle of Hara Law. In this affair, as is said, the progenitor of the Macleans, "Red Hector of the battles," was first distinguished, and hence arose the consequence of a family, afterwards to ramify into a Clan; a secondary of the Mac Donald, and apparently, the first offset to claim independence, and to lead to many more similar dismemberments and distinct Clanships. In the same action, Alexander Stewart, grandson of Robert the second and Earl of Mar, collected the Lords between Tay and Spey; including, among others, Erskine, Ogilvie, Leslie, Fraser, Gordon, Forbes, Leith, together with the Lowland names of Maule, Fotheringham, Arbuthnot, Burnet, and others; yet the term Clans is not here used; the Lowland and Highland proprietors and Barons being equally called Lords. This date is 1411; and it was assuredly long after this, that the progressive debility and dismemberment of the powers of the Lords of the Isles, suffered the Clans of the west to establish themselves, and to produce that system of general warfare and confusion, of which we have all read. Though we cannot with equal precision trace the origins of the Clans of the mainland, there is no reason to suppose that they were earlier; while it is not difficult to conjecture how and when they spread, so as to produce the same system, during the various feeble periods of the Scottish Monarchy.

Such appears to be the real history of the origin of

the Highland Clans. The term itself has been so intermixed with romance, and has been so much a matter of pride, that it is not surprising if it dazzles the imagination and the judgment also. But "le vrai est le seul beau;" and in this case, it really is the most beautiful of the two. The great mass of the Clans is the produce of consanguinity and rebellion, and of the intrusion of invaders and Lowland Settlers; often also, of very recent change and separation. The greater families can derive no honour from thus confounding themselves with the "Dî minorum gentium," under the vague term of Clans. Macdonald is not a Chief, but a Chief of Chiefs; and where others mount an Eagle's feather, he may, if he pleases, stick the whole bird in his bonnet.

I need scarcely now add, that the claims to an unknown Celtic antiquity and independence, are utterly groundless. Where the Chiefs can be traced at all, it is to a Scandinavian source; and this is the case, even where the pedigrees are deduced from Ireland. Those Magnates are Norwegians, not Celts: nor is there any reason for renouncing a descent which is as honourable as it is demonstrable, for the sake of claiming what is visionary, and what, if it were otherwise, could confer little merit. It is nearly the same for the continental families which claim from Kenneth or his nobles; because the Dalriads to whom they belong, were of a Gothic race. Should there be a Celtic exception, it is utterly impossible to discover it. Of the Central, Northern, and Eastern Highland families, the Scandinavian or Teutonic descent is equally clear; and where they have not this, they have nothing. The general antiquity of the Highland names stands on the same grounds as that of the Lowland ones, and many of them are Lowland. Yet even the blood of the Douglases, Bruces, Mortons, Leslies, Lisles, Kers, Crichtons, Scots, Hays, Boyds, and hundreds more, listens with patience to all these imaginary Celtic claims to superior antiquity, as if their own was not bot-

tomed on better grounds, and their descents more clear. Even the modern Highland Clans seem to have sometimes forgotten, in the plenary inspiration of the Highland Œstrus, that their antiquity is to be sought in the Lowlands, not in the Highlands, and that when they abandon their Saxon claims, they are new indeed. All this is matter of History, and all the Bards and Seanachies that ever fabled, cannot change its current. But those who find superior pleasure in fiction and romance, may indulge themselves; for thus it is, that the visions of Clanship have been fostered, till "every Campbell claims Argyll;" and as old Jack says, "they never prick their finger but they cry," there is some of the Chief's "blood spilt."

What the meaning of independence is, when applied to a community like this, it would be hard to conjecture. Even omitting what I formerly remarked on the Celtic people, the independence of a Murray, a Cumin, or a Gordon, will scarcely stand for that of the people whom they conquered, or on whom they were imposed, receiving them "quasi glebæ adscriptos." But thus is even History written. The people, the "Achivi," are forgotten, as if they were nothing. The Glorious independence of Prussia is a vast consolation to the conscript who would but have carried his two panniers at any rate. If this be consolatory, they may consider their conquerors in succession as themselves, and there will be no further difficulty in proving themselves unconquered. If it is amusing to find this people despising their Lowland neighbours, when superior to them in arts, arms, policy, and every thing, it is not less so, to find that they were then the serfs of Sutherlands, Murrays, Cumins, and other Saxons, (to use their own term,) and of the very Lowlanders themselves; of Stewarts, Gordons, Frasers, Barons receiving grants of a conquered people, or, like Cumin, conquering for themselves, with little regard for the Crown under which they held. For those Magnates

themselves to despise the Lowlanders, is to despise their own birth and pedigree, their progenitors, descendants, and cousins.

To be indignant at this, would be indignation much misplaced. He who was a powerful Lowlander before the twelfth or thirteenth centuries, must have little respect for his own antiquity, if he chooses to commence his career of pride and honour in the fourteenth. It is as if the fiery Fitzes of William were to disclaim that Normandy whence they brought their names and their swords, that they might remember themselves only as Barons of Hampshire or Shropshire. It is as if Percy were to forget that he springs from Charlemagne, or Atholl from Lascaris, because the one sternly strode the border, and the other led bare-legged clans to battle from his barren mountains. But, be the indignation laudable or absurd, History will remain History; and all the Clans of all the Highlands can never cause it to swerve one inch from its fixed foundation. I need not repeat that the language proves nothing. He who received a grant of Gaels was condemned to assume their tongue. The names prove nothing; because they were the distinctions of nations, not of families. A Macdonald was a Donaldian: and had this been the fashion elsewhere, there might have been as many Cumins or Gordons.

To return to the Clans. As few ancient documents exist, most of the Pedigrees depend on the traditions of Seanachies, and are necessarily conjectural or fabulous beyond a very short period. It could not be otherwise. But when it is considered what a chasm the wars of the Roses made in English pedigrees, when Scotland has no written documents before Malcolm Canmore, and when its charters, even as late as James V and Mary, are so incorrect that the persons cannot sometimes be ascertained, our Highland friends may cease to wonder at their own deficiencies, or to be indignant at those who do not choose to believe. It is natural to ask how pedigrees were continuously preserved when surnames were un-

known. In the Highlands, these are recent; while the common ones also, are Clan names, or the designations of kingdoms, not of families. The early affixes were personal qualities, as we have Donald, roy, dhu, bane, or derived from other circumstances, as balloch, coich, &c.; or lastly, as in Norway, from descent; whence the various patronymics, the vhics and the oes of Scotland and Ireland, resembling the aps, sens, sons, fitzes, wiczes, and viches, of other countries, and the iuses (υιος) of the Romans. Thus, while Donald Roy might be the son of Dugald dhu and the grandson of Ian more, simple Donald Macdonald was the Hans Hanson of Iceland, and Donald Macdugald vhic Ian, the John Billy Robert, still in use, of the Isle of Mann. And if the principal name was Macdonald, his son Arthur might found a secondary clan of MacArthurs, This name was called "bun sloine:" and thus there might also be MacArthurs of more Clans than one, as is the case with many of these names. Surnames were unknown in Scotland before Malcolm Canmore. They were taken from lands about the beginning of the twelfth Century, but were not common, as is thought, till the reigns of Alexander III and Robert I. In England, they began with the Conquest, but were not used by the common people till the time of Edward the second. They were not adopted in Sweden till 1514, and have not yet found their way among the people.

The Clans have been mustered in different ways; some persons making twenty or less, and others forty, fifty, or more. I shall be satisfied here with referring to the President Forbes's list, often printed; though it is not the authority which it has been reputed on this subject of Clanship. He is brooding over rebellion, and enumerating the powers which may be brought into action. To confound Atholl with Maclean, or Sutherland with Mackintosh, is to produce the very confusion which I have already pointed out. Had the Armstrongs or the Duke of Hamilton been suspected families, they would have found the same place. But as I do not pre-

tend to write the history of Highland families, I must limit this enquiry to the origin of some principal ones, as it regards their relative antiquity and their national descent. As to the inferior and ulterior ramifications, I can only transcribe Achmar, balancing him with other authorities, and thus shifting the weight off my own shoulders on those which are past feeling it.

To begin with Macdonald, who includes many acknowledged derivative clans of the same and of other names, he is Norwegian both by male and female descent. Of his progenitors, Olave and Somerlid, we are certain. The Irish claims of his pedigree are from a certain King, Constantine Centimachus, whom Scottish History does not now choose to recognize. The consequent designation of Clan Colla, derived through Somerlid, as it is said, must therefore take its rank where it best can. The greater branches of the same name speak for themselves. Of the secondaries, Maclean, or Mac Gillayne, (Mac Gil Ian,) is esteemed the foremost in rank, though sometimes claiming a separate Irish descent from Fitzgerald. If there be any doubt, I know of no resource but Wager of battle. For this as for the rest, and for the order of the several dignities, Buchanan must be responsible; and as the whole list is far too long to write or read, I, and you, must be content with the sonorous enumeration of Mac Ian, Mac Alister, Mac Nab, Mac Intyre, Mac Aphie, Mac Eachern, Mac Kinnon, Mac Walrick, Mac Kenrick, Mac Gilmorie, Mac Ilrevie, and Robertson; "fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum." Yet the Macleans enumerate under themselves, Mac Guire, Mac Ewen, Mac Lay, and Mac Quarrie; such are the trine and triple vegetations and subdivisions of all these important plants. I must also add, that this Herald has given vast offence; as there are many of these prideful personages, who claim separate and unintelligible descents, as if they had actually sprung, rivalling the Athenians, ready bonneted, plumed, and kilted, from the earth. Let their ghosts settle this

matter with his, in that place where pedigrees are proverbially respected.

Of Macdougal, there is less to say, though of the same original pedigree. His fortunes were soon clouded; as has happened to many others who had not the good fortune to possess the gift of Second Sight in politics. The derivation of Macleod from Loda is fantastic. Liod was Iarl of Orkney in the early days; and of his Norwegian descent, there can be no question. Liodhus, or Lewis, the name of the original possession, wrested from this family in James the sixth's time, bespeaks his ancient wealth. The name itself is the Saxon Leod, or Lud, signifying people, and producing Llwyd, Ludovic, Ludwig, and Lewis: and the same is true of many other Highland names often reputed Gaelic by ignorant persons; such as the Ivars, Abrachs, Ronalds, Pauls or Phails, Gilberts, and Nicolsons. It is probable that the family of Macleod had possessed Lewis from the time it was surrendered by Reginald; having governed it as Viceroys under Olave; as it was also one of the first conquests made by Harold Hardraade in the Western islands, after his visit to Orkney. The Mac Rimmons, Mac Ginnises, and Mac Lures by ramification, and the Mac Crails by marriage, are said to belong to this ancient name. The third of the Insular names, Mac Niel claims an Irish descent; but even then, he is like the Tuathals or Tooles, the Mac Lochlins, and others, a Norwegian and a Niall. Whether he was the eighteenth of his name, as Toland says, or the thirty-sixth, according to Achmar, is indifferent; though we should be glad to know how any Niall or any Norwegian or Irishman among them, was to prove a descent of a thousand years. But neither Genealogists nor Druids miss a night's rest for lack of evidence.

The origin of Cameron is admitted to be really obscure. Some deduce the name from Cambro, in the time of Alexander the second, and others from Camerarius, or

Chambers. If John Lord of the Isles possessed Lochaber in the time of Baliol, he cannot be very ancient, there at least: yet he appears in James the first's time, joining him with the Clan Chattan, against Alexander of the same race. Mac Phail, Mac Clerich, Mac Martin, Mac Gilveil, and some more hard names are said to have sprung from him; but on this head also I must refer to the printed authorities, since the superiority is disputed. I cannot help thinking that the Mac Ras are very ancient and very Celtic; but no one will assist me in proving it. As to the Mac Gillivrays, if they will not defend themselves in print, how can I record their ancient worth. If the mighty Clan of Campbell now musters more of the same name beneath it than any other, he is a very questionable Highlander, as far as his remote origin is concerned. It appears to be a Norman family, which became Highland by marrying the heiress of O'Duibhne, an Irish Chief of Argyllshire in the twelfth Century. Hence arose Lochow. The name Cambel, appears in Rymer, Dugdale, and Prynne. There were Cambels in Ayrshire, as well as in the Isles and in Perthshire. Campbell, like Stewart, appears to have had his first rise, as a Highland Chief, on the ruins of Alexander of Lorn. The name is derived, as it is said, from Beauchamp in Normandy. Although thus ancient, the enormous extent and power of this family in the Highlands, is of a very modern date; and whatever Campbell of Calder might have been in pedigree, he was, in the West, a Lowlander and an intruder. As to the descent from Mervyn (the son of the very established King Arthur), and a daughter of Childebert, that must be left to those whom it interests. The Highlanders say that the name is derived from Crooked mouth, as they derive Cameron from Camstron, and as they find similar reasons for Grant and many more. But whether Lochow's mouth was straight or crooked, he could not have been a small man when he was a Knight and a Crusader, at a time when few Highland Chiefs possibly knew where Jerusalem stood, or if they had ever

heard of it at all, thought, probably, that the world was shaped like a Pancake, and that the City of David stood in the middle of it.

Mac Kay ought to be of a Norwegian stem, though said to be ramified from an important Lowland family. Mac Intosh is a very disputed and troublesome personage. Clan Chattan is supposed to imply a descent from the Catti, who are equally supposed to have given their name to the Catini of Catteness or Caithness. The rebus of the Cat, or the "armes parlantes," adopted equally by this family and Sutherland, goes for nothing more than the heraldry which it is worth. It is however supposed that this was a family, driven or moved from Caithness by Danish invasions. The Highland Genealogists choose to derive him from Macduff Thane of Fife; and thus he is Mac an Toisich, Son of the Thane. But Tosche or Toiseach is not Thane: it was the name of a General or military leader among the Irish. Thane, the Saxon Thein, was never a title in the Highlands, as I have noticed on other occasions. In Scotland, Skene says it was equivalent to an Earl's son. I doubt if he is correct. Camden says it was a Charge. The Saxon Thanes were Servientes Regis. The ordinary Thanes, or the "minores," were Feudal Lords. These became Barons in the progress of things. The meaning indeed seems to have been very lax. Sometimes it signified Noble; sometimes Magistrate, or even a free vassal. There is another descent from Mac Donald, through Angus Macintosh in 1291; but the tale which is told by a Macintosh in confirmation, is not fit to be repeated. The respective Heads must settle it among themselves; but Shaw, Mac Murrich, or Murdochson, Farqhuarson, and Mac Pherson, are named as minor branches of this tree. The latter is of a different opinion; which is very proper. Achmar says that the Farquharsons belong to the Clan Fhionla, whence come Finlays, and Mac Kinlays, and Finlaysons. And these are descended from Farquhard Shaw; which is Saxon, not Highland. A plain man would conclude that

the opulence of the name of Farquharson was a proof, at least of ancient importance; be the descent what it may. Every man cannot arrive to our days, from Shem, Ham, Japhet, or Peleg, in an independent stream of his own. I will not say a word about Sutherland and Murray, for they have books of their own. Not to know them, would argue ourselves unknown. And has not Monsieur Grant de Vaux given us an octave of Grants. He says that they are a ramification of Mac Gregor. Others are of opinion that they are Normans, and were settled in Moray by a marriage with the family of Cumin. Some one chooses to suppose that they are Groats; in which case they must have been Knights of the Round Table at Dungsby Head. Who is to determine? And who that has had no other vegetable to dine on in all his Highland peregrinations but the great Stewart tree, can ever forget its root, trunk, branches, leaves, and fruit. He who desires to know Forbes, may consult Sir Thomas Urquhart. If Hay was christened at a battle which was never fought at Luncarty, it would be good to show that he was not the son of Jack Hickathrift, who performed the same feats before him.

Those who are inclined to make Cumin ancient enough, should derive him from St. Cumin, who wrote the life of Columba in 657. Unluckily, his name was Cumnan, and the Cumins seem to have arrived from Northumberland in the reign of David the first. Their Norman origin cannot admit of much dispute, more than that of the St. Claires, who unquestionably came in the train of William. How he sank, and how the Gordons rose, is too recent to be a matter of difficulty. That powerful family seems to have been English, and to have taken its place in the Lowlands of Scotland soon after the beginning of the twelfth Century.

It is here useful to remark, that we have no subsidiary ramifications from the names of this class, as in the western and purely Highland ones; a proof of the confusion produced from the abuse of this term. The nameless Du-

galds and Donalds assumed the names of their Chiefs in those days and regions, till the distinction of the sept subsided into, and produced the names of the vassal families. But I should remark, that among the names of Gothic parentage, where the real descents have not been preserved or indicated by history, it is difficult to distinguish between the Anglo-Saxon ones of the South of Scotland, the Norman imported names, those of French casual families during the intimacy of the two kingdoms, and those of the Flemings who settled in Scotland at the period formerly mentioned. The Normans, in assuming French names, have added to this perplexity; which is not a little increased by finding that such a name as Mouat, bearing the arms of the Montaltos of Italy, is a Flintshire family of Montealts. Bruces, from Yorkshire, Anglo Norman Hamiltons from Buckinghamshire, Delisles, Bethunes, Baillies, Montgomeries, Baliols, Livingstones, Leslies, and numerous others, are equally troublesome acquaintances, though few of them concern the object at present in hand. The Frazers, as I have already hinted, are, with the Chisholms, of similar Low Country origin, and apparently of French extraction; being powerful in East Lothian in the time of David the first, though now, from well-known circumstances, conspicuous among Highland Clans. So are the Grahams, or Græmes; who were Borderers, and who, apparently, settled in Scotland in the same reign. Of the Mackenzies, the popular opinion is that this is a Fitzgerald from Ireland, who received a Grant of Kintail for his services at the battle of Largs. If there be really a charter of Alexander the third to that effect, there is no room for doubt. Yet the only names noticed in the Norwegian and only account of this action, are the Stewart, and Peter de Curry. Alexander himself seems to have taken no share in it. It is not believed that he was present; and if there was any one to deserve Kintail, or aught else, for his exertions, it was the Stewart himself. However that may be, a Fitzgerald from Leinster must still have been a Norwegian; because

this province was, not only especially occupied by that people, but was the last which they retained, as a separate nation, in Ireland. The prefix Fitz was, in this case, copied from the Normans; as it was by other Irish families, possibly because it was esteemed more genteel than Mac or O.

The claims of the Highlands on the Claus, or rather Names, of Drummond, Monro, Ogilvie, Oliphant, Menzies, and many more, may be measured by the same general rules. I cannot enter into all these points, since they would occupy a volume, and a dull one too. The German Elephant is a peculiarly unfortunate choice, to be made by a Celt. They are all names at least of which a Highlander ought not to boast. If the Mac Farlanes have not been well settled, it has not been for want of fondness and care in their genealogist. As Earls of Lennox in 1200, they are not strictly within the Highland pale, spite of the Celtic Mac; but they claim the rights of parentage, according to Achmar, over Mac Allan, Mac Nair, Mac Errochar, Mac William, and Mac Andrew, besides such unheard-of and unspeakable compounds as Mac Niter, Mac Jock, Mac Instalker, Mac Nuyer, Mac Robb, and Mac Grusich; to say nothing of whole races of the more intelligible Smiths, and Millers, and others, which are found all over the world. Mac Lauchlan pretends to be a distinct Irish family, as does Mac Naughton; though some derive the latter from Mac Donald; and Mac Corquodale, claiming a direct descent from nothing less than King Alpin, and independently of Mac Gregor, stands like a sort of St. Marino; a microscopic clan among overwhelming multitudes. But he has a parallel, if he be a true man, in the name of Wapshott, in England; of which family a blacksmith now at Chertsey is admitted to hold the land which his ancestors held at the same date, in the time of Alfred. Of Mac Gregor himself, the note is great; and no one need be told that he is descended from King Kenneth or King Alpin; but how he should have sprung from Grig, better known by his

sonorous and absurd name of Gregory the Great, who was never married, and had no issue of any kind, it would be somewhat hard to understand. Among a long list of subsidiaries, they claim Mac Aulay; but Buchanan affirms that this is an independent Lenox family.

But time is flying, and I have not yet arrived at the Mac Paddos and the Mac Eggos and the Mac Guffogs and the Mac Lehoses, and the Mac Lewhames, and the Mac Taws, and the Mac Ivors, and the Mac Oleas, and the Mac Aheirs, and the Mac Lonvies, and the Mac Gilveils, and the Mac Eols, and the Mac Neits, and the Mac Manuses, and the Mac Achounichs, and the Mac Kessans, and the Mac Sawels, and the Mac Kiltochs; and when I shall, no one knows. Doubtless they have all been great men in their several days; but "shall these compare with Cæsar and with Canibals, and Trojan Greeks."

I will therefore "imitate the honourable Roman in brevity," for if you are not tired, I am. The Celtic antiquaries who have given us these catalogues, are certainly not particularly qualified for the places of Norroy, Richmond, Garter, Clarenceux, or Lyon; though theirs is but a foolish trade itself, according to old Lord Pembroke. But it is an innocent amusement enough; if these aspirants after a descent from Gomer would only keep their minds at ease, even though the wicked world should not choose to believe what cannot be. They are all ancient enough; heaven knows; since we are at least sure that they are all Mac Adams.

LUNGA. SCARBA. CORYVRECHAN. JURA. ISLA. COLONSA. ORANSA. GIGHA.

Coryvrechan is a tremendous whirlpool which swallows up all ships that approach within a mile of it, and I have just returned from sailing through Coryvrechan. It seems a singular fatality, that with the best dispositions in the world for peace, a quiet personage like myself, can scarcely move a step in this country, without knocking his head against some unlucky subject of controversy. If it be not a Druid, it is a Highlander, or his clan, or his pedigree, or his Chief, or his virtues, or his kilt. One day it is Fingal, and the next it is a ragged Mac Raw, or a knavish boatman. Yesterday it was King Constantine Centimachus and his tombstone, and tomorrow, possibly, it may be Mrs. Mac Phail and her dirty public-house. Berigonium meets you in one quarter, Dunstaffnage in another, Inverlochy in a third, and the Parallel roads in a fourth. You fly from this last subject of contention, and it is only to plunge into the abyss of the Caledonian Canal. In Iona, you are assailed by regimented ghosts of never-born or never-buried kings, and in Lewis, by hosts of pigmies. If you escape the tomb of Ossian in Glen Almond, it is only to encounter it in half a dozen other places. Every cave is the very one in which the piper disappeared; and when you have extricated yourself from the dog kennels of Oscar and Rhyno, it is but to get entangled in the mazes of a Highland kingdom before Julius Cæsar, and of a Highland University before letters. In abetting emigration, you make one enemy, and, in opposing it, another. The advocate for large farms and new tenants meets you in

wrath, on one side, and the champion for small farms and old tenants, on the other. One party is enraged because you wish for too many people, and another because you are desirous of too few. Kelp, fish, towns, mountains, manufactures, mermaids, boats, guides, ostlers, inns, vitrified forts, in every thing great and small, physical, historical, political, or metaphysical, past, present, and to come, in what exists, may exist, or never did nor can exist, there is an obstruction to be surmounted, in some shape, or form, or mode, or modification or other. There is no remedy but to arm yourself cap-a-pee, and to fight your way, like Sir Guy or St. George, through these hosts of obstacles, or to shut your eyes and receive passively, all that fate may choose to send you.

You will naturally ask me why I have knocked my head against so many obstacles. They have knocked their heads against mine. I did not seek them; they encountered me, like Apollyon; and if I had not fought them, I must have turned back and remained at home at peace. If others have escaped, it is because they have travelled the broad, and beaten, and easy path of books and belief; but are we always to go on in the easy way, to repose on the "doux and mol chevet" of ignorance, because we will not encounter a few angry Apollyons. The fault is in the multitude: Thucydides made the very same complaint before I was born. "Let no one trust the poets, nor the prose writers who study embellishment rather than facts." For thus, saith he, is the multitude deceived: "finding truth by taking what is nearest." I ought, in prudence, to have given this in Greek; since Pythagoras advises us "not to poke the fire with our sword." For certain it is that,

——"Clament periisse pudorem,—ea cum reprehendere coner,
Vel quia nil rectum, nisi quod placuit sibi, dicunt,
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
Imberbes didicere, senes perdenda fateri."

Among the "têtes chaudes," this incredulity is sometimes dignified by the soft term, abuse. "No abuse, Ned, in the world, honest Ned, none." "I have done the part of a careful friend," in protecting him from himself. The Lord Chancellor Bacon assures us that "knowledge is more beautiful than any apparel which can be put on it;" and that "Facility to believe, impatience to doubt, temerity to answer, sloth to search, seeking things in words, these are the things" which make prejudice pass for patriotism, fable for truth, "et quod semel receptum est" for knowledge. I shall soon explain that this formidable Charybdis has its moments of peace. But whirlpools, like caves and cascades, have an ancient and prescriptive right to exaggeration and fable. If Charybdis and Coryvrechan have not escaped, neither has the Mahlström; since Kircher says that there is a hole in it which reaches to the centre of the earth and communicates with the Gulph of Bothnia. Just so did the learned formerly dispute whether Teneriffe was seventy-nine, or fifty-two, or only nine miles high.

Unless it be the passage of the Dorish more, the Kyle rich, and the Kyle haken, there is hardly any thing throughout all the Western islands more amusing, exciting, and anxious, than the passage of the Sound of Scarba. Landsmen generally think themselves safe when they are near their own proper element; but here, even the rawest is tempted to doubt of his security, when he sees himself surrounded on all sides by rocks and islands, buffeting a sea that invades him before, behind, and all round, and whisked and whirled about in twenty ways, by whirlpools and currents that are running in all manner of directions at the same moment. With a head sea, a beating wind, and a favouring tide, it is perfection; it is not less so when the wind and sea are favourable, and the current at odds with both; particularly if the man at the helm never held a tiller except on the Crinan Canal. A hill on one of these islands has been wrought by the quarrymen into the shape of a house. Being the

principal object, it serves for a scale to the whole; and thus the sloops look like cockle-shells, and the men like mites; while the whole island, which is not less than a mile over, appears to be about the size of a kale-yard. Thus the majority always carries its point, however in the wrong; just as the bell-rope in our cabin, which was the only perpendicular line in the ship, seemed the only one that was never right, because it was always in a minority.

But the sea is not for ever raging in the Sound of Scarba. I crossed it in a toy of a yaul, with a single boatman, at six in a July morning, when the sky was without a cloud, and the air without a breeze. The water would have been smooth if it could: it was indeed glassy; but it was a torrent of melting and boiling glass; streaming and whirling, in all sorts of evolutes and involutes of curves, and running forward all the while, like a mill-stream, whirlpools, curves, and all. The poor little wherry went up, and down, and side-ways, and forwards, and backwards, and round-about, and I thought it fortunate that I did not go to the bottom. Yet after thus quadrilling it for twenty miles, to get over a space of two, we landed in Lunga, no one well knew how. This is a rocky and rude island, about a thousand feet high, and the views from it are fine. But every thing here is beautiful, and all stations afford fine views.

Scarba, which is about three miles long, is a single conical mountain, of an elegant form, rising suddenly out of the sea all round, to the height of fifteen hundred feet or more; conspicuous from afar, and from all quarters, no less from its altitude than from its figure. The surface is rocky and rude, and towards the west in particular, it is cut down perpendicularly, by rugged precipices of many hundred feet in height. The east side forms one of the most striking and romantic objects on this coast. The sea-line, receding in a beautifully regular curve, produces a bay from which the land rises with a rapid and uniform acclivity, diversified with projecting rocks, and

covered with a light scattered forest of birch and alder, which, in the landscape, has all the effect of the finest wood. When at anchor, the vessel lies in a wooded amphitheatre; the trees towering far aloft and descending to the water's edge; while closing in on each hand, the projecting points of the bay, and the opposite island of Luing, seem to form the boundaries of an inland lake.

It is between Scarba and Jura that the Strait of the Coryvrechan lies; and, by watching the tide, I succeeded in navigating it in the long-boat. We had, during many seasons, watched for an opportunity of sailing through it in the vessel, during the period of its turbulence; but unsuccessfully. On the Jura side, the coast is rocky and often precipitous, but without any very striking features. The Scarba shore however, is both rude and magnificent; while the interest is increased by the perilous situation from which it must be viewed. It is impossible to be engaged in this wild place without considerable anxiety. With every precaution, danger is always impending: since any miscalculation of the tides, or the unexpected occurrence of sudden bad weather, might render it impossible for a boat to extricate itself, even if, by running into some creek, it should escape being immediately lost. Every observation is made as if from the brink of a precipice. Like the philosophers of Laputa, one eye was directed to the clouds, and another to the watch. If one class of danger was only possible, the other was certain. The error of a few minutes might have been the price of as many lives; and you may well imagine that I did not linger them away on rocks far more dangerous than those of the Sirens.

The hazards of the Coryvrechan, are of the same nature as those of the other narrow channels of the Western Islands, as well as of the Pentland Firth; and if greater, they may still be avoided, with similar precautions. But as this passage is seldom used by boats, and never by vessels, it has received, in addition to the exaggeration, the further ill character which attends all untried dangers.

Had it been as necessary a channel as the Kyle Rich of Hoy Mouth, we should have heard far less of its horrors. Like those of the Mahlström, they shrink before the boldness of a fair examination. The leading cause of the turbulence of the sea here, is the narrowness of this passage, with the constraint thus produced in the tide-wave. To this must be added a pyramidal rock, rising with a rapid acclivity from the bottom, which is about a hundred fathoms deep, to within fifteen of the surface. The Mahlström is indebted for its whirlpools, to a rock precisely similar, at twenty fathoms. The course of the tide-stream is thus diverted, so as to assume numerous intricate directions, as in the Pentland Firth; while a counter-current or eddy being also produced, chiefly on the Scarba side, the return of this into the main stream, produces those gyrations, resembling the wells of Swona and Stroma, which romance has magnified into a whirlpool capable of swallowing ships. One of these appears more conspicuous than the others; but, in smooth water, the whole stream is full of those whirling eddies so common in all similar tide-straits.

When there are wind and sea both, and more particularly when the former is opposed to the swell, or to the tide, or to both, the danger then becomes real, as the water then breaks high and short in every direction, and with frightful violence. It is this short, breaking sea which might swallow up a vessel, unless every thing were well secured on deck; not the whirlpools, which only impede the steerage. One vessel only, a foreigner, is remembered to have passed inadvertently through it at an improper time. From the alarm of the crew, she lost steerage, and became unmanageable; but was thrown out into the eddy, and carried away, unharmed, along the Jura shore. I have seen both Hoy Mouth and Coryvrechan in gales of wind of equal violence: and, if I mistake not, the former was fully as terrific an object as the latter. The flood-tide runs through this gulph from the eastward; and though the rapidity cannot be twelve

miles in an hour, as it has been computed, it must be very considerable. The violence of the sea is also greatest with the flood, because of the general opposition of the western swell. In neap-tides, there is an hour or more of repose at the change; and, in springs, about half as much. At those times, and in moderate weather, even small boats may pass through without difficulty. We left it with no less success than we had entered; but were just late enough to find that we had but a few minutes to spare.

Intimate as I am with Jura, I have little to say of it, and much less to say in its favour. The distant view of its mountains, remarkable, no less for their conical forms than their solitary reign, leads to expectations that are not realized. This island is a continuous mountain ridge, elevated to the southward into five distinct points, of which the three principal are called the Paps; and the flat land which it contains, is of an extent so trifling, as scarcely to merit notice. Of course it displays little agriculture, and contains but a scanty population; being one continued tract of brown and rocky mountain pasture. The western shore contains many of those caves and arches which are so common throughout these islands; but I saw none worthy of being distinguished. The great inlet of Loch Tarbet possesses no beauty; nor are there any antiquities to redeem the total want of natural interest. The same is true of Lowlandman's Bay, and of the harbour of the Small Isles, on the eastern coast, whence Ben Shianta rises.

Ben an Oir and Ben na Caillich, are accessible from the Strait of Isla; and their medium height is about 2500 feet. They afford an extensive view, not only of Isla and Jura, but of the smaller isles eastward and westward, and of the coast of Cantyre; the distant horizon terminating, yet very faintly, with Mull. If not very rich and splendid in objects, it is still striking from the wide expanse which it commands, and from the extensive horizon of sea brought under the eye. But the chief

interest is found in the display of the skeleton and structure of Jura, which seems anatomized to its very foundations; and in the beauty and correctness of the geometrical perspective: the lines of the strata departing from beneath, and stretching far to the north, till they meet and vanish in a point of the distant horizon.

The strait which separates Jura from Isla is narrow, and remarkable for the accurate correspondence of the opposite shores; as if the two islands had been disjoined by violence. The tides run through it with the rapidity of a river. Freuch eilan, a small islet, still shows the ruins of a castle called Claig, said to have been a prison belonging to the Macdonalds. He who is on the hunt after castles, may often imagine that he has found one, in the trap veins which here, as in Mull, often rise above the surface, in forms resembling ruined walls.

There is something picturesque about the ferry house at Portaskeg. The shore was covered with cattle; and while some were collected in groups under the trees and rocks, crowding to avoid the hot rays of a July evening, others were wading in the sea to shun the flies, some embarking, and another set swimming on shore from the ferry-boats; while the noise of the drovers and the boatmen, and all the bustle and vociferation which whisky did not tend to diminish, were re-echoed from hill to hill, contrasting strangely with the silence and solitude of the surrounding mountains. The disembarkation formed a most extraordinary spectacle. I had seated myself with my back to the horned company, meditating thoughts oblivious of bulls and boats alike, when I was startled by a plunge under my nose, on which upbose from the bottom of the deep a cow, and with such a bound as almost to clear the entire surface. For an instant I forgot myself, and thought it was the very Water Bull of which I had heard. The very long minute that intervened between the plunge of each and its reappearance above the water, as they were all thrown over in succession, was almost awful; and their extreme buoyancy was indicated

by the elastic and forcible spring with which they rose above the surface, to fall back again into the sea.

Though Isla is considerably different from Jura in character, it is not very interesting to a traveller, unless as he may take pleasure in witnessing the rise and progress of agricultural improvement and wealth. It retains so few marks of Highland manners, as scarcely to excite any feelings different from the Low country. Opulent tenants, Lowland agriculture, good houses, roads, make us forget that we are in the ancient Kingdom of the Norwegian Lords of the Isles. Its extent is considerable, and the general character is mountainous; though it contains much flat and cultivated land. The higher tract lies chiefly to the northward, and resembles Jura. Of wood there is little, if we except some recent plantations and single trees, too limited to produce much effect in the landscape. Loch in Daal forms a spacious but a shallow bay, much frequented by shipping; and the village, or town of Bowmore at its extremity, is of a respectable size and appearance. On the western shore, there is a very large and open cave called Uaimh more, which, in the days of poverty, was inhabited by different families. The cave of Sanig, further to the south, is narrow, dark, wet, and uninteresting. Loch Gruinard is a deep indentation; but shallow and marshy; giving ample evidence of having been once united to Loch in Daal, so as to have divided the island into two parts. The sea banks which it has long left dry, and the still progressive shoaling of both these inlets, are proofs that cannot be mistaken. The east coast is without interest. But if I thus hurry through Islq, it is chiefly because I can point out nothing which has not often come before us, in other and better forms, already. Had it been the first island reviewed, it would have afforded ground for much that has now been anticipated.

If this island had retained all its antiquities, it might have presented many objects of interest; since it was once the principal seat of the Lords of the Isles. The

chapels which remain are roofless, and ruinous; but in the enclosure of that at Kildalton, there are two crosses covered with sculpture: yet of clumsy proportions, and without any merit. It appears to have once abounded in religious structures; and, if we might judge by the names Balinabby, Ardneave, and the island of Neave, (Heaven,) it must have possessed some ecclesiastical establishments. Cairns, barrows, wells of concealment, and monumental stones, are objects too common every where to demand now any particular notice. The remains of an artificial hillock, resembling the celebrated Tynewald hill of the Isle of Mann, have been mentioned elsewhere, as a memorial of the ancient Norwegian government. Of the usual Round works, Dun Borrereg is remarkable for containing a gallery within the walls, like the Glen Elg towers; as is another in the same neighbourhood for having a banquette within. In Loch Guirm there is an island on which once stood a square fort or castle, with a round tower at each angle; while other ruins point to a former pier and some subsidiary buildings. This was one of the castles of the Lords of the Isles; and, in Loch Finlagan, there is another ruin of the same nature, with the traces also of a pier and a Chapel. Here, as Martin informs us, was a large stone, seven feet square, to receive the feet of Macdonald when he was crowned; the elected Chief standing on it while the sword and the white rod of power were placed in his hands.

If all antiquities were like the following, antiquity-hunting might become a better trade than it has ever yet been. A farmer, in digging, some years since, found eighteen golden rings or bracelets, and, supposing they were brass, converted them into handles for a chest of drawers. Such ornaments were worn by the Gauls: and among the northern nations, before the use of coinage, rings were used instead of money. Hringa or Ringa, and Baug, signified bracelets as well as finger rings. They were worn by the Nobles or officers round their wrists,

and were given to the people as rewards for particular services; while they were also used at the ceremonies of investiture. That they were the current money, appears certain; since Haco is described by the poet Sturla, as levying contributions from the enemy, in Rings; and the Baug Gerdar, the ring exacter, appears to have been the Executioner of the Norwegian Exchequer. Such is probably the history of this Chest of Drawers. They had been idly imagined to be Roman; and, of course the very "gold of the Stranger" which Macpherson and Fingal stole from Caracalla. In the days of Norway, and since, Lead mines were wrought in Isla: but they have been for some time abandoned. It possessed also the reputation, (and I suppose a fraudful one), of producing Quicksilver, Cobalt, and other valuable metals. Miners and projectors have the art of discovering, at least, the pockets in which metallic minerals abound; and have never been backward, more than their fraternity the alchymists, in expedients for extracting them from those repositories.

It was now full summer, even here. The tide did not choose to run the right way, the wind did not choose to blow, and the weather was so lovely that the sun seemed as if it did not choose to set. It is this lingering sun, creeping slowly beneath the edge of the horizon, with its attendant twilight never lost till it is renewed again, which makes us first wonder when it will be time to go to bed, and which at last returns to tell us not to go at all. "Cogit noctes vigilare serenas." And thus I sat on the deck, catching whitings, and looking at the yellow and red light as it gleamed along the bright and still sea, wondering when it would become grey, that I at least might have my own watch below. But it became yellower and redder, not a minute was there in which Mahomet might not have distinguished a black thread from a white, or a Pharisee have seen the blue and white in the fringe of his garment; morning came treading on the rear of evening, as if unwilling to part, and at length the

sun rose as he had set, glancing bright over the tops of the waves, before I had well recollected the astronomy of my school days. It was then either too late or too early for sleep, and we weighed anchor for Colonsa.

Colonsa and Oransa form one chain of about twelve miles in length; the former island being about ten miles long, and the two being separated by a strait less than a mile wide. The exterior aspect of Colonsa is hilly, rude, and unpromising; but after passing a hilly barrier on the west, we enter suddenly on a fertile and pleasing valley, containing a fresh-water lake. When Oransa was a monastery, it is probable that Colonsa was church land: and it still contains the traces of four chapels, together with some monumental stones.

Oransa possesses no other interest than that which arises from the ruins of its monastery; but as this has been described and figured by Pennant, I may pass it slightly. That Columba first landed in Oransa, but that, having foresworn even the sight of Ireland, he quitted it for Iona, is a tale well known. Oran too is reported to have built the monastery; but the present ruins belong to the period of the Romish church. This establishment was a Priory for Canons of St. Augustin, not Cistercians, as has been said; and cannot well date higher than the thirteenth century. The dimensions of the Church are about sixty feet by eighteen, and there are the remains of a Cloister which has formed a square of forty feet, built with sharp, but rude, arches, of no decided character. Among other ruinous buildings, there is a chapel, containing a tomb belonging to an Abbot Mac-Duffie, together with a handsome sculptured cross.

In these bright summer seas, and on these white sandy bottoms, the sensation of being in a small boat, is sometimes almost alarming, as it often is in the West Indian islands. It was most striking, early in the morning, when the sky was without a cloud, and when the reflections were so perfect, that not even the line of the horizon could be seen. There seemed to be no water. Around

all appeared to be sky alike, above and below; and beneath and far distant, was the bright sand, with every stone and weed visible on the bottom. The boat felt as if suspended, like a balloon, in mid air; and on looking over the side, the feeling was that of being on the edge of a precipice, from which a fall would not have drowned you, but have broken your neck. It was quite a relief to disturb the water around, so as to become convinced that there was some support at hand.

Such had been the evenings and the mornings, and such rose the next day. The small islands of Gigha and Cara stretched along the horizon, a bank of tender mist on a cool grey sky, with not a vapour above nor a ripple below to disturb the still serenity around. All seemed so tranquil, so dead, that even the light which marked the place of the rising sun, appeared an intrusion on the universal repose. It was as if the sun had never set, and would never rise; as if the elements had never moved, as if the world had but then been created in peace, in peace to remain for ever. Not a sea bird was yet awake, the sails hung dead over the sleeping vessel, and, as if afraid to hear his own voice in the universal silence, the man at the helm spoke in a whisper. But the gradual sun streamed slowly upwards, and at length surmounted the wave; the tide washed us gently on, with itself; and, still motionless on the quiet surface, imperceptibly we reached the anchorage.

Cara and Gigha are so slightly separated as to form almost one island, about seven miles long, rocky, and bare of trees, and therefore without beauty. Yet the diversity of the ground, and the proximity of the mainland, render Gigha pleasing; and wood, could that be induced to grow, might render it beautiful. It has a population of about 500 inhabitants, and the people show a well, which, on being duly exorcised, produces a favourable wind to the supplicant. A cross, the ruins of a chapel, and some tombs, offer no peculiar interest. The remains of a Law Ting, on Tynewald hill, are more important, as

being the only Thingevalla besides that of Isla, which remains in the Islands. It is a species of structure, however, so easily obscured by time, that unless marked by tradition, it may easily escape notice.

Before parting with these islands, I must notice the sculptured stones of the Highlands, which I have hitherto omitted. The Antiquaries have been so learned about Στηλαι and Cippi, and about Jacob and Laban, and about the stones which Joshua set up, and about Terminus, and Obelisks, and what not, that I shall claim the privilege of passing it all by. They were the substitutes also for Jupiter and Juno when nations could not carve; in the East, they were emblems of the Sun, and Siva, and Mithra; in the North they served similar ends to the Children of Odin; every where they have been Altars, Stones of Election, Monuments to Heroes, Memorials of Victories, and records of treaties, decrees, and grants of land; memorials, serving the purpose of parchment indented, and red tape. Suppose the treatise written. For those under review, we can readily assign, at least two of these uses. The monumental ones, called in Wales Meini Gwyr, or the Stones of Heroes, are known by the ashes and remains found beneath them; those used for Elections, were sufficiently discussed formerly when speaking of the Circles. The sculptured obelisks are the most obscure, and the most interesting: yet, however connected with the antiquities of the Highlands, they almost all lie beyond the proper boundaries of this region. These have been so far figured by Pennant and Cordiner, as to render detailed descriptions unnecessary. The object here is, to attempt to ascertain their much-disputed age and purposes, and the people with whom they originated.

The Stone of Eotres is the most noted of these. Cordiner has seen more than exists on it, forgetting the real duty of an antiquary; a duty well pointed out in Sir R. Porter's travels. Still, it represents battles, and possibly, a treaty of peace. It is clearly the history of two actions; not of one, as Cordiner says: because the troops engaged

differ in each, and there are two distinct Executions of Prisoners. It is supposed to mark the conquest of the Danes by the Scots, and a treaty between Malcolm and some fictitious Canute or Sueno. But the Cavalry is routed. The Sea Kings had no Cavalry, and therefore it is the Scots who are beaten. The monument, be the age what it may, is therefore a Danish one. History knows of no treaty between Malcolm and the Danes: there is no end to supposing. The Runic ornaments help to mark the nation of the Sculptors: the Cross limits the date to a period within the tenth Century. This is all that we shall ever know about the Pillar of Forres. It is indifferent whether the victory belongs to the Caledonians or the Norwegians, as the honour is pretty nearly balanced in their compound posterity.

The Maiden stone of Aberdeenshire is a remarkable Obelisk. This contains, among other less important matters, the Runic Elephant, which has puzzled all the antiquaries, the Comb and Looking-glass, which Gordon, Pennant, Cordiner, and all the rest have mistaken, and apparently, Rudders. Chalmers says that the Maiden way is a Roman road. It is the causeway to the fort of Bennachie, and exactly resembles that of Noath. These imaginary Roman roads have led antiquaries astray, and falsified the history of the Roman arms in Britain. It is time that this were corrected; for that reason. Now this stone should be a monument to a female. The Abbess of Iona bears the same emblem: it was a Sexual Rebus. Originally, to us, the Comb and Looking-glass are Greek. They have been found on votive tablets and sepulchral stones; and among other places, on the Amyclean marbles, apparently as the offering of a Priestess. Hence the Maiden stone might be supposed Roman. But the Scandinavians borrowed so many eastern emblems, that they may also have adopted this one. That is confirmed by the presence of the Elephant, which occurs also at Meigle, at Dornoch, and elsewhere. Though the Skeleton of the Elephant is found buried in the North, the

animal itself could not have been known to the native Goths. It is the emblem of Ganesha, who is even sculptured with a trunk. The Rudders unite in indicating the Scandinavian origin of this stone.

As I do not mean to describe the stones of Meigle, I shall only remark that, by uniting various apparently incongruous emblems, they have given rise to endless nonsense; having been supposed Egyptian and what not; erected by Boethius's Egyptian Scottish colony. Huntings are the prevailing ornaments. Gordon dreams that they are police officers in pursuit of the problematical murderers of Malcolm the second. Another is a monument to Queen Guinever. Nay, this Queen was an adulteress says Buchanan, and she was devoured by wild beasts; and yet there are five monuments to her, not merely one. Maule is worse; and Gordon says that the serpents are eels, and represent the Loch of Forfar; and Cordiner—this is really more like Children than even "old women." Cordiner is very learned about the Pamphylian hieroglyphics: which have nothing to do with the matter. It is all in the usual style of guessing and of seeking for the only impossible explanations. Runic Elephants, Camels, Centaurs, Lions, serpents, fishes, circles, triangles, balls, such are the principal objects, together with the undoubted Christian Cross. Thus the date of these becomes also limited, and we must equally refer them to the tenth Century and to the Scandinavians; be the objects what they may. This is the simple solution of all the obelisks, as it is of the Circles.

The Crypt of Canterbury, and numerous Irish Sculptures, as well as French ones recorded by Montfaucon and Chiflet, equally show that the Northmen borrowed those emblems from the east. Childeric adopted them: and Heathen Deities were even worshipped in France in the seventh Century. Cordiner desires that the Cross should be Egyptian, because he chooses to go to a remote antiquity for these stones. There is no affinity. The carved stones of Ireland all belong to the tenth

Century, like these, and it was then that the Cross became united with the more ancient traditional emblems. The Irish Danes were converted in 984, according to Ware; but, if we may trust to a coin of Anlaff, in 930. Odin ordered great stones to be erected over the dead. That they were frequented by Nani, or spirits, as Keysler tells us, is a separate and more ancient opinion. It has as little to do with the stones in question, as the imaginary dedication of all obelisks to the Sun or to the Monolithic worship. Those who describe such stones in support of their several opinions, describe what has no existence; like Hemingford, when he says that the stone of Dunstaffnage was "Lapis pergrandis" "concavus quidem, ad modum rotundæ cathedræ conspectus."

As to the oriental resemblances, Wormius says that the Danish emblems were all Egyptian. The combinations of the circle and triangle are found in the Irish Norwegian Sculptures, as well as in those of Meigle. The Scandinavians probably borrowed them from the Romans, who adopted Egyptian Gods and emblems under the Emperors. It is equally probable that, like the Pamphylian, Barberini, and Isiac hieroglyphics, which have produced a volume in Kircher's hands, they had no meaning, or very little. The Runic knot was the emblem of faith, union, constancy. It was the Trulofa: and the term has been corrupted into a very popular one without much perversion of its meaning. Cnut was Knot, because he united England, Denmark, and Norway. Like the Hieroglyphics, it seems to have degenerated at last into a mere ornament. Such is the simple history of Sculptures, rendered foolishly mysterious by dullness that would fain pass for learning. I am almost sorry to have wasted so many words on them.

ANCIENT HIGHLAND POLICY AND MANNERS.

To place my own views of Ancient Highland policy and manners in opposition to the popular opinion, will naturally incur the charge of presumption. But popular opinions are transmitted, for centuries, without criticism or enquiry; received, because current. If that indolence which shuns the enquiry that would disturb its repose, be thus flattered, so prejudice and affection have here concurred in giving reception to that which was also flattering to our feelings. The charms of romance too have been superadded; so that it has become as difficult to separate truth from fiction and to change the bias of the public mind, as it is unpleasing to oppose the popular belief. But History must not shrink from its duties. "The Historian," says Leland, "must be armed against censure by his consciousness of his love of truth, and by a literary courage which despises every charge except that of wilful misrepresentation."

As to the ordinary writers, their opinions go for little; since they are seldom more than the transcribers of each other. From the herd of tourists, I can indeed except only Pennant and Johnson. But these subjects did not enter into the views of the former: and if Johnson's remarks are those of a powerful mind, he has erred by reasoning on the current opinions which he took without enquiry. To such names as Home and Dalrymple, I might add many others; but the enumeration would, I believe, include all the writers who have either noticed this subject, or written expressly on it; every one of them, as far as I know, having followed the ordinary romance, and not one having chosen to see what the system really was. Hailes might have placed it in a just view, if he had chosen; and

if he had, his name would have carried that Professional authority which alone weighs with the mass of mankind, and possibly, long since have reduced us to a state of common sense on this subject. I showed formerly, that he had declined the Political History of the Islands as unnecessary, and as laborious or "prolix." No one but himself could have explained his reasons for either omission, and those we now can never know. That our general Antiquaries should have overlooked this subject, is not surprising. Some miserable ruin or silly usage of Jersey or Mann is sufficient to occupy pages, while no one seems to recollect that the latter remains to Britain, a relic of the Norwegian constitution by which so large a portion of Scotland was once governed, and a memorial of the most splendid acquisition ever made by its strength and policy; as they forget that the Norman Islands are all that Britain's King now holds of that ancient Dukedom which gave England a proud footing in the heart of its rival's dominions, and which still give it a port on a hostile shore, for which France would pawn the best jewel in its crown.

It is easy, from slender traditions and casual records, to construct systems: and if to assertions we can oppose only doubts, if we cannot controvert because we cannot lay hold of a shadow, belief will be regulated by prejudice or inclination, by the pleasure it may afford or the pride it may cherish. Thus has a System been constructed in this case, which has gained that currency among the Lions, that must follow where the Lions are the Statuaries and where the majority cares not what is believed. It is Apelles who paints Antigonus in profile only. That every thing is best, that all are brave, and generous, and happy, that government is conducted without force, that constraint is the result of paternal care, and obedience of affection, forms a picture of Utopian felicity, which we cherish with delight, and part from with reluctance. Yet whatever pleasure there may be in self-deception, we cannot prevent the unwelcome in-

trusion of Reason, which forces itself upon us uncalled, and asks, can this be true.

But we can also controvert; not only from history and from moral reasoning, but from the very traditions and tales themselves, on which the reverse and common opinion has been founded. These present little else than the record of a most savage and unhappy condition: oppression, wrong, and vice, at home; and abroad, feud, theft, and rapine: every disorder in short, external and internal, that ever belonged to the worst states of Society. While warfare was of the most cruel description, treachery, rebellion, and assassination were common, even among the nearest relations: and if the former involved practices found only among the most savage nations, to the latter were owing many of the dismemberments which gave rise to the independent Clans, the very existence of which, is itself a proof of this state of things. To know their history, to read the current tales, and to believe otherwise, to form a theory for the Highlands, of romantic virtue and excellence, is to exhibit human nature in a light contrary to all moral and historical experience, as well as to the facts themselves. If this System was the uncontrouled empire of the passions, so it was the submission of thousands to the criminal and selfish purposes of the few. Yet it is one which we are called on to admire. We might admire it, were it now the fashion to envy the happiness which the French found under Lewis XIV. But even the most loyal Briton does not imagine that all happiness is to be measured by that of the Governors, and that the governed are as nothing in the balance. As to the redeeming virtues of fidelity and attachment, I have explained them elsewhere, as necessary consequences of this condition of things; while they must sometimes also have depended on the very nature of a people possessed of many lofty points of character, and on the position of a petty State, mutually known and related, and forced into unanimity by surrounding enemies, waiting only for the moment of division, to destroy them.

It is impossible to read the History of Highland feuds during the disjointed independence of the Clans, without being struck by their correspondence with the descriptions of ancient Arabian manners. The same slender connexion among the tribes, arising merely from a common language and common usages; a lax or imperfect civil polity; perpetual and hereditary feuds, kindled by the slightest causes or the slightest recollections; hostilities, rendered more savage by their civil character, and those unceasing; every family free to revenge its own injuries; and a quickness to insults, real or imaginary, which took care that causes for revenge or war should never be wanting. On the opposite side of the picture, we find the same courage, the same fidelity, generosity, hospitality, and so forth, which are related of our own pastoral and warlike tribes. The Highland reader may consult Niebuhr, or D'Herbelot, or Pocock, he may consult Gibbon if he pleases, for the portrait of his ancestors: it is that of human nature whenever it has been placed in the same circumstances, and might be equally illustrated by the history of all the mountain tribes of Asia, ancient and modern.

With respect to the most remote antiquity, we are limited to the evidence of the Classical writers. Their remarks, however, prove little, while their want of personal knowledge, added to their laxity or credulity, makes us often doubt, even what they positively assert, as I formerly noticed of Solinus. When Strabo says that the Irish "lived on human flesh and thought it a duty to devour the dead bodies of their friends," and when Diodorus repeats the same tale, of the Britons who inhabited Iris, we must be allowed to doubt; because it is incompatible with the religion and the state of improvement of the tribes from which they had sprung, and which they continued to resemble. If Pausanias says the same of the Gauls who accompanied Brennus, this seems the fiction of an enemy, and of an ignorant and a credulous one. Gibbon, like many others, professes that he sees

no reason to doubt the often-quoted passage of St. Jerom, ("adversus Jovinum,") which is certainly distinct and positive, importing, not only that the Attacotti ate human flesh, but that he himself saw them eat it. "Cum ipse adolescentulus in Gallia, viderim Attacottos, gentem Britannicam, humanis vesci carnibus." The addition, that they preferred the shepherd to the sheep, and cut off the most delicate parts of women whom they met in the woods, is hearsay. It is hard to say that Saint Jerom did not tell a truth; yet we may ask, in addition to the above objection, how an usage like this should not have been known to the Romans of Britain, how it could have been tolerated at Paris, or where they found human flesh to eat; unless indeed the Parisians had partaken with them, and had then been acting the part which they were destined to repeat in after ages, on the Marshal D'Ancre and on Madame de Lamballe. Yet there is an obscure confirmation of this writer's veracity, in a record of some painted glass, formerly existing in Whitby Abbey, representing the Scots as Cannibals. Still, it is very difficult to believe.

Ignorance compels us to descend suddenly from this dark age to that of the Norwegian rule, since History has nothing intermediate. At that period, we must suppose that the usages and manners of the Highlanders were those of their rulers; and what else is required to complete the picture, must be sought, as it best can, in Scottish History, and inferred by means of moral and historical analogies. From both, we are entitled to conclude, that the condition of the Princes and Lords of the West, must have been superior to that of the Chiefs after the divisions of the Clans, and that the same must be true of those who were great Barons of the Scottish Kingdom. The government of the Norwegians appears to have been a very liberal one; and the people were probably amalgamated, so as to partake of equal rights with those of the Conquerors. Thus it probably was, that the Norwegian tongue was swallowed up in the Celtic; an

operation assisted by the numerical superiority of the conquered. It seems unquestionable, that as the dismemberments of the Clans took place, the Highlanders became more barbarous, in peace as in war. The Chiefs became Feudal tyrants, as in more important cases, and the liberty of the people was lost. If the facts that prove this are scanty, they are sufficient. The Heritable jurisdictions were the substitution of an almost unlimited legal and judicial despotism for the comparative freedom of the Norwegian government: under the Scottish Crown, they may be almost said to have been usurped from its debility. And the deterioration was nearly progressive to the last. The Chief who executes without trial, is succeeded by him who advertises for the head of a suspected fugitive, and afterwards by Lovat and by his times of tyranny and assassination. Even had we not those proofs which are afforded by every authority that has descended to us, we might have drawn the same inferences, from general considerations; as being consistent with all moral and historical experience.

The period of the Clans, commencing somewhere about the fourteenth or the fifteenth Century, forms, in fact, the dark, or middle age of the Highlands. Here, that portion which had been often independent and considerably united, fell from the proud elevation on which it had stood, from which it had defied the arms of Scotland and formed treaties with foreign and powerful princes. Of its extreme barbarism during this period, down to James the sixth and even far later, History and tradition are full; but as I cannot introduce illustrations which would swell this slender sketch to a volume, I must refer to the authorities, as to the memory of those who know where they exist, and to the confidence which the less informed will place in this appeal. It is proper to recollect that this is the very stage to which the romantic pictures that have been drawn of the Highlands relate, and that this is the condition of things which has called forth the misplaced praise and admiration of the thoughtless. It is

amusing to read the sentiments of foreigners on this subject. According to Froissart, the French themselves, whom the Italians then considered barbarians, were astonished at the ignorance, poverty, and barbarism, even of Scotland at large. But the Highlanders, or the people of "La Sauvage Escoche," were looked on as we look on the Nootkans; for even the "Doulce Escoche" was ignorant alike of comforts, arts, and manners. "Gente ruvida e salvatica," says a contemporary Italian poet; and Le Laboureur remarks that the country was almost a desert, "et plus pleine de sauvagine que de bestail." How the state of the Highlands underwent a gradual improvement, from the foreign education of the Chiefs, from communication with the Low Country, and from the twilight of increasing knowledge which must have reached them, is matter of general notoriety. How it was terminated, is even more universally known.

The authorities to which I have alluded, will be found generally in Scottish history, and most minutely in the reign of James VI; in the preambles of the Council, extending from 1608 through a period of about fifteen years. The severity of the Law which compelled the Chiefs to send their children as hostages to Edinburgh, under penalty of death, is a striking proof. Their lands were given to others who should reduce the people to "civility, order, and obedience." Their ignorance, barbarism, and irreligion, the tyranny of the Chiefs, "their monstrous deadly feuds," the "Sorners eating up" the people, theft, piracy, and much more, form the features of this picture. The wars of Cromwell, Montrose, and William, the memorial of Wade, that of Lovat to George the first, representing the Highlands "as a continual scene of civil war," protract a portrait which is afterwards continued to 1747 by the Gartmore MS.; while the minute parts are filled up, and the general statement confirmed, by Buchanan's "Feuds of the Clans," by Birt and Martin, and by innumerable tales and traditions, handed down to us by those who have not long

quitted the stage on which they were themselves actors. To question this, is idle; to disprove it, impossible.

Having formerly shown the origin of the Clan system, I may examine its nature and bearings. Birt distinguishes between Chiefs and Chieftains; the former being the head of an extensive Clan comprising subdivisions, and the latter, that of one of these inferior tribes. Though the Chief was a despot, the principle of obedience is said to have consisted in voluntary attachment, not in force; while, in subservience to this devotion, succeeded an attachment to the Chieftain, or head of the inferior tribe, and then to some particular friendly Clans. Besides this, the whole Highlands were conceived to have a common cause against the Lowlands; displayed in those inroads, of which the value of the plunder was, in reality, the leading motive. Had the Lowlanders possessed no cattle, or had an effectual defence been compatible with their condition, we should have heard much less of this hatred.

Theoretically, the Government seems to have been hereditary; and, it is said, rigidly in the legitimate male line. I shall immediately show that this is doubtful. The origin and connexions of this people, would also lead us to suppose that the law of Tanistry had been regularly established: and there are facts which prove, at least, that it was often followed. The Tanist was the next in dignity to the Chief: and was nominated, according to his relationship, wealth, age, and abilities, as the eventual successor, in case of a minority or of the failure of the direct heir, whose rights he often also usurped. There was a similar practice in the Saxon Heptarchy, and among the Germans and the Scandinavians; from which latter the Highlands must have derived it. Thus, a brother, or an uncle, might succeed, instead of a son; or a bastard, in place of a legitimate one. It appears also that the Tanist claimed a third of the estate during his life.

As the Tanist was elected by the Clan, those petty states were subject to all the evils of Elective Monarchies. The Chief himself was also elected or nominated in the

same manner. This was a Norwegian custom; as is known from Meursius, Krantz, Saxo Grammaticus, and others; and the elections took place in circles, or on hillocks, or near erect stones and Cairns. On being elected, the Chief received a sword and a white rod, and a genealogical oration was made; while the heir was obliged to give a public proof of his valour before his election. It is certain also that the Clan, consisting, it is probable, chiefly of the principal persons, sometimes exercised the privilege of the Veto: as appears from the celebrated tale of the Hen Chief. So that the Hereditary right was not indefeasible. That the Chief and the Clan might also differ in opinion, on points of the highest importance, is evinced by the conduct of the Macleods in espousing the cause of 1745.

Unquestionably, such a power must have generated a frequent and salutary check against tyranny on the part of the Chief; but it may be doubted whether the long-continued descent in one line, is a proof of invariable mildness in these petty governments, as has been asserted. It must be recollected that the Chief was not a mere King governing subjects, but generally, almost always, the proprietor of the lands. Thus, various interests were concerned in maintaining him in his place and power, independently of his own Feudal right of Property. No mere despot can ever stand on his own solitary strength: nor is there a government so bad, from that of Algiers to that of Djezzar or Ali Pacha, where, in some shape or other, there are not many who have a joint interest in the Tyrant's stability. But for that, such atrocious tyrannies could not last a single day. The common origin of the Germans and the Scandinavians, and the general similarity of usages which pervaded both nations, justifies me in drawing analogies from Tacitus on these subjects. A remark of his on the former people, confirms the general weight of the Clan in all matters at issue between them and the Chief, as well as in the point of Election. "Ubi rex vel princeps, audiuntur autoritate suadendi,

magis quam jubendi potestate." The well-known remark also, "De majoribus omnes, de minoribus principes consultant," tends to confirm this view of a popular check over the Chief. Doubtless, the barbarous Clans departed, in time, from the system of their Norwegian ancestors; yet the preservation of this power, by the heads, at least, of the Clan, was absolutely necessary to the very existence and durability of the System.

I must further remark, that the chief Clansmen, or principal Feudatories, possessed this right on the same principle as the Free Socagers in England were Assessors, also of right, with the Mesne Lord. Though, in England, the Commons, being Villeins, had no consideration, or voice, it is possible that Norway may have introduced this privilege into its British possessions. Camden, following Bishop Merrick (I think) temp. Henry VIII. says that the Deemsters of Mann were originally chosen by The People; and I formerly shewed that the People of this island appealed against a King whom they had deposed, by Ambassadors to the Sovereign, and that their appeal was received. A relic of the same original liberty seems also to exist in the Douzeniers and Constables of Guernsey, and in their Convention of States; but I have not room, in a sketch of this nature, to pursue this investigation as far as it merits. Yet if this right did ever really exist, it must have vanished in the Highlands, as we hear nothing of it, in after times, unless the case of the Hen Chief be one in point. It is more likely, however, that the Veto, in this instance, proceeded from the principal Clansmen or tenants; and not from the people at large, who seem rather to have held the place of Villeins; and the case of the Isle of Mann must possibly also be explained in the same manner. This story has been so often related, merely as an amusing tale, that it is now difficult to give it its due weight in the popular opinion; but it is from such anecdotes that we must derive our knowledge. Had they been formerly viewed by the lights of History and Law, by a Hailes or a Camden,

instead of a Garnett or a Pennant, a tourist or a novelist, we should not so long have remained in our present poetical ignorance on those subjects.

I have said that the Descents could not have been regular and undisturbed; and this is confirmed by their own history. Experimental marriage, or hand-fasting, was common: no great proof of the regard paid to the Sex at this day. Being a contract extended to a year, it was thus sometimes productive of a semilegitimate heir. This practice was also common in Eskdale formerly; as it was in Portland island, in Wales, in Guernsey, and elsewhere. The mode varied; the contract being sometimes limited to a few weeks, or to a mere trial. It was a Danish custom; and is derived by Ihre from "fœsta hand," being literally, a contract. Ordinary concubinage was also common; and it clearly appears that the illegitimate might inherit, as well as the legal heir; either by testamentary arrangements or otherwise. The report of the Council of Iona says that the hand-fasting or concubinage was "contracted for certain years;" holding the contracting parties as fornicators, and ordaining them to be punished as such. The case of Lewis, formerly recited, also shows the nature and effects of this usage; while the tale of Clan Chattan on the subject of Mercheta, which I have not chosen to repeat, confirms the general laxity of morals on this point. Those who desire us to believe in ancient virtue, must at least permit us to believe in the ancient vices of which they also are the reciters. No great distinction indeed seems to have been made, in Scotland generally, at one period, between legitimate and illegitimate children. In ancient times, the very term Bastard was adopted as a distinction, and not esteemed a dishonourable one: as in the instance of William. The Bastard was even justified in carrying his father's Coat, with a bend sinister: "fissura," as Upton calls it, "eo quod finditur à patriâ hæreditate." In Scotland, under Alexander II, the Galloway men defended the claims of a bastard against the rights of three legiti-

mate daughters; and they were Highlanders, sprung from the same source. William Chisholm, Bishop of Dunblaine, gave great portions to his bastard sons and daughters. A Stewart, Bishop of Moray, had a daughter and son legitimated in 1530. Patrick Hepburn, also Bishop of Moray, had five sons and two daughters legitimated in one day, in 1535. Bastardy seems no more to have been a disgrace, than it was a disqualification. The people of those days seem rather to have thought, with Savage and Euripides, "Νοθοι τε πολλοί γνησίων αμείνονες." Amid such a mixture of children, and under the practice of repudiation, it is not wonderful if the successions to a Highland command and estate were somewhat confused; particularly when we add to those, the practice of Nuncupation and Election. Hence, some of the great sources of wars and feuds; nor can we much praise a system in which every mode of jarring succession was united; while, to all this, we must add the usurpations of guardians and relations, with the destruction of the legitimate or established heirs; irregularities to which we must attribute many of the subdivisions of the Clans, as the various tales prove.

In the popular view, the Chief was the original, if not always the actual, proprietor of the land, which was let to his Clan, through the tacksmen; who being his relations, were thus his stewards, and his officers in war. If allotted in other modes, it was still the business of the Chief to provide land for all, by perpetual subdivision; an indispensable duty, when there was no other mode of existing. For these lands, he received rents and services both; the most remarkable feature of this relation, being military service, as in the case of Feudal tenure. It thus became his interest, if it had not been his duty, to prevent his followers from falling into poverty or starving. It was his interest, in a very strong sense: because his army constituted, not only his security, but a part of his wealth. By means of that, he plundered the neighbouring Clans,

or States; and by means of that alone, could he expect to preserve the existence of his own petty empire, or the possession of his own property. This sense of benefits received, or the contemplation of the Chief as the fountain of life, ought to have been, in itself, a source of attachment; and we are told that it was such. Yet that may be questioned; because, the experience of recent times has shown that the people considered themselves the proprietors of their farms; as not liable to be ejected at the will of their Chief, and scarcely even to compulsory rent. But there is a good deal of difficulty in all those matters; while it would have been well if it had not been increased by exaggeration or fiction. It is a fond mistake also, if not worse, to suppose that the connexion between the Chief and the people was only that of a Feudal Lord and his Vassals, or what is still more fictitious, that of a Parent and a Patriarch with his family. From the Gartmore authority, it was often the bond that unites a Leader of Banditti to his gang, as it also was the tyranny of a Despot over Slaves. The Chiefs were fond of "having in command as many loose vagrants as they possibly could;" men "who dared any thing and had nothing to lose."

But the Chief was not necessarily the possessor of all the lands of his domain; while the government was actually separable, even from the whole estate; if at least attachment on one side constituted power on the other. The Alienation of lands by long leases, was common; and they were also lost by conquest or forfeiture, without nevertheless dissolving the attachment. This was proved in Lovat's case; his estate having been forfeited in there bellion of 1715, and given to Mackenzie of Fraser-Dale. Boswell describes the authority assumed by Sir Allan Maclean in Iona, when it had long been in the hands of Argyll; and a parallel fact had occurred long before; when Sir John Maclean raised 400 men on this very estate. There is something splendid in this; and

we may pardon some warmth of feeling when we find mankind swayed by other motives than interest, or acting, from habits of devotion, in direct opposition to it.

Much as the Clan system coincides with the Feudal one, it is said still to have differed in important particulars. It has been asserted that the people were not villeins; because of the privilege which they claimed of "shaking hands with their Chiefs," and because they boasted of being of his blood; his "clan," or children, naturally as well as politically. Hence it has been called a Patriarchal system, or a mixture of both. The "blood" or descent, is plainly a fiction; as I have shown elsewhere. It is impossible, physically, that a powerful Chief could have been an extensive progenitor of this nature; while it is equally certain that the clan was often a political connexion merely; consisting of various people associated under a common head, and, in the West, generally assuming the name of the Chief as a surname. As to the lands, they were distributed in a similar manner, and for similar purposes, under every mode of the Feudal system: so that this might equally be called a Patriarchal one, by those who please themselves with romantic views of human nature and policy. If there was a peculiarly strong attachment in any case, it must have depended, partly on the limited extent of the Clan, and principally, it may be presumed, on the personal character of the Chief. But this subject deserves to be examined more minutely.

We know, from Cæsar, that, among their Celtic ancestors, "plebs pœne servorum habetur numero." The early Teutonic conquerors invariably treated the conquered people like slaves, or rather like beasts, and established their own system wherever they settled. The history of Saxon England is familiar. If Harold Harfagre did not adopt in Scotland the same Feudal system which his Ally, William, established, or rather confirmed, in England, it would be an anomaly which we cannot easily credit without positive proof. Hence, in England, all the lands became the property of the conquerors, and

thus arose the estates and the nobles of England. Those of the Norwegian Highlanders sprung up in the same manner; and he who can believe that the rest of the system did not follow, ought to produce other evidence than has yet been done.

On the Mainland of Scotland, under the Crown, the people seem, unquestionably, to have been Villeins. Hailes is of opinion that the peasants on an estate were "ascripti glebæ" or "quasi ascripti;" as performing services, such as was the Highland military service. But the Highlanders also performed other villein services, often holding their lands by the Rent Service of the English law, or in a mixture of military service and villein socage. It is plain that Hailes is not anxious to prove this; yet he has himself shown, from the Chartulary of Inchaffray, that slaves and their children were conveyed like sheep and horses; and this, not merely with the land, but without them. Pinkerton finds no exact proof of the transfer of the people with the soil; yet he considers them as, in fact, slaves under menial and feudal bondage. He derives the term husbond, the name of a Scottish farmer, from the term bondage; these being attached to particular farms and masters. He attempts, however, to make a frivolous distinction; as if they were slaves in custom rather than law. It is frivolous at least, as to the purpose of this enquiry, as the custom is all that concerns us; that being here the sole law. A Charter of Robert the first, preserved by Nisbet, declares Adam Adamson and his son "free;" implying, clearly, a previous bondage. Further, if Hailes's theory of Mercheta, as a Highland usage, be correct, the Highlanders must have been villeins. "Marriage," he says, "out of the Clan, deprived the Chief of part of his live stock;" and hence, (to shorten a passage which I need not quote,) arose the Mercheta.

Thus he admits it as probable, that the usage of the Highlands on this head, was the same as that of the Lowlands. There is every reason to believe that it was

so; partly for his reasons, partly because we can mark no period at which it could have been abolished, after having existed under the Norwegians, and partly from our knowing that the tenants were actually attached to the soil and transferred with it, and that they performed all those services which have ever been found under a Feudal system. This belief is further confirmed by our knowledge of the manner in which, in no distant times, the men were forced into military service; in the rebellion of Mar; by Lovat, as appears from the State Trials; and by Cameron, whose "volunteers" were "tied up in his barn." It is also evinced by the general conduct of the Chiefs to the people, in many other cases; and even by the fact that men were compelled to enter the army, even in the American war; though in this instance, under other modes of compulsion. Here, the fact proves the former habit; though it is not an example of the same power. These proofs are further confirmed by numerous other circumstances which mark the identity of the imaginary Patriarchal system of the Highlands with the Feudal one.

Among these I may enumerate the incidents of Marriage, Wardship, Reliefs, and Aids, as common to both; though they have not attracted the attention which they deserved, partly because known by other names, but chiefly because the ordinary writers on these subjects, were unacquainted with the antiquities of Law. Their right of Maritagium was exercised, precisely as it was by the Norman Barons, that they might strengthen their clan, or avoid a hostile alliance. This was the custom also with the ancient Germans, to whom we trace the whole of our Feudal System, as it was of the Norwegians, who introduced it through Normandy into England. Wardship is found in the Brehon laws as well as in the Norman laws of England, and was similarly in use in the Highlands; the Chief taking the infant heir of the Feudatory under his protection. The presents claimed by the Highland Chiefs from the Clan, on the marriage of their daughters and on other occasions, were the Aids and Reliefs of the Feudal

system, found also among the ancient Germans; the "quod pro honore acceptum etiam necessitatibus subvenit." Madox shows that they were similarly due to the English kings. As to minor points of resemblance, the Kinsmen and Tacksmen were the Magnates, or Knights, and their farms were their Knights' fees. The reparation of Castles belonged to both systems. The Rents, common services, and military services, were the same. The Piper and the Bard held their places by Grand Serjeanty. Every thing was the same in Ireland. In the laws of Howel Dha, all these usages are referred to the ancient customs of the Britons. The Highlands could not have had an exemption; it was the natural and necessary system there, as every where else in the same circumstances.

When we ask why this view has not been taken of the Clan system, it is easy to see that the cause consists in the romantic and visionary notions which have been so sedulously promulgated, and, in imperfect views of Law and History. But the leading reason must perhaps be sought in its familiarity. It was co-existing with ourselves in the Highlands, when it had become, every where else, mere matter of history, incapable of making the same impressions. I need hardly say that Lord Coke and Selden are the highest authorities among those who consider that the Feudal system was not introduced into England by the Normans, but that it existed previously among the Saxons, originating, as it did every where else, from the very circumstances in which the people were placed with regard to an inefficient and distant government. The Highlanders were forced into a Feudal system, like the Saxons or the Norman English, because the General Government gave them no protection. It became necessary that they should defend themselves; and that could be done only by associating under the protection of a powerful head. If Inheritance, Usurpation, or other causes, introduced modifications into this system, still, even in minor points, it resembled that of England. Kindness on the part of the Lord, and attachment on that

of the people, were as necessary in the one case as in the other; nor, excepting that difference which arises from the greater freshness of the Highland history, does it appear that there was any distinction between the conduct of the English Lord to his dependants, and that of the Highland Chief to his Clan. The English vassals were not called his clan, or children, it is true, nor did they take the Lord's name; but if any effect did arise from this in the Highlands,-we have no reason to think that it was of much moment. Like the Highland Chief, the Feudal lord was surrounded by his younger brethren and his kindred; and, in his journeys, he was followed by a train of gentlemen, and of commoners also; though it was not called a "Tail," and perhaps differed chiefly in the superiority of dress and appearance. His people were all those whom he could feed at home or furnish with land; he spent his revenues in securing their affection and assistance; they partook of his feuds and quarrels, just as it was his duty to defend and protect them; and they also shared in his pleasures, in his feasts and in his huntings, as the followers of the Chief did.

Where the Feudal Lord possessed but a small domain, the mutual obligation was understood without specific agreements; and the differences are most apparent where the English Baron was very powerful and his estates extensive. It became then necessary to introduce a species of legal agreements; and thus originated that more extensive and formal system of vassalage which seems to have misled those who have attempted to make distinctions between the Highland and the English Feudal systems. But the condition of the Highlands, before the subdivisions of the Clans, must have been similar; as it is impossible that John, in 1270, or even Alexander, or Donald Balloch after him, could have conducted himself towards his people, or they towards him, as the Macnabs or the Glencoes did in after times. As little, or even less, could that imaginary parental system have existed among those who, like Cumin, reigned over a re-

mote and scattered population of which they could have had no personal knowledge; or among those who, like Gordon, were transplanted into the Highlands by grants from the Crown, and who thus became foreign rulers of a transferred and alien people. Time, at least, was, in these cases, required to produce, even the appearance of attachment. Nor could such a people have considered themselves the children of the Chief, except in the lapse of generations; and, even then, the strength and universality of the attachment may safely be doubted. The case of the Frazers is an exception in point; an affection produced by a long course of time. In the Highlands also, under the greater and early Chiefs, possessing such enormous territories as the Lords of the Isles did, grants of the same nature as in England, became equally indispensable. Many lands were thus alienated irredeemably, laying the foundations of new families, and helping to produce that very multiplicity of Clans which sprung up only in after ages. If, in England, personal attachment and intimacy became gradually incompatible with this system, or ceased because become unnecessary, so these were also infringed on by various political causes. They had been the natural consequences of the existence or the fear of foreign injury; and it is easy to see how they were similarly generated and preserved in the Highlands, and how they at length disappeared. Simple moral and political principles seem fully sufficient to explain every thing, without adopting a romantic and marvellous system of morals and policy, incompatible with all that we know of human nature and human society. I may conclude by the important remark, that the existence of this system in the Highlands, confirms the opinions of Selden, of Millar, and of others, on this subject; in contradiction to Spelman and to those who maintain that the Feudal system was introduced into England by William.

To return. While the Chief was the commander in war, he was also Legislator and Judge; a combination

not likely to conduce to the happiness of the people, even with all the checks of self-interest to controul its bad effects. For taxes, there neither could have been great want nor great means; while the expences of the State must have been chiefly supported by the hereditary revenue, by his own property. That he was maintained, if necessary, by the voluntary contributions of the Clan, and that he levied taxes for such purposes as the building of a Castle, or the marriage of a daughter, or for any especial support of his dignity, are the Feudal usages just noticed. If those who refused to submit to such requisitions, were ejected, or otherwise punished, this was a necessary consequence of that which, in a vassal, was rebellion, as well as breach of implied contract. It is further said, as if it were something peculiar, that the protection which the Chief owed to his followers, extended so far as to shield them, even from the Laws. That was, however, a matter of course; because to them, the Laws of Scotland were alien laws. There were times in which they owed no allegiance, and others, in which they disclaimed it; nor could they, at those periods, have maintained their States on any other principle. This, which has been called rebellion against the Crown, is the proudest part of their character; and though I shall not be suspected, any more than my most loyal friends of the Highlands, of advocating rebellion, it is impossible to contemplate, without a high admiration of their energies and spirit, the resistance and the constancy displayed by such handfuls of people; nor to see, without pleasure, a few petty proprietors thus defying a whole empire in defence of their hereditary or conquered rights, and relying for their strength on the attachment of their subjects. This is indeed a bright light in the picture; and we can only grieve that it must be opposed by shadows no less conspicuous.

It is an interesting fact, as involving the nature of these States, that in cases of unsuccessful contests with the Scottish crown, the Chief was called on to give hos-

tages, and made responsible for the conduct of his people. As this usage was sanctioned by the Parliament, his power over his vassals was acknowledged and established by the law; as, without power, there could have been no responsibility. If they had not therefore been petty Princes before, they were rendered so by the Legislature itself. In his relation to the Scottish crown however, the Chief, though not amenable to the ordinary municipal laws, remained subject to the punishments of treason; while a declaration of war, if it may so be called, was couched in an act of outlawry, or a "writ of fire and sword," directed to the Sheriff. The external relations of the Clans among themselves, resembled those of larger States. Ambassadors were sent, and offensive and defensive leagues made; as Treaties of a graver nature had been, with remote and greater Powers, in the times which had preceded. Thus wars also were levied; and where new causes could not be found, hereditary feuds were always ready to supply their place.

To suppose that this was a happy state for the people, is contrary to all our knowledge of human feelings. Dependence, under any form, is a condition from which all try to escape, and to which no one willingly returns. It would require strong evidence to make us believe that on the point of free-will, the Highlanders differed from all nations and people, and were wanting in that universal principle so deeply implanted in all animal nature, that if there be an organ in earthly brains which Craniology should not have forgotten, it is an organ of resistance. That the Highland Chiefs were happy in their commands, no one will dispute; since there is not a much greater source of happiness, particularly to the uncultivated, than "respect, obedience, troops of" sycophants: power obtained, and the means of gratifying it; pride flattered and fomented. They have doubtless lost much by substituting tame obedience to the laws for high contempt of them, submission for controul, the state of a subject for that of a King. But we must not judge this question till the people

publish their opinions; as the Chiefs have done. The ridicule attached to the name of James VI, or to a Scottish Privy Council, will not invalidate the facts which prove the situation of the governed. In the "Instructions for settling the Peace of the Isles," the Chiefs are stated as men "who never regarded what surety of right they had of any land; accounting their power to oppress, warrant sufficient for them to possess, and using that tyrannical form over the tenants, as it caused the country to be almost uninhabited;" or, compelling them to "turn to idleness and live on the fruits of other men's labours. "Their tyranny" is also dwelt on; and, that Clanship was a Despotism and a Tyranny, instead of a Patriarchal and a kind government, is equally confirmed by an incidental notice in the Gartmore MS.; where it is stated that the doctrines of "indefeasible hereditary right, and of absolute uncontroulable power in the Chief Magistrate," were taught as essential. This is precisely what we should conclude ourselves, from the History of Clanship and of the Highlands: a condition of things not peculiarly in repute, even where the evils are more dilute, and when the invisible distance of the Sovereign will, and the Mist of Glory and Prestige with which it is surrounded, cause the Power more to resemble the necessary and Physical order of the World than the assumption of one man over his fellow mortals. The Ukase which sends a Kibitka across Sarmatian bogs to Siberian snows, may possibly be endured; not so the warrant of Lovat, which transports the refractory Clansman to plough Atlantic seas and cultivate Virginian Savannahs.

The nature of the system of Justice forms the most obscure part of the history of the Highland governments. That the Norwegians had established and left a regular administration of Justice and fixed laws, appears plain from their history in Scotland and Ireland. The Brehon laws were clearly of Norwegian origin; whatever fanciful Irish antiquaries may have dreamt. The profound and ancient respect which this people had for Law, is

marked throughout their whole history. In the Eyrbiggia Saga, the Judges will not even exorcise a certain set of offensive Ghosts, till they have allowed them to plead. In the same history, Thorarin refuses to let his house be searched on suspicion of theft, because it was not legal. The Suits were, even then, carried on before assemblies of the people at the Thingvalla. Those, it is well known, are, circuitously, the origin of our juries: resembling the Seniors in the ancient British Courts, or the men of wisdom and authority in the Parliament of Howel Dha. The Compurgators descended to Wales, to Ireland, and to Mann; in which last, that usage still exists, and where trial by expurgation has not even yet disappeared. It was also a practice of the Saxons. The Lucumones of Etruria have idly been supposed by Ihre, to have been the Lagmen of the Scandinavians, because the Etrurians were not Goths. St. Magnus shines as a lover of Justice among the ancient Norwegians. In Normandy, the same feature prevailed. The Clameur D'Haro has made the name of Rollo proverbial. The tale of William's funeral in St. Stephen's at Caen, is well known; with the appeal which Asselin made, because his property had been violated. This was a legal people; and it is well known that it has proved a litigious one.

It is vain now to conjecture about Celtic policy. The Druids, if there were any here, were Legislators and Judges both; but of their laws we have neither record nor shadow left. The western Highlanders, at least, must have received their laws and municipal usages from the Norwegians. The reason for that opinion is, that, in Isla, the causes were actually tried before such Juries, and because the Mount, or Judgment Hill, is still remaining. These Thingvalla were, indifferently, Mote hills, or the slopes of hills, or Circles, or Stones, or Cairns, as in the case of Elections: and the stones of the circumference, sometimes twelve, at others fourteen, represented the variable number of Lagmen, as of Electors. In Ireland, they were called Parl hills; and were in use as late as

the tenth century. The Tynewald of Mann is still what it was in the days of Magnus Barefoot. In Ireland, the Brehon Judges sat in the open air, that magic might have less power over them. The Brehon had an eleventh part of the property in dispute, and, from Martin, we learn that this rule held also in Isla. The Gorseddau of Wales were the same; and the mode of payment similar, by a settled rate. If the Brehon in Ireland had a hereditary right to his office, it is because this was also a Feud; being, in fact, a Baronial Judicature. This was his peculiar Service; and the nature of it is confirmed by English records of the time of John, where certain fees are held, on condition of finding a Judge for the King's service. The case must have been the same for the greater part of the Highland States of the mainland; since, in the early ages, nearly all of those of which we have any knowledge, were Scandinavian also. It was the great coincidence between the Norman laws and usages and those of the Britons, as derived from a common source, which was the cause that so few essential changes of that nature were made at the Conquest.

It is probable that much of this regular system disappeared during the barbarization and division of the Clans. That Scotland did not interfere, even on the mainland, till a very late period, is proved; because, even in certain Statutes of James IV, passed in 1488, and in the regulations established during the King's minority, Ross, Sutherland, Caithness, and Orkney, are omitted in the specification of territory. As late as 1503, when the Islands had been rendered parts of the Kingdom, by the forfeitures of John, Angus, and Maclean, the Parliament declared that the islands had "almaist gane wyld" for want of Justice and of courts: proceeding then to establishing them in certain specified places. This irregularity must have arisen from neglect of the Norwegian usages, and from the tyranny of the Chiefs in assuming, or exercising, plenary powers of legislation, judgment, and execution, by their Heritable Jurisdictions. These

were however not usurpations so properly, as they were necessary parts of the Feudal system already explained. In England, the Villein was bound to appear in his Lord's Court. A Baron, in right of his Fee, was hereditary Judge and Justiciary. It is a mistake to have supposed this an usurped right, when, in after times, it was taken away. But we wondered, merely because we saw in practice what we had only read of, without weighing its nature and consequences. This power of "pit and gallows," included the administration, by the Chief, of criminal, as well as of civil justice, by his own immediate act, as well of execution as of judgment, and, without jury, as without laws. To prevent the abuse of justice, from personal feelings, it was subsequently modified, while it was recognized by the Legislature; the Chief being compelled to abandon the judgment seat to a Baron Baily, who was nevertheless his own Officer, not that of the Crown. But in practice, this could seldom, if ever, afford any effectual protection; while this Person must have had an interest in supporting the power of the Chief, and none in defending the rights of the people. The former was still, by deputy, Judge in his own cause: while there was additional danger that, to his, should be added the personal interests or resentments of the Baily also. But it is said, in defence of the Chief's administration, that his own interests were concerned in doing justice with mercy: as he was a gainer by the welfare and happiness of his people. Unfortunately, this motive has always proved a feeble barrier against power: against the effects of anger, pride, or revenge. We need not ask how Negroes have been used, nor how men often treat their animals, in the very face of their most palpable interests. If the Highland Chiefs and their Bailys did not abuse their powers, they were a people whom the world has never yet seen.

The facts on record confirm this opinion derived from general principles. So far was the Baily from conducting himself as became a dispenser of the laws, that it was

not uncommon for him to examine the accused, with personality and rancour, and even with blows. This Officer also has been known to declare, of a presumed culprit, even before trial, that "his very name should hang him." How far they sometimes exceeded, even these powers as judges, is evinced by another anecdote from the same author, Birt, of a Chief who had set a price on the head of a man who had not been tried; and whose head was accordingly brought in. If such things were common, the power of a Chief was paramount to all forms of law, even to those of his own making; and he might have disposed of the heads of his subjects like Muley Moloch or Ali Pacha; for it was never conceived that, in such cases as this, he was guilty of murder. If Toshach of Monivaird hung a man on every court day, as is said, for the purpose of striking a salutary terror into his clan, he may well compare with those worthies. That such was, in fact, the assumed power of the Chiefs, so high their sense of their own rights, and so little their regard for those of the people, are confirmed by two circumstances which occurred to the same reporter: nor could they have thus happened at so late a period, and so near to the very centre of Highland civilization, Inverness, had they not been matters of general admission and practice. I may refer to him for the tale of the Chief who offered to bring him the heads of some of his Clan, and for that of another who said that had his people remonstrated with him formerly as they then did, they would have been "precipitated from the nearest rock." The tale of Boswell about Sir Allan Maclean, so late as 1773, confirms the same assumption on one side, and submission on the other.

In all those instances, these Chiefs were only exerting their rights, and, consequently, they are comparatively free from blame, personally. But such arbitrary and divided governments could not have existed, without that species of oppression which is not the less severe that the instances are less conspicuous; the oppression of petty tyranny, against which there is no defence. In this, as in

all similar cases, the happiness or misery of the people must have depended much on the personal character of the Chief; and it is not for any one, even to conjecture, how the balance stood for good and evil. While the marked instances of oppression above quoted, are conspicuous, because of their place and date, it is easy to imagine how the case must have stood in times and places more remote. Though the personal character of Lovat was far from amiable, his moral depravity was not remarkable, while it was controuled by education, and by characteristic caution and prudence. It would be extraordinary if this should be the only, or the greatest, tyrant that the entire country had produced during a lapse of three or four centuries. Among other things, when any of his clan had offended him, he used to send them to Inverness jail, threatening them "with hanging or perpetual imprisonment," and intimidating them into "contracts for their banishment," by means of suborned witnesses. Thus he "got rid of troublesome fellows," while he made money of them by selling them to the ship masters. Here is an example, in plain terms, of what is called a white slave trade, in a Chief's own vassals, carried on by duress and subornation of perjury.

While the general truth of all this is confirmed by the evidence in the State Trials, it is equally known, that he not only made use of his own people in conducting his acts of revenge, but that he hired men from other clans for the same purpose; employing them in houghing cattle, in raising fires, and even in murder; facts which convey an equally unfavourable opinion of the people themselves. If those agents were taken and condemned, he allured them to secresy respecting himself, by promises, "until the knot was tied." Even the neighbours who knew the real instigator of these crimes, did not dare to whisper his name to each other; well knowing that they would suffer in a similar manner. Of minor acts of oppression, conducted by other hands, the celebrated story of Lady Grange is an example; as is that of Connor, a Catholic

priest, who was imprisoned in Harris, by Seaforth, about the year 1660, and detained for many years. The shooting of the horses of the tenants, in Tirey, might, with many other well-known tales, be adduced as further instances of the oppression which might be practised with impunity in the Highlands, even at no very remote periods. If such was the conduct of the Chiefs, better could not be expected from their inferiors. Highland tradition is full of narratives to this effect, and many of them have often been printed; not seldom as if they were rather calculated to adorn a pleasing tale than to point a severe moral. That murders must have been common, at the same periods, even in the Lowlands, is a bad justification: though that they were so, appears by the severe laws of Robert II against murderers and abettors. His orders to the army, not to pillage their own countrymen, serve equally to shew what the nature of a Scottish army was then.

The dislike of the people to the settlement of strangers among them, might easily have been testified by other modes than assassination; and that this was a current remedy, is a proof of a state of feeling, and even at a period when the laws had really reached them, which no colouring can palliate; whatever excuses may be found for political crimes or depravity. If the instances call for notice, it is as the result of that peculiar system of government and state of society which they also prove. The tale of the English agent treacherously attacked by the "Gentlemen of the Clan" who were partaking of his hospitality, is in the same author: and it proves, among other things, that the honour and hospitality of which we have heard so much, were empty names; since to have eaten together, even among the wild Arabs, is an insuperable barrier to hostility, much more to treachery. Of similar bearings are the history of the Mortgagee whom the Chief had intended to hang, and of him who was attacked in his bed by six "Gentlemen of the Macphersons;" the latter evincing the courage of these worthies,

as the former does their honour. The attacks on Sir Alexander Murray at Strontian, are an example of the common process of the people themselves in all those cases; which Birt further confirms when he says that, in all instances of the settlement of strangers, it was the custom to fire their houses and barns, and hough their cattle, and even to murder the tenants. To judge truly of this state of things, let us take Mr. Burke's imaginary map, and ask ourselves, not what we think of these tales in books of a century old, but what we think of them as now daily performed in Ireland. It was a dark part of the character of this people that they cherished vengeance, and never ceased to seek opportunities of gratifying it. Yet even this perhaps may carry with it my Lord Bacon's apology. But no apology can be offered for what, it is said, Lovat found no difficulty in doing; namely, procuring hired assassins, even out of his own clan. That assassination was lightly viewed, appears from a story related by Birt, of a person who had offered himself to murder a Chief; understanding that there had been a quarrel between him and the English officer.

But it will be a relief now to turn to other matters. The nature of their Castles is among the best indications that we can find of their personal wealth, and of their acquaintance with domestic comfort, as it also is of their military science. The Clansmen appear to have had nothing better than huts: and this indeed is proved by Birt, who, even at his late day, describes the Lairds as living in such dwellings, without a second story, and sometimes containing the cattle under the same roof. The Children were treated little better than the domestic animals, and the apparel and all else were "fitting." I may say of the Highland Chief as has been said of others in similar circumstances, that the private citizen of Europe is possessed "of more solid and pleasing luxuries than the proudest Emir who marches at the head of ten thousand horse." Still, in the latter periods, much of manners, and even of education, were thus masked to common eyes or

casual visitors. Those who doubt it, may call to mind the manners represented in Homer, or even in the early history of the Jewish patriarchs. If the common people were then grossly ignorant, some learning was generally diffused among the upper classes; and the Chiefs, it is well known, frequently united, to their necessary high tone of feeling, the polish derived from the habits of good, and often, of foreign society.

But it is idle to say that literary education was generally diffused at a remote period, among the upper classes in the Highlands. There could not have been more education among the mountains than in the Low Country; and there, it certainly was not great nor general, at that day. Though the Universities had been established in the beginning of the fifteenth Century, they were so little regarded, that, nearly a hundred years afterwards, it was enacted that every Baron, or Freeholder of substance, should send his eldest son to school, to acquire Latin; that he might render himself capable of becoming a judge. That Iona was ever a seminary for general education, is a fiction which I noticed formerly. That it had diffused "the blessings of knowledge" to a barbarous people, is mere phraseology. The Council which met there in 1609, was assuredly of a very different opinion. Here, Andrew, Bishop of the Isles, declares, in the presence of a Council of the Insular Chiefs themselves, who also sign their names to the report, the "great ignorance," not only of those very Chiefs, but of the commonalty. It further assigns this as the cause of the neglect of Religion, and also, of the growth of all kinds of vice, and so on; while it says, pointedly, that the "ignorance and incivility of the Isles are daily increased by the negligence of good education and instruction of youth in knowledge of God and Letters:" proceeding to order that every gentleman possessed of sixty cows, shall put, at the least, his eldest son, or his eldest daughter, if he has no male children, to the Lowland schools, till they have learnt to read and speak

English. A century after, Lovat, in his Memorial, calls the people "very ignorant and illiterate," and the same opinion is confirmed by all the other reports down to the last rebellion. To believe otherwise is fondness: to assert the contrary, fiction. We might well ask how it could have been otherwise, when there were few or no schools in the Highlands, and when there was no communication between them and the detested Lowlands. I formerly attempted to defend the religious character of the ancient Highlanders. But that is not the opinion of those who knew the Highlands in those days. In the instructions of James the sixth to the Commissioners for settling the peace of the Isles, the Council speaks of their "irreligion," and of "planting the Gospel among those rude barbarians and uncivil people." The Gartmore MS. far later, is equally severe; and here the question must rest for those who feel more inclination than myself for entering further on it.

Martin informs us, that in the great families, there was a Marischal Tach or Seneschal, who arranged the guests, so as to prevent quarrels for precedence; as he also preserved the pedigrees. Sometimes there were two; and he also describes a cup-bearer and purse-master, hereditary and holding "by patent." The Chief had also a retinue of young gentlemen, who sought opportunities to signalize themselves. Those, he used to lead or send on plundering expeditions: and it was their duty to return with spoil, or to die in the attempt; thus laying the foundations of their characters for courage. This was a German usage; and, here, it was probably a fashion of Norwegian origin. "Principum æmulatio, cui plurimi et acerrimi comites." "In pace decus, in bello præsidium, magnor juvenum globo circumdari." Thus Cæsar informs us of A Standard-bearer, an Armour-bearer, or Gilliglas, the Gillinore, or Sword-bearer, and the Cockman (Gokman), or Warder, with the Hanchman, or Valet, and three other servants, the Gilli-comstraine, Gilli-casflue, and Gilli-trusharnish, added to the establishment,

As to the scientific and literary department of the household, Birt mentions an Orator or spokesman, the Bladier or man of talk: but it is uncertain whether he was distinct from the Bard and Genealogist. It is possible that rich Chiefs might have had different persons for duties which, among the less opulent, were performed by one. The Bard appears to have been an important personage; and from the disputes which have arisen respecting the traditionary poems, he has been more largely discussed than any other. We need not suppose the term derived from Bardus, a King of Gaul when Gaul had no Kings. This officer is described by the Classic writers, and as belonging to the Celtic nation; but from the confusion which they have made between the Goths and the Celts, we can place little reliance on their opinions, while we know that the Poet and his poetry were held in high honour by the Gothic races. It is probable that the Bard was derived from the Scandinavian Skald; for the Poets of the Norman Kings, and the Skalds of the North, were parallel personages in their rank and duties. Ammianus Marcellinus confounds them with the Druids; a mistake which might easily have arisen, as, in Ireland, their lands were exempt from taxes, and were asylums or sanctuaries in feudal wars. It is quite possible, however, that the Bard might also have been a Celtic officer; although that would scarcely be proved by the verse of Lucan, so often quoted. In Wales, he might have been derived from either source. The Irish Bards had the privilege of a free maintenance, for six months, wherever they pleased to reside. Among the Germans, they recited songs, "quorum relatu accendunt animos, futuræque pugnæ fortunam ipso cantu augurantur." From Athenæus we learn, (quoting Possidonius,) that when the Celts went to war, they were followed by Parasites. His Celts, however, are Goths. These dined at their Chief's table, sang their praises to the people, who crowded round them, and also to any one who chose to listen. The poems which they recited

were composed in honour of the Great. In another place, he says that they were vile flatterers. In the Highlands, the offices of Parasite and Poet seem to have been similarly united; as the epigram says those of Fool and of Laureate were in Cibber. Appian also tells us that those Chiefs had a Poet in their pay, to sing their praises and abuse their rivals. Diodorus, who relates the same story of their praising one party and abusing the other, seems to have fancied the office analogous to that of the Roman Censor.

This character agrees sufficiently with that which Spenser has given of the Irish Bards in his own day, and with that given long before by Froissart, in the time of Richard the second, to induce us to believe that they were always what Athenæus calls them: a vile race. Their insolence had then become so great, that they almost equalled themselves with the Kings, or Chiefs, at whose tables they sat; so that his Ambassador was obliged, among other regulations, to degrade them. In the times of the Poet, they not only lived licentious and profligate lives themselves, as they had done for centuries before, but encouraged the young men in every species of vice, rapine, and violence. Thus also it was, that, in the Council of Iona, "Bards and profest pleisants" were ranked with jugglers and vagabonds; while this was called "an abuse" which had "defiled" the whole of the Isles; and, in consequence, they were sentenced to be put into the stocks and banished. The Troubadours were not much better. Poetry has brought down an indifferent reputation, almost to our own days; and the Bards of old might make us doubt how far this divine art is necessarily salutary to the morals of its professors. In Wales, the Poet was in high respect, and one of the principal officers of the King's household. Many laws were enacted respecting them, by Howel, in the tenth century, and by Bleddyn ap Cynfyn, in 1070. The Highland Chiefs were at least more economical on this point; for, in Wales, the Bard, the Herald, and the Musician, were three dis-

tinct offices. Of what importance they were esteemed in influencing the manners and opinions of the people, is notorious from the conduct, first of Edward, and afterwards of Henry the fourth. Martin also says that in the Highlands, any thing which they asked for was granted, for fear of a satire; that they gradually became insolent and were then disregarded. They seem indeed to have fallen a good deal from their high estate; as Birt describes the Bard drinking small ale at the foot of the table, with the trans-Saltic mob. They studied, by lying on their backs in the dark, with a "stone on their bellies," "pumping their brains," and producing what few could understand. Martin's praise is not warm.

If the functions of the Highland Bard were thus the same as those of the ancient Celtic one, he appears generally to have been the Genealogist: an office always held in high estimation, and conducted, doubtless, on the same liberal principles as in modern times, from the period of the invention of Battle Abbey roll downwards. Yet Martin unites the offices of Genealogist and Marischal Tach. Of these later bards, Neil Mac Ewen is mentioned with approbation by the Highlanders, as a Poet in 1630; and John Macdonald, of the Keppoch family, received a pension from Charles the second. The last Bard was that of Clanranald, Macvurich, who was alive in 1780.

The Piper retained his rank as a gentleman, with a Gillie to carry his pipes, when the Poet had fallen into disrepute, and nearly into oblivion. The heads of the animals were his fee; but, like the Bard, he had a portion of land allotted to his especial maintenance. As a military personage, his office was of high importance; and, in ancient times, he never lowered his high dignity by playing for purposes of amusement or festivity. The Gathering, the Onset, and the Coronach, seem to have been his limited service. On the Harper, I need only remark, in addition to what I formerly said, that he is unnoticed by Martin and Birt. It is possible that the Bard and Harper might sometimes have been one person, or that opulent

Chiefs who had a taste for music, might have entertained such an artist, though not a regular officer of state.

The Table of the Chief could not have been very delicate, even among the most powerful: but if we may judge by the diet of Alnwick Castle, they could not have been much worse provided than their English neighbours in similar Baronial times. How these matters stood among the inferiors, even to a late day, need scarcely be asked; when all meat was to be killed at Martinmas, and when, of that, not much could have fallen to the share of the multitude. That it was usual, in former times, to boil the animal in the hide, we have Mapipennie's authority; as a fowl was also roasted in its feathers. It is even said, that they formerly also boiled their meat by throwing hot stones into a wooden vessel with it. Of the former practice, the Low Country still retains a miniature relic, in its odorous and fearful haggis, "sight horrible to gods and men," spite of the laudatory verses of Burns: while we still ornament our Christmas turkey with perjapts from Epping, and relish our breakfasts with Bologna; while even the very term pudding bespeaks the odious origin of the whole cylindrical fraternity. Birt's account of the food, as of the habitations and dress, even of the Lairds of his time, would scarcely be credited, had we not other reasons to know that it is true. The great Chiefs however, like the feudal Barons, paid the wages of their followers from their tables; the last fragments descending to those who could not gain admission within doors, but who were always at hand to devour the crumbs of their superiors. Trains of followers were thus easily attracted; and, as among their northern ancestors, the right of thus feasting on the Chief was considered a badge of liberty. The funeral feasts of the Highlands have so often been described, that it is unnecessary to notice them; but this practice seems also to have been of Norwegian or Gothic origin. It is related of two brothers in Iceland, that they gave a feast at the funeral of their father, which lasted fourteen days;

the guests amounting to 1200 people. The funeral feasts of the Greeks and Romans, and those even of the Jews, Persians, Turks, and other eastern nations, as well as of the Germans, Scandinavians, Sclavi, and others more immediately connected with the Highlanders, offer illustrations which would occupy more room than I can spare.

That the Highlanders were noted for drinking, as well as for fighting in their cups, needs not be told: but, for the latter, they have the warrant of high antiquity. "Natis in usum est." Diodorus says that the Celts, when drunk, always fought, and Tacitus tells us the same of the Germans and Thracians. "Diem noctemque potando, nulli probrum. Crebræ ut inter vinolentos rixæ, raro conviciis, sæpius cæde et vulneribus transfiguntur." But this vice, in the Highlands, seems to have proceeded beyond the regions of jesting. In the Council of Iona, it is stated as a cause of "great poverty," and of the "cruelty and inhuman barbarity practised by the inhabitants on their natural friends and neighbours." In General Wade's report, and in the Gartmore MS. nearly half a century after, it is mentioned as a cause of universal poverty, and as one of the great causes of theft and rapine; the people spending all their ill-gotten gains in this manner. A singular law of Guernsey might have been useful, in addition to King James's decrees: though, whether it sprang from the Norwegian Potators, may be doubted. He who is there proved guilty of habitual drunkenness, is considered a lunatic, and the Court appoints curators to his estate. In Martin's day, it was the fashion to sit in a circle round the drink till it was drunk dry, whatever the quantity might be; as it was a reproach to broach a piece of liquor and not to finish it. The feebler children of these degenerate days are bound to praise, what they can no longer imitate.

The Chief's ordinary retinue on a journey, was often augmented by his friends and kinsmen, as it was by idle followers, who might hope to come in for some share of the provisions, if not of the honour. This was matter of

pride; and that it commonly displayed itself in the muster of a ragged and half-naked rabble, has often been matter of jest. But if Arrian may be allowed to confirm the popular opinion, about Celtic pride, he will tell us that "Celtæ magna de seipis sentiunt:" as Silius Italicus calls the whole race "vaniloquum Celtæ genus," and as Diodorus speaks of their "hyperbolic pride." Their enemies say that they have forfeited no tittle of those claims. Those otiose and bare-legged volunteers have long disappeared; yet there remains a tendency of the same kind, which it would not be very difficult to re-excite in full, notwithstanding the unlucky literal translation of a metaphorical term which has brought the Chief's "tail" into ridicule. We cannot be surprised that the pride of an ancient Following was laughed at, when it was accompanied by such poverty as it displayed among the smaller Chiefs. But, after all, it was the same feeling which dressed up the "merrymen" of Old England, and caused Lear to lose his wits; and where none was richer than another, the want of a regular appointment of "tawny coats" was no subject of ridicule. If there still be patriotic Chiefs desirous to renew ancient fashions, it is fitting for them to recollect, that, after all the terms with which it can be larded, the style in question was simply Baronial, and that they were very petty Barons indeed. I know not why the Percys and the Howards, and fifty more, should not parade Pall Mall with three hundred, or three thousand men at their heels, with buff coats and morions and half-pikes; though Mr. Peel's tranquillity would probably be somewhat disconcerted, and even Townshend would decide that it was contrary to the "bonos mores" over which he presides.

Of the ancient customs, there are few more pleasing to contemplate than the system of fosterage, equally noted in the old times of Ireland. If we are to believe Camden, the attachments thus produced, were stronger than those of nature. If a kind of relationship was thus established, strengthening the bonds of union between the Chief and

his people, it was also common, as I formerly remarked, for the Clan to consider themselves as his real descendants. The universal spirit of genealogy perhaps enabled some to trace a real connexion; or, at least, with the usual latitude of this science, to form one which was not very improbable. But this state of universal consanguinity has been much overrated; as if it actually rendered a Clan government as truly and physically patriarchal, as it was reputed to be in the conduct of the Chief to his people. But while neither the Norwegian Lords nor the transplanted Scottish Barons, could have been the real ancestors of their Clans, the testimony of Highlanders themselves leaves the question without a dispute. It is of little moment that Dalrymple romances, as usual, when he talks of the "Clans being descended from the Chief," and of their counting the degrees of their descent, and of every man believing himself as well born as his Chief, and of the attachment being thus strengthened by the addition of those "sacred ties of human life." This is the usual cant which has been given us for fact; and in the very face of Lovat, who calls it an "affectation" of the people to assume their Chief's name; as well as of the Gartmore writer, who says that "the Chiefs oblige all the farmers and cottars to take their names," and so "in a generation or two, it is believed that they really are of that name." It is a waste of time to controvert an absurdity so palpable; yet if the opinion produced any good effects, it was a more valuable fiction of Law, than most others have proved.

On the fidelity of the people, so much talked of, I had occasion to make some remarks formerly. It was the same among the Germans and the Anglo Saxons. Cæsar says "nefas est etiam in extremâ fortunâ deserere patrones," and again, "Si quid iis per vim accidat, aut eundem casum una ferunt, aut sibi mortem consciscunt." "Infame superstitem principi suo ex acie recessisse," says Tacitus. The story of Chnodomarus, in Ammianus Marcellinus, is similar; and it proves that this much-cele-

brated virtue was not peculiar to Highlanders. "Comites ejus, ducenti numero, et tres amici junctissimi, flagitium arbitrati post regem vivere, vel pro rege non mori, si ita tulerit casus, tradidere se vinciendos." In England, when Cynewulf was surprised at Merton, his attendants refused to abandon or survive their Lord. The most sacred tie among the Anglo Saxons, was that of Vassal and Lord. It was even Law. It is found in the enactments of Alfred and Canute. "If a man desert his Lord by sea or land, he forfeits all he has and his own life." We may allow the Highlanders to claim any virtues they please; but they must not put in these claims as exclusive. It was the character of the age and the system everywhere: and it is evident that the tie of Vassal and Lord among the Saxons, is precisely the attachment of the Highland Clan to the Chief. Donald may perhaps, however, be surprised to find how little difference there was between himself and the odious "Sassanachs."

The predatory warfare or systematic robbery which they carried on, both against each other and on the Lowlands, is well remembered. This practice must have originated with the Clans. It was a consequence of petty warfare and feud among each other, and of poverty as it regarded themselves compared with the Lowlands. The incursions of the greater Barons or of the Lords of the Isles, possessed the higher character of National warfare. Thus it increased as the disorders of Clanship multiplied; as the objects of war diminished with the diminution of the powers by which it was waged. History seems to mark this. Though there never was any want of robberies, even in the time of James VI; the evils of that age present a leading character of somewhat more splendid crime and disorder. At a later date, "Continual robberies and depredations in the Highlands and countries adjacent" are mentioned in Lovat's memorial; while the chief Plunderers, according to Wade, were the Camerons, the Mac Kenzies, Keppoch, the Mac Gregors, and the Breadalbane men. The Chiefs protected the felons, and

lived on the spoil, of which they received one half or two-thirds. If any one attempted a prosecution, his cattle were killed, his houses burnt, and himself or family murdered. The picture drawn by the Gartmore MS. as late as 1747, is much stronger. "Stealing and robbing by means of villains kept in absolute command, was the universal way of resenting quarrels among the Clans." "All property was precarious;" "there was no culture, no industry," from that cause; and the people robbed "universally," for their "support," and for stocking their farms. "The people were lazy in every thing but rapine and depredations;" and "there was no authority, no order, no government." Black mail was regularly levied down to that day; and "the people lived by all this as a trade;" fearing "no dangers, as they had nothing to lose." It was from this cause that they were always ready for any rebellion; as they did every thing which their Chiefs desired. In this way does that writer explain, what it is the fashion now to call a hereditary attachment to a long line of ancient Kings.

As the term Creach is here a word of virtue, I must adopt it. If this was considered legitimate, such was also the case with those nations which have so often been here brought forward for illustration. Pomponius Mela says of them, "Latrocinia nullam habent infamiam, quæ extra fines cujusque civitatis fiunt; atque ea juventutis exercendæ, ac desidiæ minuendæ causa, fieri prædicant." Why Michaelmas was preferred, and whence the cant phrase of a Michaelmas Moon, is easily understood, by recollecting, that this was the only season when the cattle were fit for sale or slaughter. If these expeditions were in some sense justified, on the ground that there was a standing declaration of war against the Lowlands, as there was on the English Border against England, or as there is among the Arabs against all who have wealth to plunder, yet they were also carried on for their own account, by people, who, being attached to no Clan or Chief, could be considered only as banditti. Nor, when

plunder was counted lawful by the Chiefs, could it well have been deemed otherwise by the people, not much used to draw nice distinctions on points of moral or international law, and knowing or caring little for any law, but that which lay in the narrow circle of the hangman's noose. These banditti were called Cearnachs or Kernes; and when Donald Bane Leane was hanged in Rannoch in 1752, (at rather a late season to permit anarchy, it must be admitted) he complained of it as an act of oppression, because he had taken the cattle only from his enemies. "Wae worth the loun that made the laws, to hang a man for gear." That it was not thought a crime, but rather a merit, is popularly said. The story of the old Lady who was indignant that her peaceful husband had died on a "pickle o straw," is familiar.

But at the later periods at least, even the regular Creachs were not held universally honourable; and this practice could scarcely have descended to us as one for which the Barrisdales, the Mac Gregors, the Kennedies, and others, were especially noted, had not a stigma been attached to it, had it been matter of universal usage, and held matter of universal right. Certain it is that there were peculiar Clans noted for these robberies; many more indeed than those I have named from Wade: and that the practice was, not only disapproved of by some of the Chiefs, but absolutely forbidden, is known in the instance of the Camerons themselves, formerly famed for their depredations, about the beginning of the last century. Glenco was then said to be a noted plunderer, with little else to live on; a proof that it was a distinction, and not an honourable one. The art of tracking the robbers was carried to great perfection: and it was the custom to demand indemnity from the Chief, where their traces ceased to be visible; as, on his part, it was incumbent to make good the damage, unless he could pursue them out of his own bounds. This usage has been common to all rude nations; which, even in the case of murder, have extended their vengeance, not only to the

family of the culprit, if he could not be found, but to the town or district to which he belonged. Thus, even in Judea, when a murderer could not be discovered, a sacrifice was required of the city where the deed was committed. The same rule holds in Hindostan, respecting robbery; and in Japan, respecting all crimes; where also it is enforced with a severity which, if more barbarous, is not so absurd as among the Negroes of some of the African states, where a creditor may take any property he pleases, as indemnity against his debtor, and where he thus leaves the prosecution of his claims to others. Such usages are held out as reproaches against barbarism, by those who forget that the law of the Highland Chiefs is still English Common law, and that an innocent proprietor in Ireland, can be ruined for the misdeeds of fraudulent distillers, of whom he has no knowledge, and over whom he has no controul. It was also an established rule, that a proportion was due to the Chief over whose lands the plunderers passed; the reward for discovery was called Tascall money, and parties plundering in distant quarters mutually exchanged their spoils, to escape detection. But that I may terminate this subject, on which more than enough has been said by every writer, the practice of levying Black mail, offered a more secure and a less violent mode of procuring the wages of robbery. It is in vain to say, that this practice, more than that of the Creachs, could have been considered legitimate. The leviers of Black mail were robbers, and they knew themselves to be such: and if Barrisdale chose to declare himself a benefactor to the public and a preserver of order, because he had reduced his robberies to a system, and prevented the depredations of smaller thieves than himself, this has been the argument of all the Robbers that ever existed, from Robin Hood upwards and downwards, and in every country under the Sun. According to the Gartmore authority also, the watch companies, which were established for the protection of property against the plunderers, conducted themselves not

ingeniously, that the one half was employed in stealing, for the purpose of supporting the trade of the remainder in recovering. If it was convenient to insure in the office of Barrisdale or Rob Roy, the expedient was found of equal value in that of Jonathan Wild. But it was his policy too, like that of the Highlander, to allow of no thieving but under his own sanction. That this mode of insurance was really convenient, cannot however be denied; as it is found to be in Italy at this day: and the strongest proof of this is, that though it was rendered as penal to comply with the demand as to extort it, the law was constantly broken. The insurer, if he failed to protect what he had undertaken, was held responsible for the loss; and the business was conducted in the most regular manner by means of written acquittances. He who refused to insure, met with no mercy.

The apology for robbery was, that they plundered only those whose ancestors had originally plundered them of their lands. This was no great proof of their historical knowledge, it must be owned; but it is the reasoning of the children of Ishmael, and has been that of the whole race from the beginning. As to the Chiefs, it is an apology, if not a very good one, to say that they had received full countenance for their proceedings, from others, all over Europe, who had perhaps much less excuse. In Germany, the Nobles not only made wars, of their own authority, but Barons and Knights even robbed on the highway, and boasted of the fortunes which they had thus made. Many of their Castles are still to be seen. The Emperor Rodolph destroyed sixty-six of them at one time: and a hundred and forty were demolished afterwards by the Swabian league. But all Europe was full of murderers, robbers, and assassins, and the Knights were their avowed protectors. Hence the insurrections in France, Flanders, and England, and, among others, the celebrated Jacquerie, formerly mentioned. The Barons of Rome claimed a privilege for these crimes, and their houses were sanctuaries for assassins and banditti. The

contests of these rival houses about the time of Sixtus the fourth, may fully emulate, in every thing, those of the Highland Chiefs. I trust that my friends the Macs will receive this as the best apology that I can make for them: and it is an apology, "talis qualis."

At what period the practice of piracy ceased in the maritime Highlands, seems unknown. If it was not once as important a trade as cattle stealing, they must have much belied their Norwegian ancestors. That was an extraordinary race. When we consider their conquests, in Sicily and elsewhere, we must have far underrated the naval powers of this people, and the capacity and goodness of their ships. There have not been many more singular kingdoms than the Norwegian Kingdom of the Western islands. It is not a small proof of much more talent and power than we seem inclined to grant to that people, to have governed so strangely scattered an Empire at all; to have governed it from Norway, is to have done, comparing relative wealth and knowledge, little less than what Britain is doing now. To have retained, under one command, all the widely scattered islands from the Isle of Mann to the Clyde, and thence even to the remotest Shetland, and to have added to these, nearly all the western coast of Scotland and parts of Ireland, must have required, not only great talents, but considerable fleets. It is not improbable, if we knew more about both, that a considerable similarity would be found to exist between the Norwegian maritime kingdom and the piratical states of ancient and early Greece; but judging as far as we can from the relative extent of dominion under both people, the palm, in spite of our school prejudices, is probably due to the Norwegians. To both, it must be remembered, the mariner's compass was alike unknown; but, assuredly, the boasted expedition of the Argonauts, be it what it has been supposed, a voyage up the Black Sea, bears no comparison to the conquest of the Western Isles, far less to the Sicilian expedition of Harold the Dauntless. The Greeks of the sea coasts were all pirates

originally, as we know from Thucydides. It was not a reproach, but a glory; and was considered an honourable profession. The Norwegians declared it such in their laws. Like the Vikingr, the Greeks lived by piracy. Minos himself was a Sea King. Even in the day of the Historian, it was still considered honourable, provided the inroads were conducted according to etiquette. He notes the Locrians, Etolians, and Acarnanians, as particularly addicted to this practice, and the Phenicians and Carians as the most dexterous pirates. And as he also says that the ships used in the Trojan war were not decked, but resembled the ancient piratical boats, and since the largest rates, or those of the Bœotians, carried a hundred and twenty men, according to Homer; and those of Philoctetes fifty, it is easy to comprehend what the dimensions of the Pirate-ships must have been.

Though the Lords of the Isles were shorn of the beams which had glittered round the Crown of Norway, even they must have possessed a considerable maritime force. That they did so, we know by the traditions of sea-fights and expeditions in which they and their successors were engaged. To this maritime life we must also attribute the peculiar positions chosen for the sites of Castles on the sea-coasts. Without such a force, indeed, the Lords of the Isles could not, for so long a time, have retained their power; nor, without many vessels, could they have transported the large armies with which they sometimes attacked Scotland. Maritime warfare among the smaller Clans, implied maritime plundering. Thus also, while, on the main-land, there were clans of banditti, or independent hordes of robbers, similar manners prevailed in the islands; and, in these, there were piratical Clans, and pirates, who associated for plunder, in bands more or less extensive.

Numerous anecdotes and traditions preserve the records of those; and some of the caves, such as that of Mac Kinnon in Mull, seem to have been among the strongholds of those Highland Mainotes. Pabba and Rona

were the seats of piratical bands in Monro's time; Rasay was also a capital pirate in his day; and that they acted the part of Algerines, is proved by a recorded history of the capture of a Dutch ship, by the Macleods, when Scotland was not at war with Holland. Indeed the acts of the Council of that day, prove this fact; because Lord Stewart, the King's Lieutenant, broke and destroyed, pursuant to his Commission, all the galleys, birlings, and war barges of The Isles, to put a stop to this system of piracy and civil maritime warfare. It is doubtful if, in the reign of Elizabeth, the natives of Mull had ever heard of the name of Spain, far less of the Armada; and, the capture of the Florida, which was effected by treachery, seems to have been a piratical act. But they may say with Falstaff, "'twas their vocation."

That the Highland Clans lived in war, needs not be told. The "Tonsura humani generis," as Tertullian, who thought it a sin to shave our own beards, wittily calls it, was perhaps, here necessary; though it was not necessary that it should have been conducted with the ferocity which marked its character. Yet the military organization appears to have been very imperfect, because deficient in, what is the basis of every thing, obedience; a fact which may lead us to doubt, both of the power of the Chiefs and the attachment of the people. It is well known that the ancient Highlanders could seldom be rallied in the field, and that it was impossible to detain them from home, when disgust, the acquisition of plunder, or other causes, induced them to disband. They have been alternately accused and exculpated of this charge of ferocity in war; and here, as usual, both parties are correct, by assuming different facts and different periods. It is like most other disputes respecting this country. When the antagonist brings his charge, the defendant says, that those were the evils of ancient days, long since past: when he returns in the career, it is then said that they are the evils resulting from modern improvement, the vices of civilization. Thus all the wrong is a "punctum

fluens," being neither in time nor place; while a few instances, collected from ages, are concentrated on one point of splendid virtue, illuminating the darkness of centuries. Such are the consequences of mutual hostility, and of the attempt to apply a standard of national character to a people ranging between the tenth and the nineteenth centuries, and between the longitudes of St. Kilda and Stonehaven. As to the question of cruelty or ferocity, assuredly, all the anecdotes that have descended to us from remote times, at least down to James VI, bespeak a fierce and cruel people; and it has been invariably said, that they gave no quarter in war.

But we must recollect that such conduct was not peculiar to this people. That of the Scots of the Low Country, and the account of their manners, given by Lyndsay after the death of James the first, may well bear a comparison; nor would it be easy to exceed the atrocities which they committed in the invasion of Northumberland. It would be fair to draw the parallel between the foreign wars of the Highland Clans, and the invasions of Rome by the early Gauls, or to compare the internal wars of the Highlanders with the petty warfares and civil dissensions of England, of Germany, and of France, at various periods. If the Nobles of Germany made wars of their own authority, so did the Anglo Saxons. Athelstane of the East Angles, a Noble merely, was thus called a half Koning. Those who are acquainted with modern history, will scarcely doubt which way the balance would turn; in this latter case at least. Highland ferocity must have been somewhat marvellous, if it could have exceeded that of the Saxons and Danes in England. We are apt to magnify the evils before us, and to forget what is past; and while we read the details of Waterloo or Moscow with shuddering, we skim the page of Ramilies or Barcelona, as if acted on bloodless paper. We shall form a truer estimate, by recalling to mind the conduct of Charles the fifth at Rome; by comparing the protracted

atrocities of a Christian and civilized Prince, with the temporary ravages, and comparatively casual injuries, inflicted by a few lawless and half-savage petty Chieftains. If we ascend to Old Greece, the resemblance, in all points, is as striking as in the case of Arabia, formerly quoted. If the insular Greeks were pirates, the continental ones were robbers. The more active lived by plundering the more feeble, or they lived by mutual robbery. The whole country was in a state of perpetual petty warfare. Every Greek wore arms. Their lives were passed in armour, like the Barbarians; and even in the time of Thucydides, this practice had not been quite abandoned. It was the Athenians who first dropped the practice of wearing swords, as being unpolite. I trust it will be some consolation to our Highland friends that they are backed by such high authority. It is I that am always their steadiest friend and apologist: whatever they may think.

It is asserted by some that when the Highland clans were employed against the Covenanters, their conduct was noted for lenity. On many of these points, however, there is the usual contradiction. Spalding, Baillie, Laing, and others, have shown that the cruelty of Montrose's warfare equalled any thing of ancient days; while acts of private revenge were also perpetrated under the cover of public war. The murders in Argyllshire by this army in 1644, amounted, according to Mac Vurich's account, to 895; and were committed on the defenceless, on men, women, and children. The noted massacre of Glencoe, so often described, and described to very weariness, is a trifle in comparison. But we have it on Martin's authority, that the maritime Highlanders were noted for their humanity to shipwrecked seamen. We shall surely judge but justly, when we give the hearts of the people themselves credit for the good, in these cases; and refer to the ancient system, that which might be urged on the other side.

There is a sort of superstition, fostered by habit

which causes mankind to feel any attempt to change their belief, whether of good or bad, as a profanation. We tend to adhere rigidly to our first impressions, be they what they may, and therefore give no indulgence to those who seek only for truth, though it were for praise rather than blame. Even our faults appear venerable when they possess age. Truth seems particularly hazardous, and almost always offensive, where that curious moral category, called patriotism by its friends, and national pride by its enemies, is concerned. There is no one much more easily offended on this subject than a "True Briton," except perhaps a true Highlander; and the genus may well pardon the species for a little unwarranted heat on such occasions. Yet both are born to be occasionally offended; and what John has often endured, must sometimes be tolerated by Donald. History can teach nothing if it fears or disclaims the truth; and in what deep well must this virtue hide her head, if facts and opinions are to be regulated by a British or a Highland scale of sensitiveness and prejudice, by a Bull or a Donald law. We admit that such things are faults in the abstract; but at the moment that we attempt to settle the quo and the quando, the chronology and the geography, war becomes declared, and truth ceases to be truth. All nations may set up the same claims; even Turkey and Algiers: for, there also, defence is Patriotism. And thus also as manners and morals improve, what was once patriotism becomes prejudice. But we can smile at those feelings, when they do not lead hot patriots into injurious anger and illiberal warfare; since they are founded in human nature. The veneration of a people for their antiquities, seems always proportioned to their feeble or declined state. As Gibbon has well remarked, "A people dissatisfied with their present condition, grasp at any visions of their past or future glory." Modern Greece is far prouder and more tenacious of its ancient splendour than ancient Greece was of its fame when in full blow. "There our fleets lay," said a modern Greek pilot; casting his

triumphant eye towards the Sigean promontory; and the Roman beggar feels himself an inch taller, when he points to the Coliseum or the Arch of Septimius Severus. England, great and splendid in present fame and wealth, cares little about its obscure or half-imaginary antiquities. Unlike the Highlands, it is content to believe that the ancient Britons were a feeble race, and the followers of Hengist and Horsa a banditti of ferocious barbarians; that the feudal system was an abominable one, and that the balance of the scanty virtues and the prominent miseries and vices of its ancient state, is well replaced by the present average of virtue and vice, of enjoyment and suffering. The Low country of Scotland seems now in the state of transition; far less tenacious than it was fifty years ago, but not yet quite able to bear what it will probably despise, fifty years hence, as much as England does.

Dr. Johnson says, that there is surely nothing respecting which we may enquire with less offence, than the fame of a dead poet. Except, I might safely add, the character of a dead people, the virtues and vices that have alike been reposing for centuries in the grave. It can concern the Highlanders of the present day, fully as little as the English, whether their remote ancestors were pirates or men of peace, whether they murdered their enemies in cold blood, or gave them quarter, whether they were noted for their fidelity or their treachery. Their present national character is as little concerned with that of the persons who fought under Harold Harfagre or Somerlid, as is that of England with the cowardice of the Britons, the ferocity of the Danes and Angles, or the tyranny and oppression of the rapacious Fitzes who came in the train of William. The fame of Rome in her best days was as little tarnished by the nature of the banditti who laid her foundations, as the characters of the Antonines were by those of Nero and Domitian; or as that of America will be a thousand years hence, because a portion of its ancestry was the refuse of English society

and the produce of its jails. We should all be well enough pleased to trace pedigrees to Maximin, or Caligula, or Theodora: but should certainly not undertake a much more chivalrous task in attempting to defend them, than our friends here are doing when they stand forward in defence of what has long become a matter of indifference to the whole world, as it now ought to be to themselves.

I should be sorry could I not part with this subject in a far more satisfactory manner than I commenced it. History does not furnish so magnificent an example of the rapid and complete reform of a nation. In an hour, we may almost say, a turbulent and disorderly people, scarcely recognizing morality, law, or political order, subsided into peace and virtue; retaining their places, their possessions, their Chiefs, their songs and traditions, their superstitions, and peculiar usages; retaining even that language and those recollections which still separate them from the rest of the nation. They retained even their pride, and they retained their contempt of those who imposed that order on them; and still, they settled into a state of obedience to that government, of which the world produces no other instance. It is a splendid moral phenomenon; and reflects a lustre on the Highland character, whether of the Chiefs or the people, which extinguishes all past faults, and which atones for what little remains to be amended. A peculiar political situation was the cause of their faults; and that which swept away the cause, has rendered the effects a tale of other times.

I must now dismiss the whole subject, and bid farewell to the Highlands. That power under whose orders I scaled their blue hills and ploughed their wild waves, with far other and graver objects than those which have here passed in review, can alone decide whether this farewell be for ever.

THE END.

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